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Wofford College Journal

Volume XVI Number One

October, 1904

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The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies

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Salutation---To Class of 1905.

A faultless painter but a sinful man once prayed,
"Lord, far from thy fair courts my feet have strayed,
Clipped are my spirit's wings, soul soiled by circumstance,
And yet, oh, Lord, I, even I, ask one more chance."
To us who come for our last efforts here
A lesson deep lies in Del Sarto's prayer,
For now we stand on that high tableland near
To that broadening point of life, just where
The future looms but mist, the past stands clear;
Since rounded up and checked, the past is gone
What we crowd in the future is ours alone.
Perhaps what we have done is waste of time,
Shall we strive this last chance to verge sublime?
If each wrong brings the doer so much death
And each good done eternal life (thus prophets saith),
And if each passing hour hastens the perfect morn,
May we fight death with noble deeds and thus adorn
Ourselves in these last months to greet the perfect day;
And when temptations block our dim-lit way
May we, remembering this, stand upright then,
With ready strength to face it as should men!
Let each word spoken hint of music's charm,
And every touch with sympathy be warm;
Let smiles shed sweetness where they fall,
And love, unselfish, strong, direct us all.

* * * * * * * * *

Oh, brothers whom I love, one year's swift roll
Shall sweep us seaward. How shall read our scroll?
Oh, may this last year be—as at one olden feast—
Where we have kept the spirits wine, the last, the best.

MILT.

The Last of the Victorians---Algernon Charles Swinburne.

(Medal Essay Calhoun Literary Society.)

The year 1832 found the English reading-public in the condition of a child sick of too much sweets. The strangeness of the Romantic movement, that had entranced the world for a quarter of a century, had spent its force: the brilliant period of the Regency had worn itself into the light of common day; and many names that men had thought immortal had already failed the fierce examinaton of time and were given over to forgetfulness. True, many of the great Romanticists still lived, but they were old: the muse had departed from them, and with sublime patience they awaited the last act of this age of glory, almost unparalleled in the history of English literature. So rich and full had been the labor of the Romanticists that men said there was little more to be done in poetry and that they had heard enough. Certainly an age that was quick to pronounce "Sartor Resartus" a decided mark in the decadence of literature, had been gorged on the good thngs of literature. These were the conditions that met those bearing messages for the age in which they found themselves or had songs ringing in their ears.

But mighty forces were gathering in the air. Not much later science was to take possession of the earth, touching every phase of its doings, introducing new conceptions, broadening the horizon of men, tempering the imagination wth a certain realism, and setting in motion a new line of literature. Likewise, partly through the influence of certain Romanticists and partly through this coming of science, a deep and fearfully serious religious upheaval swept the country. Men turned all the light of their genius, kindled by scientific investigation, upon the religious questions of the day in vain endeavor to satisfy the universal yearnings of the times. Slowly the light of the world faded from many eyes; old thoughts, old customs, were repudiated; agnosticism became a fad; unbelief was the

word of the hour; and many glorious intellects were overshadowed in this unquiet period.

In this time of religious danger and extremity it was the mission of two men to restore order, to reconcile the world to the new factor science, and to begin a new era of poetry. These were Browning and Tennyson—the one a born fighter, the other a consummate artist and interpreter. They threw their gauntlets into the face of a wavering century and placing themselves upon the splendid optimism, "God's in His Heaven, all's rght with the world," turned its trend and became its prophets and master voices.

In the noon tide of the golden light of these two men of genius, there came another voice which for its presumption was scarcely heard when these sang. Yet it had been trained at their feet and came singing songs that had a melody and suggestiveness which were its own, and stamped with a personality distinct from any that had ever preceded it.

The poet who began his life in this unpromising season is Mr. Algernon Swinburne, whose life extended throughout the Victorian reign, and who still has songs for the sunrise of the twentieth century. He s a man-of-letters of whom the general public knows comparatively little, and one who has persistently shrunk from the glare of publicity. His mother was the daughter of an Earl, and his father a royal navy officer of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in the year of whose accession he was born. As a boy he was a precocious hero-worshipper; as a youth he was an indifferent student at Balliol College, whch Southey, Arnold and Clough adorn; as a man he has lived a long life, colored with mental variations, personal changes and eccentricities, and has toiled unceasingly and produced abundantly. And yet with all that he has done, the unfamiliarity that many minds of literary cast display in regard to him is unaccountable and incredible. With the death of Tennyson he became the greatest living poet.

In his early manhood, just as he was about to take his degree, Mr. Swinburne took the first important step in the formation of his literary character. Under the promptings of a

time-long hero-worship cherished for the poet Landor, he suddenly left college and made a pilgrimage to Italy that he might be with him: "came," says he himself, "the youngest to the oldest singer that England bore." The influence of the "oldest" singer upon the "youngest" was deep and lasting. The impractical, scholarly republican gave to Swinburne that touch of romantic strangeness to which he has adhered so faithfully since.

When Mr. Swinburne returned from Italy and Landor and felt the first fervor of awakening genius quickening his blood, the interest in English poetry, so conspicuously absent at his birth had been revided. The Victorian era—comparable in song and splendor to the Elzabethan and Georgian periods—was in its fullness. Browning, Tennyson, Arnold and Morris formed the galaxy that were illuminating the world. Where in the realm of such singers does Swinburne belong? In the very nature of his writings he stands alone, until the great freedom odes and lyrcs of the second period of his life lift him to their level and add his name to the list. Thenceforward his style is as artistic at times as Tennyson's, his verse is always as metrical and his diction as chaste as Arnold's. He gained the ranks of his contemporaries; but the world-wide reputation which they enjoyed was denied him, and where their works were received with gladness his had scarcely gone. Sooner or later generations must inevitably adjudge him that recompense which he has long since won.

Mr. Swinburne knocked at the temple of Fame at a door that had been closed for centuries, and whose hinges were rusted of standing long unused, the door through which enters the dramatist. His choice of subject was characteristic of the poet and significant of Landor's influence—a beautiful, faithless, sinning ruler in the person of Mary Queen of Scots. His triology is remarkable for the display of its author's unlimited power over rythm, his wealth of muscial metre and his mastery of the choicest language. Although these dramas gave promise of greater things and gained recognition among cultivated readers, they failed to appeal to the wider public and left the

poet practically obscure. Following his dramatic attempts Mr. Swinburne published the most sensational collection of English verse since Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," under title "Poems and Ballads." In these, in pure English style, Mr. Swinburne is guilty of a senseless effort to exalt animalism in Anglo-Saxon verse and to introduce the baser into its art. In every respect save a certain haunting melody and lyricism they are unworthy of him. They tell of the unsavory, of "love's burnt out and unassuaged desires," and that "shameless, nameless love that makes hell's iron gin shut on one like a trap that breaks the soul." They are thoroughly unhealthy and unwholesome and deserving of much of the censure that was heaped upon them. They show also a total estrangement from the religion of the day, and Divinity itself is handled with reckless unregeneracy. No worse criticism can be made upon these few earlier poems than to cite them. They are self-condemned; but their startling treatment of life's passional side and their absolute control over English rythm, their distinctiveness of style, all showed the rise of a new personality, the voice of a new poet, and must be considered in any study of the man and his works. In the glorious light of Browning and Tennyson, "Poems and Ballads" seem hollow and tasteless, and even yet we cannot read them without perceiving this. We feel, despite their lyrical beauty and richness of expression, that they are unripe efforts of an undeveloped character, uncertain of an audience, yet determined to be heard. His wish—if this it was—was granted. All England was as an heated caldron of fierce criticism. Mr. Swinburne was stricken down and dissected. English literature has few, if any, more merciless attacks on any man. From that time forward the poet has labored under ban of that fine law in literature that will not forget, that will not separate the man from his work, and which declares forever that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

But these puerile poems "glorifying the senses" are far from being representative of the man and his labors. The high esteem in which Mr. Swinburne is held by choice spirits of his

own land and the sympathetic interpretation that two of Amerca's great poet-critics have given him, is a declaration in itself that his private life and after labors have not been in keeping with these wrongly famous poems. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne himself expressed regret for having published these poems and plead immature years and first efforts. He has consistently eliminated all objectionable features from his later works.

The second and more mature period of Mr. Swinburnes' life marks a change of subject matter and style. At last he had sezed upon a clearly defined purpose; his expressions had become loftier; his philosophy had become safer; his emotions and imaginations purer and less earthly. The great ideal of freedom had become a passion. The young "hymn writer to the God of Doubt" had turned his eyes toward struggling Italy and caught a vision of the white-robed Goddess of Liberty. She turned her "foam whitened face and eyes that had lightened battles" upon him and pointed to Italy. And while other countries warred and were being reconstructed, his heart-throbs were for Italy alone, until Mazzini and Garibaldi—

"On death's unnatural brnk
Gavest Italy to drink
The natural milk of Freedom,
And again men drank and were men."

In his fervor and passion for this new ideal there was a fuller development of his great lyrical powers. All that could be said majestically or sung rapturously of a thing was said and sung. His vision of Liberty had brought the self-isolated poet into nearer touch with humanity, and he had begun to reckon with the great questions God and Man, Life and Eternity. His themes were noble and exalted—

"Truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the joy of his giving
Man's polestar and pole."

And we find him writing elsewhere of one who "has loved and wrought and sorrowed and not sinned."

Already the careless rapture of his earlier melody had taken on the garb of grave harmonious measure. The young man's blasphemy is left off. If Mr. Swinburne does not quite accept Christianity, he stands with the honest doubter in the vestibule of the temple. The great questions and ideals that appeal to every soul stood clear before him in this period, and the loftiness with which he treated them and the devotion which he gave to them show that at last the poet felt the sacredness of his mission.

In the study of this most important and productive time of his life it is well to note in what regard other men held the poet. We have intimated that his earlier poems brought forth severe abuse, but little genuine criticism. But the more matured poet gave critics new ideas of the man and his work. The critics of "Poems and Ballads" had heaped vituperation and abuse upon him, ignoring altogether the true and the beautiful that he had given men, in relentless effort to drive him from the face of the literary world. Just so some years earlier in America, critics probed blindly through the glorious verse of Poe, dissecting and scrutinizing in an agonizing, one-sided search for a definite moral or specfic virtue exalted, and failing to find either declared that he had little place, if any, among the poets. Mr. Swinburne had suffered likewise in his younger days, but the high intellectual passion and the intense love for Liberty and broad culture that predominated in his later poems demanded critical recognition. No man of his time was more versatile in foreign languages or had a deeper, more spiritual appreciation of the Greek drama, and few men had finer imitative powers. Mr. Swinburne's charm is not the sensuous beauty that so many of his contemporaries possessed, but rather the music and faultlessness of his meter.

The third period of Mr. Swinburne's life marks that in which he still lingers. It is one of clear, cool conservatism. It is the rich fullness of development of great lyrical powers and the ripened season of a great intellect. The poems of this

period are the mirror that reflects the true man. Mr. Swinburne, the youthful reveller in rhymes, becomes the composer of great poems. Children and baby-faces take the place of his sin-stained "Faustines" and "Dolores," and there is a changed atmosphere. Strange inconsistency, the fierce revolutionist of a few years before, hurls at the great "white Czar" the wrath of an outraged English queen. His unparalleled tributes to Landor, Hugo and Mazzini already pointed to the manner of men he had chosen for masters and in what mighty footsteps he was walking. There is no mistaking now the great teachings of his life and poetry. Life, he teaches, is worth living for its very brightness: Life gives man an opportunity to test the mettle of his soul and to attain nobility. There is in life something that is fine and of purpose; therefore, live earnestly and well for what you may accomplish. Said he:

> "I prophesy of life who live with death,
> Of joy being sad; of sunlight, who am blind;
> Of man who is an alien from mankind."

This is his message, this the burden of the passionate lyricism and rich poetic diction that characterize the latter nineteenth century, to whose influence it was largely due.

One more characteristic element in Mr. Swinburne's later poems deserves mention—his unswerving indignation against existing evils, social, political, and religious. His poems of early manhood are fierce efforts against social immorality; his pathetic plea to his country to keep herself purged of political degradation is a cry against political evils; and his bitter attack on the terrors of religion and effort to return to the olden sacredness of God is the prayer of a soul sick of hypocrisy—

> "As my soul has been dutiful
> Only to Thee,
> Oh, God, most beautiful,
> Lighten Thou me.
> As I swim through the dim-lit rollers with eyes uplift from the sea."

After all, Mr. Swinburne's greatest achievement is for mankind, and in the end shall bring the surest fame. He has prophesied—

"with feet upon the grave,
Of death cast out, and life devouring death
As flame doth wood and stubble with a breath;
Of freedom, though all manhood were one slave;
Of truth, though all the world were liar; of love,
That time nor hate can raze the witness of."

He taught the nobleness of heroism and salf-sacrifice—"Love that was given for some divine thing." He has ever loved the man who followed the star-blazed track of his victim to the world's end and never gives up. He revels in the beautiful and holds firmly to his high ideals and motives. His greatest intemperance is unbridled play with words and melody. His strongest emotion is love, and his philosophy is the supreme nobility of life.

Whoever has come to us amid the rocks of the world, where the brightest aspirations of the human soul are often beaten down by sorrow, and where the immortal hope often burns low in hearts, an dtaught us to suffer with all suffering, and quickened our blood with noble impulses and kindled our sympathies and strengthened our gentleness, him we shall honor forever. This is the glory of the genius of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

JAS. MILTON ARIAIL.

Sidney Lanier---The Value of His Life and Work.

(Medal Essay Preston Literary Society.)

In a quaint old Presbyterian cemetery in Baltimore lie buried the two poet-laureates of Southern poetry—Poe and Lanier. The former a passionate child of genius, whose soul was embittered by practical life and whose delicate etherial spirit was crushed by an inappreciative public, the other a calm and soulful singer who saw the world but a place to test one's soul and who set himself about masterng life as he found it, by quiet, persistent struggling.

The verse of Poe has long since won its way into the hearts of American readers who have given it a place in their literature, but only the passage of time has turned the eyes of the world upon Sidney Lanier, for the sake of his own productions and a desire to know something of a life so lofty of purpose, so grandly patient and so simple.

It is not our purpose to attempt an interpretation of his marvelous verse, or account for his genius, or even to estimate his value to American literature, but simply to seek out the lesson that his life has left to the young men of his southland. When we become familiar with the pathos of his life, his struggles and the glorious motives which perfume his every poem, we forget the criticism and depreciations that have been heaped upon him and his works, in a larger view of the man's ideals and what he strove to teach his age. Sidney Lanier looked forth upon the world of men with a clearly defined purpose and a thorough knowledge of human nature. His purpose was to uplft and ennoble men. The passionate love of music that flooded his nature swept the poet into a vision land where the ideal of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God came to him and he laid his powers on the altar of this ideal. "God save Humanity," save the link between God and man, and these ideals are linked together in his poetry with a delicate cord of golden verse. Lanier knew that the world was no place to expect a sympathetic appreciation of such teachings: "What claims," says he, "can contemporary criticism set up to respect—the criticism that crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Martin Luther for a criminal, paid Milton five pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' and cracked jokes on Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven and Wagner." He knew human nature, and that the artist must want for and perhaps never receive that which is his own, but he knew also that what is excellent as God lives, is permanent, and that beauty and truth are immortal, and that what he wrote and taught would some day find reward for him in the great beating heart of the world which he strove to uplift.

Does not the world need to feel proud of such a man? Liv-

ing at a time when the world was loud in its cry for something sensational, something that would please them for an hour and as quckly pass into oblivion, and men were willing to pay exhorbitant prices for something that would arouse their emotions, he heeded not the voice of the public, but rather responded to that higher voice, the sou of the artist within, and has handed down to the generations to come a product which will stand the test of tme and add more lustre to the name of its author as the ages roll on.

Here was a man who might have written a popular novel and by this means have relieved himself of the great bodily suffering which he endured for the greater part of his life. But instead he kept constantly before him the fact that his life was one of sacrifice for others. He received no great reward for a single poem, and it is well that he did not. If he had he might have tried to conform to a conventional standard and we might possibly have missed his greatest thoughts.

The man and his work, which is inseparable from him, demonstrate the fact that the great works in literature as well as in art are rarely ever properly appreciated in the beginning, and also that the author must labor on without apparent reward. But if a man pours out all the feelings of a great soul—all the best and noblest that is in him—that the tme will come when the world will be forced to recognize him and what he has created. The other great thought which is impressed upon our minds is that no work in literature which is written to satisfy the clamorings of a superficial reading public can be truly great or lasting. It will vanish as quickly as it came.

If a man, whether he be following the humblest pursuits of life or filling the highest position in the gifts of a nation, wishes to leave a lasting monument to his memory he must be thoroughly in sympathy with his work and never surrender before the obstacles which come in his way, but persevere, strive ever onward and upward toward the accomplishment of the great purpose which he has set for his life work.

This is the keynote of Laner's life, and the persistent, undying devotion to truth as he saw it, and his ideals of uplift-

ing men is one of the deepest lessons of hs life. What is braver than this delicate, almost dying man, taking upon himself the Herculean task of singing great soul poetry that men might love and help and save each other because his poetry taught them? What a glorious picture is this frail, spiritual poet following his vision over mountains of suffering and oceans of despair, even to the end of life, always yearning that men might be made better and longing to take the whole world to his heart! Finer than any traditions, nobler than any heritage of chivalry or proud ancestry, is this legacy to Southern youth!

We have intimated that a great lesson of Lanier's life is his devotion to duty and his thoroughness. His life and poetry are filled with instances. He had settled for himself fixed laws of poetic construction; he saturated himself with his subject before he touched his pen; he was a consummate artist and was master of the most polished language. He bought the truth with his life, but he always adhered to his visions before he yielded up that life. Work was his life. He was great as an essayist and powerful as a searching critic. When death touched him and beckoned him to follow into that land where the weariest traveler finds rest, he was engaged in writing a series of great lectures.

We exclaim often how excellent is the life of a man who accomplishes a great work, even though he be surrounded by the most favorable circumstances; but how infinitely greater and more magnificent is the life and work of a great man who, when he comes to close a career of toils and hardships, can say to posterity I leave you as a legacy the work of a lifetime,—a work which contains my best thought, my greatest efforts, my all. It is for you. Get from it what you may. Such was the life and lesson of the South's greatest poet, who caused the ripple and dash of the waters of the Chattahooche to fall as music upon the ears of those who were privileged to listen. The man who died a martyr to the high sense of duty which his poetical nature had placed upon him.

Finally throughout the unspeakable sadness that beat in

upon his soul Lanier sang songs of love, and idealzed the pure and beautiful and kept his faith in God unbroken. We must revere him for this. Deeper than any moral that he taught is that one which his life gives us; nobler than any song that he has left is the one too great for him to fashion.

Sidney Lanier, the man and the author, is the greatest Southern contribution to American literature.

JAS. H. HAMEL.

The Woodlands.

A palace of art is not more supreme
Among the beauties of earth divined and schemed
Than a palace of oaks by nature grown
And nurtured by man as a child of his own;
Helpless in youth, protecting in age,
To the ignorant a model, and to the sage
An enduring structure, which leading on
Gves food for a thought now and anon:
Gray bearded—the moss clings all around—
As a man of strength not bowed down
Though three score and ten have long been passed
And bears up bravely, though harrassed
On every side by storm; and joy
Is apparent now as a boy;
Having a spirit to grow remain
A monument lasting, yet not vain
Because of its power and of its charm,
Fearing nor yielding to any alarm—
Always faithful to the Master who planned
The growth of the statue, the length of the span—
Such a palace I've known where gigantic oaks—
As fine as e'er grown,
Yet unwrit of in books—
Form a beauty and of love
They grow even yet, and yet ne'er move—

They chant sad yet beautiful hymns—
The oaks of "Woodlands"—the home of Simms.

W. M. BRABHAM, '05.

The Reporter's Story.

Has it ever fallen to your lot to see a man become attached to his work so that he loves it, though he would lislike it if he dared? A man who through trial and worry and an uncounted number of hours of wasted sleep, has brought his idol to success, and it may be to prominence? For instance, one who has, by uncertain but impressive grindings of the brain, found out the secret of bearing his newspaper far above a low class of journalism and out from the harrassing depths of yellow peril into which many of our papers are too often wont to fall? Have you ever visited or been engaged in a metropolitan newspaper office? It not, there is much of the incredible which you may, if it be your desire, have the pleasure of doubting.

A short time ago it was my pleasure to travel in the far north State of Maine, and one day while leisurely walking along the streets of Bangor, I was accosted by a reporter, who stated that as he had observed me to be a stranger and a Southerner by dress and general appearance, he wished me to tell him something of that section; I complied, and from that time on during the next few days which I spent in the city we were close friends. One night as we were sitting together in one of the hotel lobbies, he told me the following story:

The Daily Journal, of Bangor, a newsy paper, but unpretentious save as to neatness, had two persons at its helm who loved it as the offspring of their highest ambitions, and each advancement of its interests made the heart strings quiver with delight. Perhaps it was because the intense opposition of the afternoon contemporary had drawn them into a closer feeling with their own paper that they loved to work for it so zealously, perhaps jealously. One time, it had been about four years before the time of my story, the "nooner" had made a big

scoop over the Journal, and for that length of time there had existed a desire for revenge on the part of the Journal.

One of these devotees was the night editor, the other was one of the day operators of the linotype machines. There was naught which they would not attempt to do for the advancement of ther paper. One time the night editor had made a man feel nervous about the knee caps because he had intimated the Journal was a dealer in yellow journalism. Other times it was apparent that even blood was ready to be shed for the maintenance of the high class of paper to which it had climbed after many a struggle. There are times when the readiness to do a thing saves the necessity for dong it. In the make-up of a daily, readiness and patience are the cardinal points of success. This thesis two of the Journal found out.

The night editor, who has plenty of troubles of his own, as well as those of other people, with which he has a pleasant or otherwise assocation, sat back in his chair on the night of the 26th of September, in the year of our story, amid the general confusion of the day's exchanges and with pots of mucilage on every side, reading awhile and then thinking of the morrow's issue, caring little for the hours of the already far spent night, but much for the time when the final call of the foreman should announce paper up, heads all in, and proofs all read. Perhaps it was some brilliant discussion of the Kentucky Colonel regarding the misuse and abuse of the pert paragraph as he spoke of having a slight knowledge of knowing plowed ground when by chance it should appear for recognition; or it may have been that he had allowed hmself to go back to the time when as newsboy he cared more for the comic supplement of large dailies than for the number of them which he sold; or yet again it may have been that he had a pleasant memory of a familiar fce with twinkling eyes—at any rate he was some distance from his own surroundings, for a real editorial grin was playing around the corners of his mouth and he was pleased.

"Forms all locked," and the pressman's loud yawn answered the foreman's announcement as he arose from his oft-disturbed nap on the press.

"Let 'em down and I'll put yer daily out so quick, an' yer'll never know a better issue run off in the deestrict."

The forms, all locked, were being lowered, first half of insde was on, when the city bell, full of all kinds of alarms, sent out a heart-rending alarm of distress. Up sprang the night editor, forgotten now all his bright thoughts of a sharp-witted Bluegrass Paragrapher, and far out of the skyscraper's breezy window sprang his smile to join the light of the breaking day.

"Henry's Dam loose, deestrict shure ter be flooded," called the ever-awake street gamin; "I'm fer higher spots, yer bet."

"Hold the press! no scoop for the 'nooner' on this day!" yelled the man of the night pen. "Mabry! Porter!" But neither of the men called responded. They had left the office when the first cal of locked forms had been announced. "By jove! it's good for five columns, special, front page! Romby, rush head edition for Number 36, then cut out Queen's Procession article." With these words, Dryden was gone to cover the story.

As Dryden was returning to the office it occurred to him for the first time that no linotype operator was in the shop, for they had gone from the room when all copy had been turned into lead. Murphy, the foreman, and Dryden met at the door of the press room and talked for a moment concerning the situation, which seemed like a piece of stopped clock work. But they did not hesitate long, for having made his story clear in his mind while coming to the office, Dryden had determined to run the machine himself. Rushing into the composing room, he was beginning to heat the metal when, out of breath, Miss Pratt and Miss Hayes, two of the day operators, came in. Pleasantly surprised, Dryden asked, "Who in the world!—why, Ma—Mss Mary and Miss Pratt!" "O, well the excitement waked us, and we decided that there would be some need of help for such a story, and so came down. Have you made your make-up yet?" Dryden was well pleased at the pluck which the young ladies had shown by coming down at four in the morning to pull the Journal out of a seeming inevitable hole.

He replied that he would write off the first four columns, then set the rest himself. Soon they had hot metal, and as the typewriter ceased going Dryden appeared with the manuscript in hand, and it was not long before the "Henry's Dam Disaster" was going into type. Such work, the jingle of the keys made the composing room sound like the counting room of a clearing house. A story of twenty lives lost and a flooded district was receiving a seven column make-up in the second edition of the Journal. In three-quarters of an hour, heads all in and proofs read, the story of the breaking day disaster was being locked in the form of the first page. That day yet another extra was issued, giving the entire details.

Everybody applauded the night editor, Mss Pratt and Miss Hayes, and two days later the afternoon contemporary, so long a bitter opponent of the Journal, speaking editorially, told of the achievement of the morning paper without aught but praise. The editor of the Chronicle afterwards told Dryden hod it was that he had witnessed the piece of work.

He confessed that it was with a hope that the Journal had gone to press without giving the story that he strolled around to the office that morning; that he wanted to see how things actually stood, and so went there, and on entering the composing room he had seen him, together with Miss Pratt and Mss Hayes, getting up the story for the special.

"But I never saw you there," said Dryden.

"No, you never saw me; you saw nothing; but your determination to get that story and what it meant to you if you failed were very evident to me."

Dryden laughed. "Perhaps so, but you were too generous in your praise of our work, considering the bitterness which has existed between us for so long."

"Well, that's all right, old fellow, I'll take the blame for that; but say, let's call it square, and be done with all cuts and thrusts between us."

A warm hand clasp and McDowell and Dryden, old-time enemies of the press among themselves, were friends, and the Journal and Evening Chronicle were at peace once again.

* * * * * * * * *

In the editorial room of a metropolitan daily sits a man to whom many look for the expresson of their ideas. This is Pierre H. Dryden. He has been called up for higher service. The story of his everlasting grit and readiness at any time did not remain at home, but went to the center of newspaper activity, making for himself a reputation and for his paper a good name.

Just the other day Dryden was going along the streets of his old home when he met his one time opponent of the "nooner." "Well, Mac, I don't fail to see now how it happened that you were so warm in your praise, but say, why didn't you just praise *her* individually, instead of us all? Did your conscience not hurt you?"

"Well, Dry, you see, I really meant what I said about all of you, and then too, I've praised her in private since then to cover all that. And you are not willing to let the old estrangement between us be renewed because you doubt my sincerity in praising you?"

"O, well, the ways of a newspaper man are as uncertain as clear weather in the month of April. Not only that, but if Mrs. McDowell can make you stand around as lively as she did those keys of the machine that morning, I shall be satisfied, and have much hope for the Evening Chronicle."

Just at that time Mrs. McDowell walked up. Dryden showed how well pleased he was to see her when he greeted her. "Why, Miss—I was on the point of saying Mss Pratt—Mrs. McDowell, where in the world did you come from!"

"Well, the excitement waked me, and I knew there would be some need—"

"What are you driving at? Really, I fail to understand."

"O, then, to simplify matters, how is Mary, and when is it to be?"

"Really, Miss Julia, I would have lost my job long ago had I been as negligent of the news as you seem to be, yet you claim to be a devotee of the press. There is no Mary Hayes now."

"What are you telling me! Mary can't be dead!"

"Yes, yes, dead for ten days. She died in the North Avenue Church. She now resides at 167 Southwest corner Broad and High streets, as Mrs. Pierre H. Dryden."

"Congratulations! That's a scoop over the Evening Chronicle." 421.

The Present Tendencies of our Reading Public.

Today, one of the facts worthy of note to a study of literature is the little attention paid to the classics, and especially the Greek and Latin. This fact is clearly shown at the publishing house. In the spring comes the great rush with the publisher to advertise and get up the list of attractively bound novels with catchy labels. The public makes the demand, and the author, with the publisher, profitably supply it. They say, "Console me, amuse me, amuse me, make me sad, make me sentimental, make me dream, make me laugh, make me tremble, make me weep, make me think." How few demand of the artist, "Make for me something fine, in the form which suits you best, following your own temperament." "I read for pleasure," they say, 'a'nd want something light." "Oh! no wearisome classics; they are too deep, dull and uninteresting." We ask them why they don't have an aim in their reading, and read the works in which are found a mastery of expression, good technique and style? Indeed, a classic in which "the imagination and passion may co-exist with a sense of proportion, with purity of feeling, with artistic reserve." But these do not suit their taste, "besides," they reply, "these books are old and already criticised. Give us somethng new." Yes, they wish to become a critic, and perform that delicate operation, and, indeed, it is a good plan at that stage for them to choose a light book; if they will criticise, let it be a piece of fiction that all are capable of seeing its good, if there be any, and the faults.. The book that dies after such judgment being passed upon it is not worthy of the name of literature.

Tell them how they should turn to the standard literature more, and how in reading it there is both pleasure and educa-

tion, but they answer, "That's just like you say, but I don't enjoy it. Your early classics will do for the Orientals; I want books about life and thngs as we find them today. Besides, these things will be as they must; all I can do won't change them." How little logic in such an argument!

Standard literature is too dry, is their complaint; yet they have read but little of it and merely infer this. Had they read the spicy, witty and interesting works of De Quincy, how different their opinions would be. If they like history, there are Scott's excellent volumes; if science, Jules Verne's works are a good example. Show me the "modern novel" that is more fascinating than "A Tale of Two Cities." Where is the late novel or short story that is more nteresting or highly exciting than the masterpieces of Poe? For sentiment and satire, Thackery's writings are eminent. Who of the present day can equal Cooper or Hawthorne as a novelist? If the reader likes essays, what could be finer than the masterly productions of Macauley, Carlyle or Emerson? This list could be extended indefinitely.

There is a unversality about the classics, and not one section represented, as in our late novels. "They are for all, in all time," for they express, in many various styles and forms, all of human experience.

Each writer has his own peculiar style and personality in his work, and it would be impossble for any reader to enjoy all of the higher class of literature. We all have our favorite authors. But what we ask is that the public acquire a taste for the best class of fiction. Now, if one has made a careful study of that which is best in literature and finds it impossible to like this class of books, but as a task to read them; to me, further encouragement to this one would seem useless. No, it is not that the average reader has not intellect enough, but they do not choose carefully the styles and subjects suited to their taste.

These facts are largely to be explained by the condition of our age. The ancient classics are richest in their original language, the average reader is as blind to this. The experiences of the race which they express are too distant and different from those of the present day. Our reading public demands

books dealing with the important questions of today, as socialism; and there is something to be said in their favor, but the writer who attempts to deal with such questions is almost sure to give us a novel that will fade with the generation, "while the writer who touches permanent themes with restraint and deeper vision comes to his own only with lapse of time."

And again, this age, an age of science, is fast and strenuous. They demand something to be enjoyed, amusing, and not too deep. President Faunce, of Brown University, has well expressed this. He said: "The American nation is regarded by impartial observers as agile rather than profound in intellect. Whatever the goal, we arrive there while other people are considering how to start. Yet we will stand outside the realm of ripened wisdom, assurance and stable conviction. The men of our times are more attached to expedients than to principle, preferring atcion to thought; and our generation, so full of life and movement, appears at times to be found nowhere under sail. Our age is strenuous to the breaking point."

"The literature of a people should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul," says Lowell. When we compare what Dr. Faunce and Mr. Lowell have said, the present conditon of our authors and reading public is easily explained.

Our taste in literature is toward contemporary American subjects. Indeed, of late we have begun to appreciate our own history; then came a turning away from European subjects, and our writers gave us a flood of "historical novels." But we soon became tired of this and we turned to the novel treating contemporary life and events. In the business world "The Pit," or Mr. Norris' book, "The Octipus," furnish good example.

American literature up to this time has been pure and promises to be in the future. And, whatever may be the present tendencies, we have a good record in the past, having produced at least four authors who stand high in their class. When our country gets more together as one race, then we may look for a representative book. J. A. R., '05.

An Ode to Autumn.

1

Why do you come, oh, Autumn days,
  To hasten Winter's bitter chill?
Why bring the frost, do you not know
  The lovely flowers he slays at will?
Look you at the dying grass
  Which did the earth adorn,
Their tender shoots are drooping now,
  So helpless and forlorn.

2

Why do you drive the birds away?
  With joyful voice they sang,
And earth forgot all cares the while
  Their angel voices rang.
The wooded hills, in childish play,
  Echoed their joyous cry;
While we, listening in the vale,
  Were wont to sit and sigh

3

And wish we had a voice like theirs,
  Inspired by God above,
That we might sing a melody
  In token of our Love.
Oh, would to God more voices were
  Like these you drive away,
To cheer earth's down-trodden ones,
  To be their help and stay.

4

Why reap the harvest spring-time sowed,
  And deck yourbrow with garlands rare,
And steal the juicy fruits that thrive
  'Neath Summer's fostering care?
Your gorgeous sunset's bright array,
  Tinctured with a hue of gold,

Hide alike your stony heart
  And your embittered soul.

5

Although your smile does not betray
  The bitterness of heart you dread,
As you gather us the gold
  From carnaged fields of dead;
Although at will you may suppress
  The heart's embittered cry,
A world of wealth cannot hold back
  Your melancholy sigh.

N. T. W., '06.

College Athletics of Today.

Perhaps there is no part of college life today in regard to which so much can be said pro and con as that of college athletics. It is also a fact that so many see nothing but the good accruing from this practice, and too many the evil resulting therefrom. The average student thinks a college cannot be run without athletic teams, and his father is equally sure that its best work cannot be secured with them. We have great reverence for the wisdom of oldr heads, and realize that there is much argument on their side of the question, yet we believe that the attention which our colleges are giving to physical development is an indicative of progress on a good line.

Plato said that a man who is not a man physically, mentally, and morally is a cripple. And it is a well-known fact that if development in any of these directions is neglected during college days, it is rarely undertaken later in life. The question then arises, is there no way of making the physical man except by inter-collegiate games? To this we answer that there may be, but by these games six men will be developed to where one would be otherwise. To a great many people the inter-collegiate game is the objectionable feature in modern athletics, but all life is competitive—where would be the zest in much that we do but for the desire to outstrip our fellows? Physical

exercise is much more beneficial and may be endured to a much greater extent if backed by some sort of pleasurable excitement. How many boys have we who play baseball but are not able to take gymnasium according to certificates of different physicians? Inter-collegiate wrestling in any department is one of the greatest stimulants a boy can have to do his best. The mind is kept alive by this excitement and the body acts in response. In some cases the excitement may be excessive, but history records no progress without sacrifice, and this surely is slight compared to the good accomplished.

The most serious charge, and the one most prominently in the minds of the public today, is that these contests induce gambling. The spirit of the age, manifested in more ways than one, and by young and old, is to get something for nothing, and the spirit of opposition to this evil is shown in efforts to suppress not only gambling but all games at which there is gambling. Now, whether the college game in itself will keep alive and encourage gambling is a question. It is often that a man sees another bet at a ball game, and imagines that he saw ten, and he does not hesitate to denounce both the gambler and the game. A more unprejudiced party might see the spirit of the man to gamble at anything. It would be a hard matter to find a body of two hundred and fifty young men among whom there are not several who have caught the spirit of betting. To many boys uncertainty, risk, and adventure have a fascinating influence. They will bet on anything, on either side, and not care particularly how it turns out. There will be others who bet to win, for the sake of gain. It is possible there may not be among these two hundred and fifty men more than a dozen who will bet openly at a game, and yet one hundred that could be led to bet on almost anything privately. In a case like this, and we believe it to be the case with most colleges the size of this, is not the willingness on the part of one hundred to bet just as great an evil, if not greater, than the betting of the dozen openly? Is not the man who sees the dozen and allows himself to believe that the game is the cause of it all somewhat in the wrong?

Another objection found to these games is the excess to which they are carried and the time put on them that should be spent otherwise. It is possible for a man to come to college, in his first year, make team, and allow himself to become so intensely interested in his physical development that he will neglect the mental part of his being. In fact, there have been such instances. But in nine cases out of ten you will notice that these men did nothing in their class-room before they ever entered the athletic field. On the other hand, you will find a man that comes to college with the intention of going through the sophomore year, but after entering he finds that there is in him the possibility of a pitcher. His love for athletics becomes such that at the end of his sophomore year he changes his mind, decides to return to college, and makes of himself a man. These are merely supposable cases, but special instances could be given. In a measure at times the colleges of the land have carried these games to excess. The existing rivalry between them becoming so strong that it is no longer a contest between student boys for recreative and healthful exercise but a fight between professionals. This can and will be stopped eventually if the colleges stand together as they have stood for the past few years.

There are benefits and other evils that may come from athletics in college, but in the end what good thing is there in the world from which harm may not be derived? The baseball and football ground is one of the finest places on a campus to determine the charatcer of the students of that campus. The character of a man playing either game is tested there in many ways. One of the finest elements in a man is that one which enables him to see another's rights, although opposed to him, and on these fields he is strengthened by withstanding the temptation to take advantage of his opponent. Here he learns to control himself, to master his passions, one of the greatest powers in life, to bear defeat as well as victory.

The world has a right to ask of college men, "What do ye more than others?" If college men cannot in a measure remove the evils of this world and replace them with better

things, why try to increase our number of colleges? We believe the athletic field may be made to give the college student superiority in much that goes to make a man.

Then let us have athletics, and turn out as many teams as our material will furnish. Let the college man have a chance to show that he can play ball and at the same time be a gentleman. Let him have a chance to develop himself physically, and thereby mentally, and from these two give the moral side of his nature a chance to grow, in order that in this world he may be able to accomplish more than the man who has not had the training in these lines. J. P. K., '05.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

Salutatory.

With this issue a new staff assumes control of THE JOURNAL. It will be our effort to give to the students the best magazine which we are capable of. We have no apologies to make for our staff, for we believe that they are competent men, and if they receive the proper support from the student body they may expect a first-class JOURNAL in every respect. Mr. Connolly, the business manager, has met, so far, with marked success in his department, having had previous experience on the staff of THE JOURNAL and also the College Annual. Mr. Ariail, the literary editor, is a thoroughly competent man in his department. He has received several medals for high grade work in the field of literature. Messrs. Boyd, Dye, Roberts, Anderson, Candler and Lyles are also men of distinction in class-room work and thoroughly competent to furnish

good material for their respective departments of the college magazine.

We ask the student body to co-operate with the staff in making THE JOURNAL superior, if possible, to former years. Much depends upon you, for it is you who must fill its pages, and without the support of the student body THE JOURNAL must be a failure.

In a few words of praise of the members of the staff we have not intended to leave the impression that there will be no mistakes made—for mark the perfect man—there is none. So when you discover our mistakes and failures, do not credit them to a lack of energy or zeal, but rather to inexperience and lack of support.

✤

The New Students. Wofford opens her second half century with the largest freshman class in the history of the college. The faculty and old students, as well, feel proud of the fact that the college has opened the session with such bright prospects. From these new men we expect much. If they have come to college to do good, honest work, and all believe they have, it will be a source of pleasure and gratification to teacher, parent and student.

To these new men we are glad to open the columns of THE JOURNAL, and wish them to feel that it is their magazine as well as ours.

We also extend to all new men a welcome to Wofford College, with all its privileges and opportunities, duties and pleasures, and express the hope that they may take advantage of them.

✤

The Science Hall. Wofford is now equipped with one of the best Science Halls in the South. The opening of this building, we believe, will mark a new era of progress, both intellectually and materially, in the history of Wofford College.

The friends of the college throughout the State have cause

to feel grateful to Mr. Cleveland, to whose kindly interest and generosity we are indebted for this magnificent building. His gift is certainly a large one, and was given with a view to the betterment of the youth of South Carolina, and not in order to receive the idle praise of man.

When the friends of the college are doing so much for the interest of the college and the student body it is to be expected that the student will take advantage of the opportunities which others have sacrificed to place within his grasp.

✤

Our Advertisers.

We take advantage of this opportunity to impress upon the minds of the student body the importance of patronizing those who patronize us. The success of THE JOURNAL, financially, is due to our advertisers. The merchants and business men of the city have been kind enough to give us their ads.; they expect something in return. Will they receive it? This depends solely upon the students. Look over the ads. and when you spend your money, spend it with those who advertise in the columns of THE JOURNAL.

✤

Mob Law in South Carolina.

A few weeks ago a white man was lynched in Lancaster County for one of the most diabolical crimes recorded in the history of the State. He was lynched for shooting down, in cold blood, a peaceful, sober, law-abiding citizen—the murderer's fourth victim. Just here we are led to ask was the lynching justifiable. Of course all good citizens are opposed to lynching and mob law, but when we see a man shot down in cold blood and the murderer, perhaps a vagabond and sneaking rascal, go justified in the eyes of the law, to say the least of it, the juries are corrupt and the legal system rotten at the core.

The rule of the mob seems to be almost an absolute necessity at times—for something must be substituted for jurors who can be bought at ten cents apiece and a legal system which is

so lame that it cannot afford even a shadow of protection to human life.

If the jury had been pure and honest and the law upheld this murderer would at least have been serving a life sentence in the penitentiary, and his victim would be following the peaceful pursuits of life.

Unless a reformation is worked in the law and jurymen selected who are not over-awed by the sight of the almighty dollar, we can never hope to see the abolition of mob law.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

As no exchanges have come to our table yet, it would be a rather rash step to begin with criticism. But a word may be inserted regarding the department. It is not the business of the exchange editor simply to watch for defects and make severe remarks about them. The best elements of the best journals should be pointed out and commented on. Not only will it be an encouragement to the author concerned, but also an inspiration to some one, who has never contributed an article, to become an author. The best and highest is not achieved merely by showing what should not be done, but by showing—and that forcibly—what should be done. The object of the exchange department is to uplift the standard of college journalism by a kind of comparison of works. The ideal college magazine is a harmonious combination of essay, poetry, and fiction. Let neither be lacking. This journal has been criticised as containing too much heavy matter. It is true that there has been in it many essays, but they are always accompanied by a justifiable proportion of poems and stories. True, these poems and stories are not so light as those of some journals, still they cannot justly be classed as heavy matter.

It shall not be our purpose to deal harshly with any magazine or any author simply for the sake of harshness. A poor article or an empty journal may be criticised in a kind manner and thereby the writer helped, by being induced to write a better article, instead of being irritated and humiliated by keen remarks from a thoughtless exchange editor. We shall try always to mete justice, but in a manner beneficial to the party in hand.

We most heartily welcome all our former exchanges and shall be glad to add any new magazine to our list.

CLIPPINGS.

We think the following selection from Paul Kester not in bad taste just here:

Home.

(BY PAUL KESTER.)

I want to go home.
To the dull old town
With the shaded streets
And the open square
And the hill
And the flats
And the house I love
And the paths I know—
I want to go home.
If I can't go back
To the happy days,
Yet I can live
Where their shadows lie,
Under the trees
And over the grass—
I want to be there
Where the joy was once.
Oh, I want to go home,
I want to go home.

He Wanted to Know.

His eye was wild. A puzzled look
He had as I could see,
And when my buttonhole he took
He fairly puzzled me.

He said: "You certainly appear
As if you ought to know

Some things that seem a little queer,
Tell me, how can ice floe?

"And whither did the butter fly?
And is it coming back?
Did honesty make Polly sigh?
And what did the shell lack?"

"It seems to me a little strange
That diamonds should ring,
And then why should the stock exchange?
And what did the gin sing?

"Say, what goods did the dungeon sell?
Why do the Hindoos tan?
If you cannot the reason tell,
Perhaps the sardine can."

Just then the kind attendant came
To take the man away.
He said, "He's always much the same,
But pretty bad today."

—*Chicago News.*

"I wish you sweet dreams," she said on the stair,
As he gently bade her good-night.
"Thanks for permission to dream of you, dear,"
He replied as she vanished from sight.

—*Ex.*

Lonesomeness.

Jest a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feeling blue;
Wishing for you, wonderin' when
You'll be coming home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

Mornin' comes. The birds awake
(Use to sing so for your sake),
But there's sadness in the notes
That comes thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

—*Stanton.*

The Poet Laureate.

A tigress wild named Laurie
Departed from the zoo;
She wandered through the country,
A poet walked there too.

When Laurie was recaptured
Shoe strings hung on her claws,
And masticated breeches
Were trailing from her jaws.

The people missed their poet,
But 'twas a lucky fate,
For he became thereafter
The poet laureate.

—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

The class of 1904 have gone forth to join their predecessors in the great battle of life, and to do honor to their alma mater.

E. L. Aull is employed as bookkeeper with his father in the mercantile and cotton business at Allendale, S. C.

W. C. Ariail is teaching school at Dantzler, Orangeburg County, S. C.

P. W. Bethea has a large school at Gaddy's Mill, Marion County, S. C.

W. D. Burnett has accepted a position in the First National Bank, of this city, as collection clerk.

L. E. Cannon is employed by the government in this city as mail carrier.

S. F. Cannon is associated with Messrs. A. M. Law & Co., of this city, in the stock, bond and insurance business.

T. L. Cely will soon accept a school in Greenwood County.

Miss O. L. Chapman is at home—Whitney, S. C., Spartanburg County.

O. M. Chapman is principal of a school at Fair Play, Oconee County.

N. T. Clark holds a position as night clerk at the Spartan Inn hotel.

I. E. Curry has been elected Professor of English and Mathematics at Williamston Female College, Greenwood, S. C.

A, C. Daniel, Jr., has accepted the position of physical instructor at this college.

W. M. Fair is with the Edisto Savings Bank, at Orangeburg, where he is preparing himself to accept a position with a new bank that is to be opened at Elloree, S. C.

C. B. Goodlett is teaching in Greenville County.

E. K. Hardin, Jr., is teaching at the Carlisle Fitting School, Bamberg, S. C.

W. C. Herbert is teaching at the Dillon Graded School, Dillon, S. C.

J. P. Lane is teaching at Blacksburg Graded School, Blacksburg, S. C.

T. O. Lawton is farming with his father at Barton, S. C., Barnwell County.

E. F. McWhirter is associated with his father in the mercantile and cotton business at Jonesville, S. C.

C. L. Smith has been sent as missionary to Brazil to represent Central Methodist Church of this city.

Miss M. V. Tarboux is taking a post-graduate course at Wofford.

W. T. Jones, Jr., is principal of a school at Mt. Carmel, S. C.

R. O. Lawton is teacher of Freshman English at Wofford.

J. A. McIntyre has accepted a position with the firm of Fletcher & Smoot, at McColl, S. C.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

On the morning of September 21 the college bell tolled the opening of the first session of the second half-century of Wofford. Never before has the sound of the old bell fallen upon the ears of so large a number of Freshmen. It was a scene of peculiar interest to those who had passed through the experience to watch the new men as they marched "with solemn tread" to the college building and then up into the chapel. We would not attempt to describe the appearance of these young fellows as they assembled in the chapel for the first time. Each wore a different look, but every face had in common an expression of anxiety and expectancy.

Bishop Duncan conducted the opening exercises and gave a few timely suggestions to the students—both old and new. The Bishop closed his remarks with the following quotation: "I am only one, but I am one. What I can do I ought to do; what I ought to do, by the help of God I will do."

The friends of Wofford will rejoice to know that she begins the work of her second half-century with brighter prospects than she has ever had before. The equipment is better; the enrollment is larger.

Up to date three hundred and sixty-two have matriculated.

Freshman Class	94
Sophomore Class	56
Junior Class	38
Senior Class	31
Fitting School	143
Total	362

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

The classes have elected officers as follows:

Senior.—President, J. G. Stabler; Vice-President, J. M. Ariail; Secretary and Treasurer, M. W. Brabham; Poet, J. M. Ariail; Historian, W. D. Roberts; Prophet, M. A. Connolly.

Junior.—Presdient, J. R. Lyles; Vice-President, J. C. Harmon; Secretary and Treasurer, James Guess; Poet, M. T. Wharton; Historian, O. M. Mitchell.

Sophomore.—President, R. N. Spigner; Vice-President, S. W. Taylor; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Turbeville.

Freshman.—President, W. C. Curry; Vice-President, W. C. Duncan; Secretary, G. Coffin; Treasurer, C. M. Carroll.

* * *

FOOTBALL.

Wofford does not play inter-collegiate football, but each class has organized a team. There will be several games played between the classes. The following men have charge of the teams:

Senior.—M. W. Brabham, Manager; W. L. Glaze, Jr., Captain.

Junior.—J. C. Guilds, Manager; J. C. Candler, Captain.

Sophomore—C. S. Bethea, Manager; W. B. Compton, Captain.

Freshman.—J. R. Atkins, Manager; J. W. Elkins, Jr., Captain.

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Wofford College Glee Club has completed its organization. It means business. Every member seems interested in the success of the club.

The following are its officers: M. A. Connolly, President; C. P. Wofford, Vice-President; Prof. Geo. Clinkscales, Business Manager; J. R. Atkins, Musical Director; J. M. Ariail, Secretary; J. W. Boyd, Treasurer.

* * *

WOFFORD COLLEGE LYCEUM.

For a number of years the people of Spartanburg and the

students of Converse and Wofford have been highly favored by having the opportunity of hearing some of the best speakers in America. It is due to the efforts of the managers of the Wofford College Lyceum that these men were brought to Spartanburg.

So far six attractions have been arranged for. The first entertainment will be in the college auditorium, October 11th. Chas. B. Loomis, humorist, will furnish the entertainment.

The other attractions are: Mendelssohn Quartette, S. H. Clark, Angelo Heilprin, Lotus Glee Club, and Russell Conwell.

* * *

On the evening of September 23, in the college chapel, the Young Men's Christian Association of the college gave a reception to the new students. President Snyder presided, and the different organizations on the campus were represented as follows:

Senior Class, J. G. Stabler; Junior Class, H. Richardson; Sophomore, Ray DuRant; Calhoun Literary Society, M. W. Brabham; Preston Literary Society, W. D. Roberts; Y. M. C. A., A. D. Betts; Athletic Association, J. W. Boyd; Glee Club, M. A. Connolly; Mess Hall, C. L. McFadden. Mr. R. A. Brown responded from the Freshman Class. Then there was an informal reception and hand-shaking.

* * *

DR. CARLISLE'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

On Sunday evening, October 2, in Central Methodist Church, Dr. Carlisle delivered his annual address before the students of Converse and Wofford. Though the people of Spartanburg have heard the Doctor for many years, they never tire of listening to the words of wisdom that fall from his lips. On this occasion the attendance was very large.

* * *

The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies have got down to work. Each society has taken in about an equal number of new men. Judging from the beginnings both societies are going in to do a very successful year's work.

Fresh. B—, while waiting in the faculty room to matriculate, asked Soph. S—, "Will I have to pay my diploma fee now?"

* * *

Fresh. C— informed Instructor Daniels that he would bring a "prescription" to be excused from gymnasium.

* * *

Soph. M— is taking Pe-ru-na for indigestion. Senior G— in the adjoining room had been disturbed several mornings by a noise which he thought to be in Soph. M—'s room. Senior G— decided to investigate the matter. When he opened the door he observed Soph. M— jumping up continually in one spot.

Senior G—.—What are you doing, friend?

Soph. M— (pointing to the bottle)—Don't you see it says, *"Shake well before taking"?*

* * *

Get Fresh. Rushton to tell his *salt* and *pepper* episode.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

Why should a young man be a Chrisitan?

This question is one to which there are not a few answers. Of course the primary reason is, God came into the world to redeem mankind, and save all who are lost. This reason alone is sufficient. A man should make this a vital thing in his life, and foster it continually in his mind, until he is wllng to conform his life to the pattern set according to the will of God.

But aside from this, there are many things which prompt a young man to become a Christian.

How often a person is made to tremble as he thinks of a young man starting into life. Two ways are presented to him —one which is, at the beginning, apparently grand. All the pleasure and good which it is possible to enjoy seems to be offered in it. It costs no effort whatever to go on this way. A young man must simply free himself from all restrictions, forget all that has ever appealed to his better nature, and let his own inclinations steer him onward. Is it not awful to think of the possibility that every man has of going on and on, guided by his own ease, to the very lowest depths possible? We wonder why we were made free moral agents, and yet made so weak. The moulding of our lives was entrusted to our own hands. How easy to make a ragged and unworthy life!

The other way at first seems dark and unpleasant. It requires all the power, physically, mentally and spiritually, which a young man can muster to plod along through the narrowness of the way. It is possible to reach the highest heights rather than the lowest depths. It brings to light, and exercises all of the powers which may be latent in a young man. Everything great, commanding and lasting is allowed to develop. The higher motives, and lofty and manly things, be-

come characteristics of the man, rather than the low and human qualities. But pursued farther and farther, this may no longer seems dark and rugged. It affords every means of real enjoyment, and moral and spiritual development is continually going on, rather than the deadening of the religious proclivities.

A typical young man, with latent powers, a strong physique, and noble spirit, deserves the very best things in life. He was not made to grapple in the dust, and eat the husks with the swine, but it was intended that he should dwell in ethereal regions, and have a part in every noble accomplishment. As a young man enters the broad arena of life he knows not his possibilities. If he starts his life on the correct basis, if he realizes that no life is worth living which has any other pattern than Jesus Christ, if he takes Him, as it were, to be a partner with him in every undertaking, and consults him and asks his blessing upon his every act, if he sets his ideal high, and strives to attain to it, there is no limit to his possibilities. Possibilities of pleasure, of receiving and doing good, of fame and fortune, and of space in the world's thought. He may be widely known as a benefactor, rather than a person noted for infamous and degraded acts. He may be a great power in helping men to higher planes of life, rather than an instrument in the hands of Satan in influencing men to crime and vice.

And again, a young man has the privilege of forming that eternal structure called character, a structure which each one of us is forming, either for good or evil. In whatever we may do, we should endeavor to build up a strong, manly character.

But it is not enough to form a strong character, speaking from a worldly point of view. A strong *Christian* character is to be sought above all. A well formed character, with all of its necessary constituent elements, without that beauiful spirit which characterizes the true Christian, is like the earth would be should the sun, which gives it warmth and light, be blotted out. The world would be as perfectly formed as before, and as commanding in its relation to other heavenly bodies, but of no real worth to God or man. A strong Christian character is that power which will carry a person on to success in anything.

Great accomplishments do not, however, constitute this. Character is power in a much higher sense than knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are a certain kind of power, but are often more mischief-working than otherwise. It is as hard to admire an accomplished man, whose character is rotten to the core, as to admire the skill of a pick-pocket.

Also, a young man should be a Christian because of the great influence which he exerts. There are really a very few men who are so utterly depraved that they actually desire to pull innocent men into the same state of vice and crime. Influence is a terrible power given to man, yet no man can rid himself of his power. No man can possibly live to himself. We may seldom think of this secret, silent influence. Nevertheless, we exert it, by our deeds, by our words, by our very thoughts. And the man who lives such a life that the greatest power possible is put forth for good is vested with a heavenly wisdom, whether he be a world-famed man or an humble man of obscurity.

There is another and strong reason why we should be Christians. It is because of the great desire and hope which our parents have towards this end. Our parents are making great sacrifices for us, that we may be the best men possible. And in order that we may prove a joy to them, rather than a sorrow, we must turn to the right course of living, which is the Christian course.

We will simply mention the most important reason. There is immortality for each man of us. But this appeals to young men less than anything else. A man, strong and robust in mind, heart and body, seldom thinks of death. Nevertheless, there is an eterntiy which we are to spend somewhere, somehow. This is for us to decide. It is a fact that we cannot spend it rightly unless we live a life fashioned according to the will of God.

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J. W. Boyd, Exchange Editor
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Volume XVI Number Two

November, 1904

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J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

To Carlyle McKinley.

O poet's harp whose minstrelsy
Hath now been hushed, I to thee
Would offer tribute for thy song
Of "The Toilers," who all day long
Seek for rest nor find it here;
Tho' now thy toiling so sincere
Is ended and thy ceaseless roam
Hath been quit and thou art home.
So now to thee whose toil is o'er
I love bring, and ever more
Shall thy song be a sweeter
Thought to me and make me better
Than e'er before the time I knew thee
And felt thy purpose rise up o'er me.

O weary mind and troubled soul,
Thou hast thy message so dearly told
That thy disciples, thy worshipers
Can be naught but followers
And glance upward toward thy shrine,
From whence true words near divine
Hath hither come and made me see
Thy ways, thy love, thy sincerity.

Tho' now no fame crowds about thee,
Not anything can make me doubt thee,
For I love thee, and the morning
Of any doubt is far from dawning
In my heart; and human kindness
And human love are far from blindness.

1481.

Socialism---A Short Sketch of its Growth and Ideals.

There is one word which has been the "bugaboo' of American politics for years. In fact, it has its terrors in all the civilized countries of the world. This is the word "Socialism," and it seems to give the world more trouble than any other "ism" of the present day. It has been only a few years now since this country was alarmed by the great coal strike and the consequences that were anticipated from it. But the coal strike is now past and the expected effects of it never developed.

The term Socialist is applid to any one who is dissatisfied with the present form of government and wishes to make of the world a democracy in the strictest sense of the word. The common acceptance of the word incudes Communists, Anarchists, Nihilists, and every known class of men who have a different idea of government from that of the civilized world. This leads to a grievous misunderstanding. The true Socialist is not a man who seeks the abolition of all forms of government, nor one who wishes to attain his ends by violence. On the contrary, he is a man who is endeavoring peaceably and quietly to substitute a more equal basis of society; to place all men upon the same level; and to form an ideal government where the rights of everyone shall be equally respected and where there shall be no classes.

But before going further into a discussion of Socialism let us stop and consider its origin and growth.

The fundamental cause of the origin of this doctrine has existed almost since the foundation of the world. This is the inequality of men. Ever since Abel became more prosperous than Cain, thereby causing a revolt on the part of the elder brother, there has been a hatred existing among the less fortunate against their more fortunate brothers. Ever since that time there have been Socialists, though they may not have borne that name. In the broad sense, as I have said, the Socialist is one who seeks to reorganize the present conditions of human society and to establish the world upon a more equit-

able basis. Such attempts have been made from time to time from the early history of the world. But Socialism in the strict sense as it is used today began with the establishment of the present relations between labor and capital. To be more exact, it was brought about by the great industrial revolution which took place in the eighteenth century. This revolution consisted largely of a series of inventions of labor-saving devices. These machines upon their introduction threw thousands of men out of employment. Among these idle workmen, dire need and poverty stalked abroad hand in hand, while in their footsteps followed death, the great destroyer, who plucked away from the starving mother's breast the innocent suckling child and dotted the verdant hills and potter's fields with hundreds of newly-made graves. What wonder then that a people reduced to such extremes of poverty should look eagerly toward any one who promised to lead them to better times, to give them steady work and a plentiful supply of food and the other necessities of life.

Some of the most important of these inventions which caused so much distress among the working classes were the steam engine, the spinning jenny, Crompton's mule, the power loom and the cotton gin. These machines, when first put upon the market, were comparatively costly. Immediately the wealthy, see the advantages offered by them in saving of time, labor, and expense, seized upon them and fitted out their factories. Since the great majority of the working men knew nothing about the operation of these machines, and since hand labor could not compete with them either in quantity or in the evenness of their products, thousands of laborers were discharged and immediately the seeds of discontent began to be sown.

The increase in quantity of their products, the decrease in the total amount of wages, and the decrease in running expenses enabled the mill owners to increase their capital, and this widened still further the gulf between capital and labor. To the relief of the working men now came the philosophers, such men as Robert Owen, Lasal Fornier, Cabet and Marx.

Seeing the deplorable condition existing among the poor, these men began to devise a scheme for the relief of the situation. They had no trouble in finding followers, and so the once small band soon developed to alarming proportions, spreading their doctrines to all parts of the civilized world. Each of them by his impassioned eloquence gathered about him a band of followers, whose minds had been fired with the dream of future prosperity. So the doctrine spread until today it is becoming a factor which must be reckoned with in all elections.

Nothing has been able to stem this tide of enthusiasm. Neither the iron regime of Germany nor the liberty of America has checked the onward progress of these reformers. Their numbers have been increasing enormously during the past twenty-five years, and especially so in the past ten. In Germany, a land of despotism and caste, they have formed themselves into a political party and are known as Social Democrats. At the last election they polled about two million votes. Contrast this if you please with their vote of one hundred and seventy-one thousand in 1871. They are strongly organized and are rapidly increasing, in spite of all the government can do to the contrary. In the United States, although their numbers are smaller, their rate of increase is as rapid, and considering their youth, they are a large party. At their first general election in 1888 they cast only two thousand votes for president. In 1896 they cast thirty-six thousand, and in 1900, eighty-seven thousand. While at the State electoins of 1902, their voting capacity reached a grand total of three hundred and fifty thousand. Debbs, the candidate of 1900, is again their choice for president, and although he has no chance of election, he expects to poll at least five or six hundred thousand votes. This tendency is also clearly seen in the two great parties of our country. In New York State in 1900, the Democrats advocated government ownership of the coal mines, hoping thereby to control a part at least of the Socialist vote.

There must certainly be something in this Socialism to cause such a marvelous growth and to attract such widespread atten-

tion. What then is Socialism? It is an industrial scheme for the supply of the material wants of human social existence. Its object is to regulate human society, to elevate the laboring classes, and to place all mankind on an equal footing. Mr. Richard T. Ely, one of the best known authorities on this subject, says, "Socialism is that contemplated system of industrial society which proposes the abolition of private property in the great material instruments of production and the substitution therefor of collective property and advocates the collective management of production, together with the distribution of social income by society and private property in the larger proportion of the social income." Although there are many different doctrines held by the various clans or parties of the Socialists, upon these cardinal points they are all agreed. The differences appear in their means of obtaining these ends.

The chief argument in favor of Socialism is that, comparatively speaking, the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. To equalize this is one of the Socialist's chief aims. They propose to do away with "private property in the great material instruments of production and to substitute therefor collective property." In other words, they intend that every one shall have an equal share in these instruments. This would mean an equal division of wealth. It would also mean that the State or commune would own and control all production, thereby doing away with all possibilities of trusts and monopolies. Under such a condition of affairs strikes would be useless and impracticable. Speculations, private gain and usury would disappear, and in their stead we would have a well ordered system of production, where the supply would always equal the demand, where everything could be bought at cost, and where the market would never vary.

Socialism also proposes to regulate distribution according to a plan of distributive justice, so that every man should receive his share of the income. At present operations are carried on by means of individual capitalists employing free laborers, whose sole dependence is their wage. The aim of these capitalists is to increase their own wealth and to sacrifice every-

thing for their own benefit. According to this system the larger part of the surplus goes into the hands of the wealthy man. This surplus should be distributed in part among the men whose labor produced it. Of course the capitalists should have some, but it does not seem at all fair that some young scapegoat should enjoy himself on the products of his employees and should live in plenty while his laborers are in want merely because his father or great-grandfather made money by hard work.

Again, under a Socialistic regime, elevation to positions of importance would be based upon moral qualifications. In this day, when to the rich man belongs the spoils, when public offices are objects of graft and are sought for the purpose of personal benefit, when candidates are selected by the amount of campaign fund they can raise, is it little wonder that people should revolt at the abuse of individual talents? How many of the men elected in the past ten years have been elected on their personal merit to any position of influence? Look at the scandals in which our govrnment has been involved recently—the Cuban postoffice frauds, the postoffice grafters in Washington, the Indian land office frauds, one after another they have been revealed to the disgusted public gaze.

Another evil of the present day which would be remedied by a Socialist state is the abuse of the law-making power. The great majority of the laws of the present day are merely temporary remedies for the war between labor and capital, and concerning the control of production and the distribution of private property. In a Socialist state such laws would be useless. Law-making would become an easy task, and the days of Congress and etc., Legislature would not be taken up with trifles intended to delay adjournment or to benefit some man's already fat pocketbook. Moreover, the money now appropriated as ship subsidies, and bogus pensions could be utilized for the elevation of the State. This would be done through compulsory education, free public schools everywhere, and libraries scattered far and near.

Of course at present Socialism has not passed much beyond

the period of a dream, but after the solution of one or two problems now confronting them, we may say without hesitancy that then Socialism will be a fact, and not an ideal. There are many and great obstacles to be overcome, but I firmly believe that the world is gradually drifting towards this state of society, and then shall the milennium be not far distant, for such a condition of affairs is as near ideal as one could wish. "Pat," '05.

At Dawn.

The Night's great heart throbbed faintly as I stood
  And watched the quivering dawn uprise
O'er the torn edges of dark's surly mood
  And sweep the wandering planets from the skies.
The sombre majesty and wierdness of the hour
  Depressed my soul with sacred awe and fear;
I know not in what way was felt that power
  That floods bewildered men when God draws near.
Speechless, I glimpsed the souls "untravelled world" behind
  Grim, silent dawn its gold-hinged gate,
My soul cried out to rise, to soar, to find,
  But is itself bowed by a loathsome weight.
Oh, if my inner light could shine supreme,
  And faith grow great in life and men,
And I could follow, ever follow, yonder gleam
  Which I catch sight of now and then,
How I would thank my sleepless eyes that I arose
  Because my heart was weighted with life's clod,
And came and saw the eastern sky disclose
  How looks the common streets where dwelleth God.

84.

"The Part Dixie Played."

And so you wish me to recount to you some of my experiences of the time when I was in the active newspaper service? You couldn't please a man who really has had experience in that line better than by making such a request of him. It just comes natural to him to want to tell his stories to the public, letting them know how much trouble he has had in getting this or that story, and then the feeling of pride which filled his heart as he saw for the first time his story take the first column of the edition.

I had been working with *The Tribune,* of the Windy City, for a number of years, finally reaching the point where I had right much of an easy thing, when one day I received a letter which read as follows:

Mr. A. K. Johnson, *Tribune,* Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: You may have a try here on *The World,* as special, if application is made immediately.

New York World.
P. H. Dryden,
Managing Editor.

He was evidently expecting me to accept, for a railroad pass was enclosed. I decided to go to the metropolis and see what there was in store for me. So two days later I turned up in New York, and walked into the office of *The World.* I handed my card, and was shown into the office of Mr. Dryden. After a few moments we proceeded to business.

"Mr. Johnson," said he, "we are looking for a man who is willing to risk life or limb for a good story; one who has grit as well as nerve, and at the same time a man clear-headed under trying circumstances. In short, we want a man right on the field during the hostilities which are sure to come. The terms will be satisfactory. Can you fill the bill?"

Now, I had very often had ambitions of every sort when newspaper work was concerned. To be a war correspondent was one of the brightest dreams of my life.

"I accept the position. When am I to leave?"

"Within a week. You go direct to the Philippines. When the maneuvers around Cuba begin to tighten, you may expect to see things bristle up among the Filipinos. Wells Vance, one of our own men, will be with you, both of you being on an equal as to privileges."

After a voyage of several weeks, my companion and I reached Manila safe. We took a transport to Muniz, on the eastern coast of Luzon. It was our plan to go overland to Bontoc, where the insurgents were most troublesome, and where activities were very probable. After little trouble we reached that place.

Just as Mr. Dryden had prophesied, things began to get interesting before we had been out many days. We were constantly on the move. Several times we encountered the displeasure of the natives. However that, nothing serious befell us till the twenty-fourth of April, after we had been out for two months.

We had been tramping for quite a number of hours through the heat, and were thirsty, extremely so; despair had nearly entered our hearts, and all hope was beginning to die out. But what was my delight when I espied several beneficent pitcher plants, each of which contained in its large curled leaf a nice quantity of rain water. I cried to my companion to follow me, and each of us soon had emptied one of the leaves, and were on the point of plucking another when a laud report startled us, and a bullet went whizzing by. We knew too well what it meant, and made double-quick time towards a clump of bushes. We were now prepared to return fire if a head should show itself. We rather enjoyed the anticipation of a small encounter, for we had been shooting nothing, save words, for the past two months. So we opened fire, trying to make a story as telling in lead as we had in words. But much to our discomfiture, we saw that the odds were in favor of the attackers. We would have raised a sign of truce and offered explanations, but such wild men would not have considered anything then, for they were arused. So we broke away at full speed, not caring to look back. Probably we had been running half

a mile when suddenly we merged from the dense thicket, to find ourselves in the midst of a native village. We hardly knew what we were doing, but instinct led us to run towards the largest of the huts, which we took to be the abode of the chief. But chased as we were by the natives we did not feel certain as to the peaceable acceptance of our entry. We had often made entries—that is, on our note books—and they had been accepted, but such an entry as this, on a native camp, never before in the careers of we two. No sooner had we entered the hut than we were seized upon by several men, evidently guards of the palace. With bound hands we were marched into a large and spacious chamber, at the lower end of which was an elevation; this was what first attracted my attention; and there sat a man apart from the rest of the company. and he appeared to be the chief. I could understand, but not very well, the lingo now heard on every side. They wished to know who and what we were. Our ushers were closely followed by our pursuers. Everything was confusion for a moment, but at a sign from the chief the babble hushed. We were ordered forward, and pushed to the very front. I for my part felt that a short while only remained between this and the next world as far as I was concerned, and my companion looked as if he might have been my competitor for the same role in this seeming one-act tragedy.

I managed to say in the lingo that we were Americans, whereupon the chief's face darkened for a moment, then brightened. He muttered something to one of the guards, who went out, soon returning, followed by a young maid, who did not look like a native. She spoke to the chief, and then told us that she was to act as an interpreter.

Then came a long list of questions as to our business in the island, and where we hailed from.

Vance replied to some of the questions, and at that moment I saw for the first time how shrewd he might be when circumstances demanded it. His answers were such as to praise the chief, and at the same time pleading for our liberty.

A wave of the hand, and we knew that the conference was at

an end. The maid informed us that we would be brought back again on the morrow. In a dark cell we were confined, and given some rich native food.

Scheme after scheme was devised for our escape, but the night passed without anything resulting from it. I couldn't help but wonder over one thing which worried me more than all else—who was this girl, and under what circumstances was she here?

At noon the next day we were again carried before the chief, but this time, instead of the company, only the chief, the maid, and two guards were there. From what the maid told us, the chief was in deadly fear of a rising rival; if we could devise some successful plan by which his failing power could be restored, something which would make his men flock to his standard, he would not only let us go free, but reward us with beads. But on the other hand, if we failed—well, then a serious affair would be our lot. Two days would be given us.

Back to our cell we were marched. And some very good food was brought us, and we were well provided in every way, except that freedom was far from being in sight.

"Vance, old fellow, it seems that we are in a plight. What's to be done?"

"Think, man; think! Time is short and life precious. This is the biggest mess I've ever heard of. I wish that rival would come now and wipe out the whole tribe."

Many an hour had each of us toiled over the midnight oil, but not such a mental strain as we were now enduring. The first day closed without success. No sleep came that night. Day dawned, noon passed, evening was approaching. At dusk the call would be made. We were despairing, our thoughts went home to those whom we had left far behind; perhaps we would never see them again. All hope was now past. Loud talking told us that a great company was awaiting us on the outside. They knew that something had been required of us by their chief, but what it was they knew not. They joked—perhaps they were expecting to have the pleasure of tormenting us to death.

"Vance, it sems to be all up with us. We will live till tomorrow at longest. I truly wish we were back in America."

"Well, all I have to say," said Vance with a smile, "is that I wish I was in Dixie."

There was a smile on his face which I couldn't understand, and asked him how he could laugh under such circumstances.

"I have found the idea. I saw an instrument in the corner of that room, and a large drum, evidently captured from some strolling band. You can beat a drum. I can play that instrument, whatever it is. I have yet to see the man that a certain old tune won't stir, be he 'Yang' or 'Reb.' When we go in there, and that's now, for I hear the guards coming, we will tell the maid what we want. When that tune you call 'Dixie' gets out on the air, it will make everybody shout, you believe me."

"Vance, you are great, and we will go home with a string of beads and bless old Dixie till we die."

As we marched in there was the same large company which we had seen on the first day. Elegant mats, and hair rugs, and wild animal skins were to be seen in abundance. Certainly Chief Desulianthia was aiding us in making his people think him great.

The chief signed for us to advance and make known the result of his demands. We replied that we were ready and asked for the drum and instrument in the corner. With wonder all the company looked at us. Then Vance began blowing "Dixie" and I fell in with the drum. Such music! Well, if those men didn't move I have never seen men make a motion. No wonder the gray of sixty fought so hard. Everybody began shouting. We had not blown many notes before the sound of another instrument joined in with us. The maid was blowing something like a flute. Now, was that not a combination? But we made music. Probably an hour had passed when there was the report of a gun, and all hands rushed out; it was the attacking force of the rival chief. We kept blowing and every man was yelling his chief's name and flocking to his standard. "Long live Great Desulianthia," they shouted. We did not

slack our music-making till several hours had passed. We were playing for our lives. We were about to faint from exhaustion when the sound of guns ceased, and the party returned, bearing triumphantly the head of the rival chief. We had won the battle and were free! The maid told us that Desulianthia was much pleased with us and that we were at liberty to depart, but begged that we remain and feast with his company. But we were right anxious to move on, as we had seen enough of this camp to satisfy all curiosity. We would have talked with the maid and fonud out something about her situation but she seemed so happy that she would not talk. Everybody paid her homage—she was the queen.

With several strings of beads around our necks, we departed. Shouts for us were given, and an escort offered but refused. We now felt alive once more, and marched away with light hearts. Each step we took echoed that same tune, "I wish I was in Dixie." When we reached Manila on the night of the 1st of May we heard a band playing that same tune, for that day Manila had fallen into the hands of the Americns.

And now every time I hear "Dixie" I am thankful that the writer of that piece lived, for by i tI was brought out of the worst scrape which has ever fallen to my lot.

M. William Brabham.

"None but the Brave."

Harold was in hard luck and because he was my best friend, I chose to be sorry for him. The trouble between him and Lucile had been going on all the summer, and I wondered if things wouldn't take a different turn ere we returned to the university. I certainly hoped so, for sake of Harold's reputation as a student.

Everybody knew that Lucile's mother was ambitious that her queenly daughter should reign in society and Harold's limited means were fast disqualifying him for the kingship in the case. This is how things came about unhappily for him.

It was, I think, about the middle of August when a party

consisting of Mrs. Winstead, her daughter Lucile, their gusets, Misses Warren and Mackay, Harold Shelby, Ben Chadwick and myself started upon a long-talked-of trip to Winnewah Falls and Lake, just seven miles away.

Evidently Mrs. Winstead had arranged the riding order ere we came together, for Lucile rode with Chadwick, Harold rode with Miss Mackay, and I rode with pretty little Miss Warren—and for my part there was no dream of dissatisfaction.

As we rode we were gay enough, and for the most part the way lay through good scenery; here and there, however, an ugly ravine made by the enormous rains of several days since, mared the road. I could have sworn before we left home that Harold wasn't going to show Lucile or her mother how it hurt him to see Chadwick assume monopoly of Lucile, and for all the heavy heart that I knew he carried, I smiled as I heard his merry laugh and saw him talking as if his salvation depended upon his being entertaining. Lucile saw too, and I had an idea from an occasional haughty backward glance that she wasn't s happy as mortals sometimes are.

"A penny for your thoughts," said a voice at my side; for as I thought and watched I had forgotten to talk. "For once," I exclaimed lightly, "I must acknowledge that my thoughts had ungallantly wandered away from their rightful place at my side. But to be frank, Miss Warren, I've been thinking of my friend Shelby. All the summer this chap Chadwick has simply assumed ownership of Lucile, and Harold is awfully cut up about it. Chadwick! suppose he is a handsome fellow, and what if his father can write gigantic checks, does that prevent his being wanting in the elements of true manhood or from being shallow? And is it any reason that the only woman he has ever loved, and the one he's banked on and toiled to reach all these years, should be lost to the noblest, bravest and best man on earth? Why, Miss Warren, that big athletic fellow has a heart of gold, and the days of Sir Philip Sidney had no knightlier spirit than he. It's outrageous, criminal, and shameful that—"

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Lipscomb," exclaimed my companion with a little scream, "I never dreamed you were so fierce. I shall warn Lucile, and I tremble for poor Mr. Chadwick should he fall into your hands. But wait, when the test comes, I stake on Lucile's doing the right thing."

"Too late," I replied, "when a poor fellow has wasted himself with vain longings."

When we arrived at our stopping place it was nearly noon, and very soon lunch was served. Winnewah was by far the most picturesque spot to be found anywhere in the neighborhood. It was frequented by picnic crowds, who found rest and pleasure under the ample shade trees that lined its banks. Most of our afternoon was taken up in strolling—Chadwick and Lucile far ahead of the others of our party. Finally when it was cool all came together on the shore of the lake for a boat ride.

"Don't you think we are dangerously near the falls for rowing? The lake is swollen from recent rains, and the current is unusually strong anyway," suggested Harold.

"Not at all; why are you afraid, Harold?" said Chadwick, with a suggestive glance at Lucile.

"Oh, not much," replied Harold shortly.

"Afraid." I laughed aloud at the idea! But before more could be said, and without a word of warning, Lucile, as if to show her contempt at the suggestion of year, impatiently stepped into the boat that had been hauled ashore, and took her seat. This sudden movement dislodged the unmoored boat, and before any one of us could move the waters had hurled it around and out towards where the great current swept fiercely over the falls not far away. In a moment the situation flashed over me. In the boat without oars, with her hands over her bowed face, sat the proud, beautiful girl, drifting faster each moment to certain death. On the shore her mother lay in a dead faint; Miss Mackay had shut out the sight with her hands, and Miss Warren with a wild scream had fallen to her knees. Chadwick, poor weak Chadwick, pale as death, shaking as with a chill, ran to and fro shouting for

help, ropes, and wringing his hands helplessly. I myself was stupefied with horror and could scarcely stand. Then I looked at Harold—strong, brave, ill-treated Harold, and what I knew would happen came. It was an almost impossible thing to do, but I knew he would try. Quick as a flash he was in shirt-waist, then for a moment he looked at the receding boat as if to steady himself. Then it was I saw his face. It had the expression not of self-conscious bravery, but rather the far-away look of a man who sees the world slipping away from him and resolves to make one last herculean effort to retain his grasp upon it. I heard him say, "God, help me to do it," and with a leap far out he was pulling with mighty strokes for the boat.

"What folly. No man living could do it. The effort is foolish," whined Chadwick.

Further and further away, nearer and nearer the great current swept the frail boat, while steadily gained the strong-armed swimmer. His college athletics were standing him in good stead, and he held out well. I cried to him from the shore to encourage him, but I feel sure that he heard not a word. Suddenly he reached out and brought the boat to a standstill, and Lucile lifted her pale face."

"Be perfectly calm, Miss Winstead," said Harold, with unaccustomed formality. "I trust that this rather unpleasant adventure of your shall soon be safely over."

"May I ask why you came, Harold?" she said in a low voice, leaning towards him.

"Oh, fondness for a good swim, you know," said Harold, like an idiot. "You're a derelict, you see."

"Did you risk this for me, after all that has happened; for me, oh, Harold—"

"Nothing worthy of note, Lucile—if, if," with pain in his voice, "God only helps me to pull back."

Then came the awful struggle for the shore. A strong man, armed with love, fighting death. The ladies on the shore were weeping softly, and Chadwick lay on the earth a miserable weakling. Miss Warren insisted long afterwards that I was attempting an Indian war dance and succeeding as to

their yells. I confess there were tears in my eyes as I saw that great, strong man lift his fainted love from the boat and place her on the earth with such inexpressible love as I had never seen on human face before. Tired and worn and faint, he made a brave effort to walk lightly to me. But he staggered and I ran and placed my arms around him, and he smiled that old sweet smile, so loved and known in the golden days past when all went well, and said as I helped him to rest on the ground, "Oh, Tommy, God is good after all."

* * * * * * * * *

Chadwick went home with Miss Winstead, but it was Harold whom she asked to be sent to her. When he came she met him in the hallway. "Oh, Harold, can you ever forgive me for the pain and unhappiness I've caused you? I have not been true to myself or I should never have tried you as I have."

Harold looked into her splendid eyes, now wet with tears, and with a new light shining in his own, said, "Oh, Lucile, my love, my heart's long dream has been to be that man worthy of your love and who should win you for himself. Have I toiled in vain?"

Miss Warren showed good taste and was quite right that night when she sang for us, "None but the brave deserve the fair."

900.

Friendship.

Friendship—a holy gift,
The half-way gate
Where men meet fearlessly
'Twixt love and hate—
The dearest tie which binds together
Man and man—
Creates a spirit which none can sever
Hand from hand—
A tying of threads of the soul
Without love—
Yet inspired may not control
Its every move.

M. WILLIAM BRABHAM.

A Great Life.

"Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak."

"Why do we recall the memories of a war that is ended, and that had better be forgotten? Let the dead past bury its dead." But out of the past comes the present. A great war cannot be forgotten, just so the names of great men can never be forgotten. Such men as Lee, Jackson, and Johnston and their adversaries—Grant and Sherman—are always remembered as very important figures in the war of sixty-two.

"Stonewall" Jackson was not only the most striking character of these men, but the most picturesque figure in the war. We select him as the main theme of our paper; not because of the great renown he gained; not because of his originality; not because he was enjoyed by all who came in contact with him; not because he was al oving and affectionate husband; nor because of his ability to command; but rather because of the power which make all of these possible, his view of religion and his love for God.

General Jackson was not converted until he became a man; but when the dark veil passed from over his eyes and he was

permitted to see the new light, he felt as he was better suited for his life's work. Oh! how much good one kind word can do a friend in need. This kind word which changed the general's life was certainly one of the many great words which have been spoken. The influence of this excellent word did not stop with him. He passed it on not only to his pupils; not only to his soldiers; but to every person whom he came in contact with. So it has been widening, widening until now the influence of that one little word is as boundless and fathomless as eternity. His inner life, though not known by all, was certainly a glorious part of his entire life. He, as others who have acted a great part in public affairs, did not disclose his views or plans to anyone, not even to his wife, who was united to him in the closest of all human relations. He believed that religion was to be in everything if there was any good to be derived from it. One of his familiar expressions, "by the blessing of Almighty God, their arms have been crowned with victory." His maker was acknowledged first in all things. In the great operations of war, he was a character apart; silent and reserved; asking no advice; forming his own plans which could not be understood by others though they proved to be successful, which was due as he said "to the blessing of Almighty God." In him as in few we find a union of the soldier and the saint. The words of the dead is sacred, but no words are too sacred for his memory, not only as a Christian but also as a military genius.

In some degree, the training and education of General Jackson were received from West Point, but in combination with this was his many experiences. It was very hard for him to enter at West Point, though by the aid of his good name and acquaintances he entered the life of cadetship in 1820. He, after being there for four years, gaining both the respect of his teachers and fellow cadets, graduated in 1824. While at West Point he formed a set of rules which he always kept. The most characteristic of these was: "You may be whatever you resolve to be." Having this maxim deeply impressed on him, it was not long before he was elected professor of natural and

experimental philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. This chair he filled with much credit both to himself and his institute for ten years. His motto was, "What I will to do, I can do." He had faith in his motto, and thus it proved not untrue. His service at the institute proved his military genius, and thus he was placed in command of the cadets in 1861. First they encamped near Richmond. While there he applied himself to the drilling and instructing the masses of untrained soldiers that was pouring in the city. One raw recruit came up and asked the Major to drill him in his duties as corporal, which he did with the greatest kindness. This soldier was heard to say, "I shall always respect that man." It was this readiness to do all he could for others that gave him such great respect and honor.

Jackson was to be no longer major. He was honored because of his valor and courage with the high position of colonel. It was asked, "Who is this Major Jackson, that we are asked to commit to him so responsible a post?" The reply came, "He is one who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy." In the many battles he fought he never proved untrue to this maxim, and thus received the name "Stonewall" Jackson. His bravery and courage in battle was very inspiring to his command, which always stood by him in battle and thus is recorded as the "Stonewall" Brigade. He again and again was raised higher in his command until he received the title of general. As said, in him we find a combination of the soldier and the saint. He, while true to his duty as a soldier, never slighted his duty in other things. He always could find time to speak a word for his Almighty God, who blessed him so bountifully.

The memory of so great a man can never die. General Lee, being told of the victory won by one of General Jackson's movements, and also of the great catastrophe of him, exclaimed, "Ah, any victory is dearly bought which deprives us of the services of Jackson, even for a short time." He was shot down by his own men on turning to give them orders, though they knew not that he was in that direction. General

Pender was one to recognize General Jackson, when they passed to his lines, and said, "I fear we cannot maintain our position." Faint and exhausted as he was, he instantly gave his last order, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground." He died at the zenith of his grand life, before he reached the fortieth year, but "alive in Christ" evermore. The tribute of his wife is, "It would have been hard to give up such a loving and affectionate husband to anyone save God." Lee's tribute was, "General Jackson is unsurpassed." His command could well have paid him this tribute. A braver and purer man was not found.

The statues to General Jackson's memory shall persist for ages. The lines of history will always recall the memory of this great soldier to those who know him not. The memory of Jackson shall endure long, btu not half as long as the memory of his example and the influence of his affectionate and widespread love.

We may find the following stanza, by Randall, very beneficial not only in recalling the main theme of our paper, but also in pointing out the essential characteristics of this great life:

"We mourn for him who died for us
With that resistless moan,
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night."

J. P. S., '05.

IN MEMORIAM

Ralph Holland Rogers

1886-1904

"Ye reckon it in days since he
Strode up yon foot-worn aisle,
His dark eye flashing gloriously,
His lips wreathed with a smile;
Oh, had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?"

In Memoriam.

RALPH H. ROGERS.

One life more has winged its way
  Beyond the Jordan's tide,
And in the brotherhood of God
  Forever will reside.
A short time with us, just two years,
  So manly and serene,
A spark of that celestial fire
  In its form of clay was seen.

It not without a shadow passed,
  Though sad, we cannot mourn,
The spirit that the body held;
  Is in the eternal home.
No cares can cloud his manly brow,
  No doubt can shake his truth,
In memory here, in form up there,
  He has eternal youth.

M. T. W., '06.

To the Memory of R. H. Rogers.

Though pain and sorrow be our way,
And friends are parted for a day,
No death can break the ties that hold
A friend to friend and soul to soul.

For we can look to Him above,
Who, with an eye so full of love,
Lets us live on His grace to show,
And leads a way we cannot know.

There in the unfailing wreck of time,
When death has come and heaven is mine,
No fear shall be within my heart,
What he has now shall be my part.

J. C. C., '06.

The Hart Moss History Prize.

The obvious advantage of a printed magazine in giving a statement a clear, definite and permanent form is my apology for asking the use of THE JOURNAL in calling the attention of the students to a matter of, I hope. very general interest. There is offered a prize of twenty dollars in gold for the best essay upon an historical subject. The foundation of this prize is a fixed sum contributed by Mr. B. Hart Moss, of Orangeburg, to which are added some smaller amounts at the disposal of the professor of history and economics. The prize is therefore very properly called the Hart Moss History Prize, in recognition of the generous alumnus whose gift forms the necessary permanent basis for the offering of such a prize.

The reason for offering this prize is not to discover some particular fortunate individual for honor or reward; the benefit will be much wider than that. Without the larger object and wider benefit in view no prize would be set up at all. The object is to bring to as many young men as possible the enlarging, ennoblingexperience of worthily striving to master some of the great problems or facts or struggles or movements which have helped to make human history. How elevating it is to bring oneself into intimate touch with the moving men and forces of some crucial epoch in the history of mankind and to feel with all their original power in one's own bosom the heart throbs of enthusiasm, courage and devotion.

To do something well is one of the finest means of education. A man who has done one thing perfectly can never consent after that to be a sloven. After Michael Aneglo had shaped his "David" he could never give the world anything not marked by qualities of enduring nobleness and worth. He had set himself a standard which would forever shame shoddy work. His intimate friend Vasari tells us that he knew him to destroy hundreds of designs and drawings shortly before his death, because he could not endure to have in existence what he considered such imperfect productions from his hands. So high was his standard that his eye would often discern a fault not

perceptible to others, and rather than leave an imperfection in existence to accuse him he would dash it to pieces. It was the spirit of Hoseyn who taught the chief how to give speed to the stolen Muleykeh rather than regain by outstripping her:

"Dog Duhl, damned son of the Dus,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank."
And Luhl was wise at the word, and Muleykeh as prompt received;
* * * * * * * *
And a leap indeed she gave and vanished forevermore,
And Hoseyn looked one long last look at who, all bereaved,
Looks, fain to follow the dead as far as the living may:
Then he turned Buheyseh's neck slow homeward, weeping sore.
* * * * * * * *
And they jeered him one and all:
"To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or girl,
And here were Muleyken again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!"
"And the beaten in speed," wept Hoseyn. "You never have loved my Pearl."

The doing thoroughly of one worthy piece of work may mean the rousing of such a spirit of excellence as a lifelong standard even that a man will never afterwards be satisfied to do less than his best. It is not the bright, heavy gold that constitutes the best reward; that goes to one man, and, as with all the world's prizes, may conceivably go to the wrong man; but the other reward is far richer and cannot go to the wrong man, for it goes to each nearnest striver and each man confers it upon himself.

The following are a few of the numberless subjects on which good essays might be written from the material in our library:

The Political Philosophy of John C. Calhoun; The Jacksonville Era; The Hamiltonian versus the Jeffersonian Theory of Government; The Execution of Strafford and its Significance;

History of the Impeaching Power; Parallelisms Between the English Puritan Revolution and the French Revolution; Bishops and Presbyters Previous to the Council of Nice; The Contribution of the Middle Ages to Civilization; Position of the Roman Empire in the Development of Modern European Culture; Athenian Imperialism; The Rise of Prussia; The Emergence of the Papal Supremacy; Relations of Church and State from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Reformation; Comparative Study of the Reformation in England and Germany; The Reformation in France; History of Trial by Jury; Influence of the Supreme Court upon National Destiny in the United States; Henry Clay, Southern Whig; William L. Yancey as a Southern Type; Position of Virginia in the Sectional Struggle from 1783 to 1861; George III's Effort at Personal Government; Calvinism and Politics; The Share of Scotland in the English Puritan Revolution; Bismark the Man; The Bismarkian Diplomacy; The Statesmanship of Mirabeau; The Statecraft of the Great Committee of Public Safety; Monasticism; John Pym; Jefferson Davis's Position in Congress from 1850 to 1860; Did Stephen A. Douglass Play the South False?, The Doctrine of Implied Powers in the United States Supreme Court.

The contest will be under the following conditions:

1. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, graduates, instructors and assistants excepted.

2. Essays may be in either pen or machine writing.

3. Essays may be of any length not less than 3,000 words. They should contain enough material to evince a considerable amount of information on the subject.

4. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character.

5. The subject selected must be approved by the professor of history and economics.

6. A bibliography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended at the end of the essay.

7. The authority, by volume and page, must be given for all statements of fact in footnotes or parenthesis.

8. Essays will be judged according to thoroughness of research, judgment and insight, literary style.

9. Essays must be handed to the professor of history and economics not later than May 5. He will submit the five best essays to a committee composed of two professors of history not in Wofford College and one person of scholarly attainments not a professor.

10. If in the opinion of the committee no essay appears worthy of a prize, no prize will be awarded.

D. D. WALLACE.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

The Presidential Election.

Before you receive this issue of THE JOURNAL the silent shower of ballots will have fallen which will determine who shall be the chief magistrate of the nation for the next four years.

Of course the whole South stands solid for Judge Parker. They believe him to be a man of the highest intellectual attainment and a statesman of the first type. If the affairs of the nation are entrusted to him we believe they will be administered in a fair, honest and statesmanlike manner, and that no man who gave him his suffrage will have cause to regret it. There are also many in the North who entertain these same views concerning Mr. Parker, and it is possible that he may

carry to his side some of these States—if so his election is assured.

The Republican party have presented to the voters, as their nominee, Teddy Roosevelt, the man who dined with Booker Washington (colored) and forced one "Crum" upon the people of South Carolina which they did not want. In some respects the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican party was a surprise, for he is not a popular man among party leaders or with the people. But this may be accounted for by the fact that national and party issues are practically at a calm and do not call for great minds. If there had been a great crisis on in the life the party or nation another man would have been called upon to bear the banners of the Republican party.

We believe, however, that neither Democratic nor Republican success will have any effect upon the legislation or prosperity of the country.

♣

The War in the East.

The war between Russia and Japan has been for some time a source of great interest to all the nations of the world. The sympathy of the majority of the powers has been with Japan, not only because it is the weaker of the two nations in population and wealth, but because a victory for Russia means greater prestige for a country which is rapidly growing and bids fair to become the most powerful among the nations of the world.

If Russia should come out of the struggle victorious and with added territory it would be sufficiently large and populous to dominate Europe, provided she is able to institute a republican form of government and thereby quell insurrection and anarchy within her own borders.

It may take generations for it to develop, but it is probable that this giant power on the extreme east of the European continent will some day be able, if hey see fit, to institute a closed door policy and cause the commercial and financial centers of the world to tremble.

However this may be, the desire of the country in general is to see Japan come out victorious. Russia may decay and fall and never become conscious of her giant powers, but the other nations are not desirous of risking her with more territory and wealth. It is too dangerous, and may prove to be their final ruin.

✤

The South Carolina State Fair.

It was our privilege to attend the State Fair, at Columbia, in October. Here we gained our first conception of what this occasion means to the people of South Carolina, and the farming classes especially.

After attending the fair and seeing the fine specimens of agricultural products and the well developed cattle and stock on exhibition there we do not believe it is possible for the farmer and stock-dealer to go home and be content to raise "razor-back" hogs and merely cultivate his soil enough to eke out a bare existence.

The fair is a great education to the agricultural man, and inspires within him a desire to do better. It gives him a better insight into how the people of other sections farm and what methods they use in order to succeed. There is a general interchange of ideas among the citizens of different sections of the State and a mutual benefit is derived.

Once you teach a man that there is something yet for him to learn and inspire within him a desire to live on a higher plane it is an easy matter for that man to develop into a good citizen and to make of him an educated man, with broad and liberal views. He will become an inspiration to his community.

There is always hope for the man who is willing to learn the lessons of life from whatever source they come, be it from books, experience or whatever source it may; but the man who thinks he knows it all is past all hope of redemption.

We know that many men returned to their homes from the fair with broader views on many subjects, and will be helped thereby.

The Hart Moss History Prize.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hart Moss, an alumnus of Wofford College, a prize of twenty dollars has been placed at the disposal of the Department of History at this institution. The prize is to be awarded to the student who hands to Dr. D. D. Wallace, by May 5, the best essay on any historical subject.

This should be an inducement to the students to put forth their best efforts, not only for the purpose of winning the twenty dollars, but for the purpose of doing some good honest study and setting for themselves higher standards of workmanship.

No student need expect to win the prize by doing hasty or second-class work. It must be done thoroughly, for there will be competitors who will labor long and patiently to secure the reward.

Write, give your best thought to the work and even if you do not receive a prize of money you will be amply repaid for your time and work, for no man who applies himself diligently to a task will fail to be benefited. Your mind will be more accurate and thorough and you will never be content to leave your work unfinished or present that which is not your best.

✤

The Literary Societies.

Both the Calhoun and Preston societies have begun the year's work and bid fair to make it one of the most successful and beneficial in the history of these institutions. With a larger enrollment than any previous year there is no reason why there should not be a great amount of pleasure and profit obtained from this phase of the college life.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of this work. There the student is taught to rely largely upon himself. His powers of reasoning must be exercised in debate; his knowledge of English must be used in the writing of essays, and his memory developed and exrcised in declamation. But perhaps one of the most important functions of the society is to teach a man to think. When on the floor in debate he must

often make use of his reserve of facts and figures without previous thought or preparation.

Let every student take advantage of the opportunities for development which the societies offer. If you do not you will miss it in after life. This has been the experience of many—neglect your duty in this respect and it will also be yours.

The society is one of the most important phases of college life, and you cannot afford to neglect it without serious hurt to yourself. Sacrifice in order to take advantage of the opportunity for mental development offered you in this work.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

The first exchange that came to our table was the *Red and White of* N. C. A. and M. College. Its material is quite in keeping with its striking gay cover. "A Tale of the Turf" is a story with a unique plot. It is rather light, but succeeds in pleasing the reader. "The Queen of the Moonbeams" hangs on the worn plot of a youth leaving his lady to go to college, misunderstandings arise by the unsatisfactory necessity of correspondence, but in the end they are reconciled and are happy in the reconciliation. On reading it, one feels as if the whole thing were about to dissolve, feels that cold water is necessary to prevent a fainting away; but such lasts only a short time and the story proceeds to a clever end. "The Real Offender" is an ingenious plot fitly carried out. But the author retracts considerably in the succeeding article, "Jack Dillon's Love"; possibly it is a subject too empty to make much of. The treatise on the price of cotton shows a study of the situation and knowledge of the relation of high-priced cotton to the South. "Faith, Hope, and Charity" is a worthy story. That which is most lasting in it is its lesson, the sadness of neglect and inappreciation. "The Judge and the Devil" is an interesting translation, appropriately inserted. Several poems add much to this journal; all of them, however, are more praiseworthy for their metre than for any true poetic sentiment.

The Wake Forest Student is, on the whole, one of our best exchanges. "Byron's Place in Literature" is a good essay. It is written in clear, practical style and shows study of literature. Articles like this have good effect in upbuilding knowledge of literature. "A Leap Year Story" is equal to the average col-

lege magazine love story. The first part is rather shallow, but further, the author leads us into a more wholesome atmosphere, and of course to a happy end. "The Study of Geo. Peele" is an interesting article of practical benefit to one studying literature. The reader of it certainly learns something new of English literature. "Tom Wilkes' Imitation" is not equal to the same author's study of Byron. Yet it is a clever idea of modernizing an old ghost story. "Queen Elaine" shows a study of ancient Romans to whom the author smoothly and accurately attaches a story.

The Journal, of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, contains good material. "The Opportunity of the South" is a good oration, in clear, forceful style. The relative condition of the South before the sixties, during the sixties, and now, is explained. It is further explained how the South is just now recovering its old splendor and is now ready and able to do as it did and to be what it was before the sixties. "A Modern Sapphira" is a well composed story, but with a weak plot, attractive only as it deals with a popular subject—Civil War. If there is any moral in it it is man's weakness and susceptibility to woman's deceits. There is always a certain danger to a journal in publishing articles written by professors. But we think *The Journal* editor made no mistake in using two such articles about prominent universities. These are strong articles, and of great practical value, full of information and ideas for the students such as can be given only by one who has experienced it. *The Journal* has a valuable element in its poems. Two worthy of comment are "The World's Needs," a high conception of duty in life, and "The Better Way," a beautiful conception of privilege in life.

The October number of the *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* presents a very meagre amount of literary work, one story, two essays, little poetry to speak of, and an account of a campus club. The editorial departments are fuller and better. A splendid idea is conceived in writing an articles on "True

Worth the Hope of Future Civilization," a subject full of necessary and practical knowledge. But its construction is rather loose; the author seems not to have put his own stamp deep into it. The other essay, "The Mob Spirit in Labor Unions," is a striking article. The author has evidently studied and investigated, and knows what he is writing about. He uses clear, easy-going style that cannot be misunderstood, and when it is read the reader feels inclined to believe as the author does. "The Boy and the Bear" is the old theme of a brave boy escaping from an angry bear, but it is treated in an original manner and made interesting. It has the redeeming feature of being free from the empty, petty sentimentality so characteristic of college journal stories.

CLIPPINGS.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
  Beneath the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
  Her breath as sweet as the new mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
  Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned to mine,
  And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
  I see her standing peacefully now.
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
  As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

—*Ex.*

She lost her head when he proposed,
  But he, a trifle bolder,
Made search for it distractedly,
  And found it on his shoulder.

—*Ex.*

Mistletoe.

If I hang it on the gas jet
  I'm quite sure he will not dare;
If I put it in the corner—
  Why, he'll never know it's there!

Let me see—oh, yes, I've got it!
  I'll just put it in my hair.
Then he'll see it in the gas light;
  In the dark he'll know it's there.

—*Ex.*

"Generally speaking, women are—"
"Yes, they are."
"Are what?"
"Generally speaking."—*Ex.*

Latin Professor—Miss J., give the principal parts of the verb to accept.

Miss J. (aside to Miss T.)—What is it, Bess?

Miss T. (aside)—Darned if I know.

Miss J.—Darnifino, are, avi, atum.

Professor—What verb are you giving?

Miss J.—Darnifino.—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

Wofford is justly proud of her alumni, many of whom have become men of distinction in the various walks of life.

WAR.

Thomas Benton Anderson, class of '66. Graduated here with first honor. He afterwards became captain of his company and served with distinction during the Civil War. After the war he served for twenty years as postmaster at Waterloo. He is now a prosperous merchant and farmer at Waterloo, S. C.

Jas. Walker Gray, class '70. Took his A. M. in '75. Was Representative from Greenville county in '76 and '80. Served in the Civil War courageously and won distinctions. After the war he practiced law, was appointed brigadier-general of State troops by Governor Hampton in '77. Was a member of Wallace House in '76; Clerk of House of Representatives from '90-'98.

LAW AND POLITICS.

J. Thomas Austin, class '60. Was elected to the Legislature in '74-'76-'78. Elected to State Senate '85. In '92 was made Register Mesne Conveyance. He is a member of the Legislature at present.

E. L. Asbill, class '92. Went to Yale and studied law '94. In '96 was elected to the Legislature from Lexington county, where he served two years. He is now practicing law at Lexington, S. C.

Harry Jefferson Kinard, class '73. Was elected to Legislature from Greenwood county '92-'97, and again in 1900. He

is now director Merchants and Farmers Bank at Greenwood, S. C.

Geo. Williams Gage, class '75. Entered law department at Vanderbile '79, where he took Founder's Medal for law '88. He has served as circuit judge in this State since '99.

J. J. Gentry, class '88. Took law course at University of Virginia. Served as trial justice several years. Was elected probate judge in '94 of this county.

Thomas Middleton Raysor, class '78. Was admitted to bar in '80. Member of the Legislature from '84-'90. At present, he is serving as State Senator from Orangeburg county. He is also engaged in the practice of law at Orangeburg, S. C.

John Lyles Glenn, class '79. Took law course at Vanderbilt, admitted to bar '81. He is now practicing law at Chester, S. C. Also president of Exchange Bank of Chester. He is also a member of board of trustees of this college.

Benj. Frederick Keller, class '89, is now a successful lawyer and planter at Cameron, S. C.

THEOLEGY.

Olympia McKelvey Abney, class '94. Joined the South Carolina Conference in '98. Taught school several years. He received B. D. in '95 from Vanderbilt University, where he took Green's Medal for special work in the New Testament.

George William Walker, class '69. Took A. M. and D. D. degrees. He is now president Payne Institute, Augusta, Ga.

Jas. Rufus King, calss '79, is now presiding elder of Augusta District, Augusta, Ga.

TEACHING.

Albert Shippe Pegues, class '92. Taught at Hampton one term. Studied English at Cornell, '01, and at University of Chicago '03. At present he is assistant professor in English in South Western University, Georgetown, Texas.

C. Colin Cuthbert, class 1900, is now principal of Darlington Graded School.

CHANCELLOR.

Jas. Hampton Kirkland, class '77. Took Ph. D. degree at Vanderbilt. He is the present chancellor of that university. He delivered the address before the graduating class last year at this college.

MEDICINE.

Philip Day Kerrison, class '79. Is in New York city practicing medicine.

MERCANTILE AND BANKING.

Wm. Herbert Ruff, class '76, is in the mercantile and banking business at Ridgeway, S. C.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

Since our last issue death has removed from our midst one of our fellow-students—Ralph Rogers. We say we have lost one, but that does not tell how much we have lost. For who can estimate the value of a young life, or who knows the possibilities of a student in the prime of manhood?

Ralph was a member of the Junior class, but was loved and admired by all of his fellow-students. For he lead a pure and blameless life among us.

On Saturday morning he occupied his usual seat among us at chapel exercises. On the following Tuesday we marched in a body to the cemetery and lowered his lifeless form into the silent grave.

"The waving rose with every breath
Scents carelessly the summer air;
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare."

Whereas our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call unto Himself from among us Ralph Holland Rogers; and

Whereas the members of the class of 1906 have undergone an irreparable loss in the death of one whose ever-happy face and lovable nature will long live in our memory; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this the loss of one so dear to them; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be published in THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and local papers.

JNO. D. HOLLER,
M. T. WHARTON,
J. C. GUILDS, JR.,
Committee.

Whereas, God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us Ralph Rogers, one of our honored members; be it resolved by the Calhoun Literary Society,

That while we bow submissively to the will of the Almighty, we mourn the loss of our friend and fellow member.

That in the death of Ralph Rogers the Calhoun Society has lost a loyal and valuable member.

That we deeply mourn with the bereaved family and tender them our profound sympathy.

That a page of our minute book be inscribed to his memory.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and given for publication to THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and *The Southern Christian Advocate.*

M. W. BRABHAM,
G. F. PATTERSON,
M. T. WHARTON,
Committee.

* * *

The last month has been unusually full of attractions furnished by the Wofford College Lyceum. On the evening of the 11th Mr. Chas. B. Loomis furnished the entertainment by reading selections from his own writings. There was some good humor, which was appreciated by the large audience.

Prof. S. H. Clark, who is at the head of the department of public speaking in the University of Chicago, and principal of the Chautauqua School of Expression at Chautauqua, N. Y., both entertained and instructed the members of the Lyceum on November 5th. He carried out two programs—one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. The afternoon hour was devoted to "Old Testament Stories." I think no one who heard Professor Clark that afternoon went away without a deeper and fuller appreciation of the stories of the Bible.

The evening was given to a dramatic recital of "King Lear." Despite the bad weather, a larger audience assembled. All were well pleased with the expressive interpretation of this great tragedy. We can say with the San Antonio *Express,* that "Professor Clark possesses a rare power of interesting his

hearers in the subject and leading them along, step by step, until they, too, are able to enter in a degree into the feeling of the great masters who penned immoral words."

But the best came last. On the following morning, after chapel exercises, Prof. Clark spoke face to face with the students on the subject of "Responsibility." He emphasized the responsibility to one's own self.

* * *

THE SOCIETIES.

Last Saturday evening both literary societies elected their officers for the ensuing two months as follows:

Calhoun.—President, J. M. Ariail; Vice-President, C. P. Wofford; First Critic, M. A. Connolly; Second Critic, H. C. Robertson, Jr.; Third Critic, F. B. Moore; First Censor, V. Cleveland; Second Censor, Chas. Galloway; Recording Secretary, J. B. Guess; Corresponding Secretary, C. S. Bethea.

Preston.—President, A. D. Betts; Vice-President, J. P. Stockman; First Critic, J. W. Boyd; Second Critic, W. D. Roberts; First Censor ,W. B. Carnes; Second Censor, R. N. Spigner; Recording Secretary, J. C. Harmon; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Woodley.

* * *

The Athletic Association at a recent meeting elected Dr. Coleman Waller business manager. An effort is now being made by the association to secure funds to employ a coach for the baseball team.

* * *

Mr. R. O. Lawton, assistant professor of English, is improving rapidly and, we hope, will soon be able to resume his work.

* * *

Mr. J. G. Stabler, president of the Senior class, has been sick for about two weeks, but he is speedily recovering and will be out soon.

* * *

Mr. M. K. Meadors, of the Senior class, has had several days of sickness, but is at work again.

An unusual number of the college boys attended the State Fair this season. Those who attended are: Messrs. J. B. Cantey, M. A. Connolly, W. L. Glaze, Jr., J. H. Hamel, R. C. Oliver, G. C. Patterson, W. H Smith, of the Senior class; M. B. Dukes and Chas. Galloway, of the Junior class, and C. S. Bethea, Ray DuRant, F. Turbeville, J. Turbeville and C. N. Sapp of the Sophomore.

* * *

Soph. Q. went into Soph. S's. room the other day and asked him: "What sort of fellows were those *crusades?*"

* * *

A few days ago, while Fresh. J—. was standing in front of a store on public square, he observed a gentleman running his automobile backward. Fresh. J—. caught Junior W—. by the arm and said, "Get out of the way and let that man pass with his pinder parcher."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

On November the 3d and 4th a Bible Study Institute was conducted in the Y. M. C. A. Hall by Mr. Lester McLean, of New York, and Mr. Huntington, of Charlotte. Mr. McLean is one of the general secretaries of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Huntington is the inter-state secretary of North and South Carolina. Mr. McLean has been making a special tour of the colleges of the United States in the interest of the Bible Study Department of the work. The Institue was of grea benefit to the men who have that department of the work in charge here. Mr. McLean has a very adequate store of methods and suggestions gathered from his knowledge of the experiences of other colleges. During the three meetings which were held many points were brought out as to why men should make the study of the Scriptures a vital thing in their lives, and as to the value of a knowledge of the Bible to every man, no matter what his calling. Strong appeals were made to the students, and as a result a number of new men enlisted in study classes. An open conference was held especially for the workers. In this a great many problems concerning the work were brought up, and the best methods of solving them were discussed.

This Institute will not soon be forgotten by a great number of men. All of us got a clearer conception of what Bible study really means to a man. But do we always recognize and appreciate the great opportunities which are thrown around us of receiving good? Very few of us stop to think what a thing like this means. The International Young Men's Christian Association is sending out a man who is devoting his life and best efforts to our betterment. Why is it that this man is so interested in us, and so anxious for us to study the Bible? It is be-

cause he realizes, as we do not, the necessity of it and good which may be derived from it. He knows that we men are laying the foundation of our lives, that we are preparing to face the responsibilities of life which come face to face with every man, and that unless we fashion our lives atfer the ideal types portrayed in the Bible, we cannot be the srongest men possible.

There are many reasons why we should study the Bible. In the first place, it is our national literature, and every true citizen should know the book upon which the very constitution of his own great land is based. Not only is it our national literature, but it is the mother of all the greatest literature. We cannot understand the great masterpieces without a knowledge of the Bible, for the very impulses which caused them to be written were derived either directly or indirectly from the Scriptures.

A knowledge of the Bible is necessary to the man in any calling in life. No lawyer can be successful unless he knows that which is the basis of all law, whether civil, social, or moral. Nor can a physician be truly successful unless he has a knowledge of the motives which should prompt a person in benefiting mankind. And no man can be a successful teacher unless he has the power of turning the minds of men to those high thoughts and worthy examples in which the Bible is so rich.

And so it is impossible for any man, no matter what may be his calling in life, to be a real man, broad in his views and of independent thought and action, and at the same time be ignorant of that Book upon which everything worth while is based.

And still more important is the value of Bible study to the Christian. A study of the Scriptures is as food to the soul. And if this is neglected, the spiritual life at once begins to deteriorate and will eventually dwindle and die. The man will find himself struggling to live the Christian life with no other power to aid him than the habit which he may have acquired. He really begins to dislike his Christian companions, and feels indifferent to the work which he was formerly so zealous in helping to carry on. He really feels a desire to yield to temp-

tations, and that life which he once detested seems once more pleasant and alluring. His conscience becomes hardened, and he begins to do questionable things because he has ceased to keep in touch with that Book which once served as a standard by which he could discriminate between right and wrong. He feels his former influence for good slipping from him. In fact, he has become a man in whom all good has been vitiated.

But he who studies his Bible in the right spirit, daily, and keeps in touch with the great characters in it, and drinks deep of its spiritual truths, will live a life full of joy, and be a bright shining light to his fellow man.

And there is no reason why every man of us cannot take up a systematic daily study of the Bible. The Y. M. C. A. has made special provisions for this. There are text books prepared especially for students by the international committee. The subjects are divided into studies for each day. Three courses are offered here. The first year, "Studies in the Life of Christ," which is a study of the four Gospels, in parallel columns, based upon "A Harmony of the Gospels." The second year is a "Study of the Acts and Epistles," based upon "The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age." The third is "Old Testament Characters," which is an Analytical Outline of the Old Testament History of Abraham and his Posterity.

Each class meets at a convenient hour, once a week, and is led by a student leader.

Let every one of us, whether we are Christians or not, enroll at once in a Bible Study Class. Why should we let such great things pass us by?

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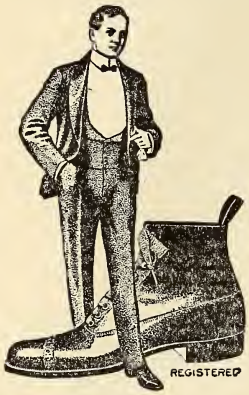

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

The South's Problem.

Much has been written nd spoken of recent years on the negro question, which is still before this republic, and especially the South, for solution, as it is principally his home in this country, and still conflicting views and opinions as to the best solution thereof are entertained by our strongest minds and thinkers, among both the white and colored race.

In the consideration of this subject the inquiry is, what ought to be done with the negro looking toward the welfare of both races? We take for granted that all right-thinking people must concede that both races will never assimilate or amalgamate, to any appreciable degree, and lose its identity in the other, though they should occupy the same territory for thousands of years, but that they are destined to be and remain separate and distinct races We believe the continued presence of the negro in our midst, under existing conditions, is and will be a constant "thorn in the side," politically and socially speaking.

The negro served the white race, as a rule, long and well since he was brought to this country as a slave, beginning with the seventeenth century. While the system of slavery is one of great antiquity and formerly of wide prevalence, yet it existed as an institution among the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans and later among the other civilized and more modern nations of the earth. The greatest slave-holding nation, until recent years, was the United States, and slavery was confined practically to the Southern States. As a result of the Civil War, slavery was abolished by proclamation of the president, Lincoln, in 1863, and by constitutional amendment in 1865.

Emancipation seems to be the policy of this enlightened age, for in 1873 the Spanish government abolished slavery in Porto Rico, in Cuba in 1886, and in Brazil in 1888. It is true the negro is not responsible for being here He was brought here as a chattel, as a slave, as property, by the white race; and not being found profitable in the Northern States, he was sold and brought to the South, which was a climate more congenial to his nature and habits, and where he developed and thrived in his new home, in the cotton field and under Southern skies much more rapidly and with greater profit and satisfaction to his owner.

The negro, as a slave, was, as a rule, obedient, submissive and kind, a good laborer and faithful servant to his master; and while some few slaves, comparatively speaking, were treated harshly, the great majority were treated kindly and humanely, were well clothed and fed and cared for and required to contribute a moderate modicum of labor. It is to the great credit of the race that he was faithful to the white people during he Civil War, for it rested upon him principally to work and cultivate the Southern farms during that four years' war in order to feed and clothe the soldiers in the Confederate army and their wives and children at home; and right nobly did he perform his task on the farm and in giving protection to the defenseless women and children of the South: his "marster" and mistress and their little ones were his ideals. The attachment and friendship then existing between the two races has never been fully broken. Some of both races still entertain feelings of the kindnest nature toward each other.

But after the race was emancipated, enfranchised, given his freedom, liberty to vote and hold office, the carpet-bagger came down from the North and took advantage of the situation and poisoned his mind and heart against his former white friends, for political gain; and right well did he succeed in his mission, for with the aid of the negro vote (and they were permitted to vote without restriction), which was then the majority vote, the carpet-bagger held the highest and best offices in the States and plundered the different State governments

where slavery formerly obtained, reaping a golden harvest. About this time one of the most stupendous and far-reaching secret order organizations was formed, known as the Union League. This order had for its membership the carpet-baggers and scalawags (the former the Northern men who had come among us and who were in office and seeking office, the latter a small percentage of our own white race who leagued with and sympathized with the Republicans, for office) and the great majority of the negroes.

These meetings were held secretly at night, with doors closed and guards thereto, and conducted by the most prominent members thereof In some instances the members were provided with guns, and, of course, the result was to band the negroes and said carpet-baggers and scalawags into such a hostile organization that it perpetuated the Republican for years in power. Sharp, shrewd Yankees and scalawags poisoned the minds of the negro by inflammatory speeches. Finally the white people became aroused for their safety and organized to restore peace and order, and finally overthrew the Republican party and took charge of the various State governments; but in this overthrow and restoration of government to the whites the South had but little enmity for the negro, as he was recognized simply as the tool of his designing white associates. When the native white race resumed control of affairs of state, in 1876, in this State, the carpet-bagger skulked away North to his former home with a well-filled carpet-bag, proceeds stolen from the treasuries of an impoverished people. The State governments of the South (and notably that of our own State) after the Civil War, in the hands of the foreign foe, was very corrupt, in the hands largely of unscrupulous but shrewd carpet-baggers and scalawags. During the Republican regime in this State—1865 to 1876—a prominent carpet-bagger, John Patterson by name, who was a big chief in the clan, is said to have originated the saying, "There are ten more years of good stealing in South Carolina"

Since the various State governments have gone back into honest hands, into the hands of the native whites, the people

of both races have lived together in comparative peace and prosperity; though it is but truth to say that during the days of slavery the lynching of a negro for assault was never heard of. Was he afraid then of the consequences of such a crime; or was his morality then superior to that of his offspring now? He was not then educated. Has freedom, ease, education, intoxicated the present generation of the negro and given him a taste and desire for social equality? It is evident that the negro is now dissatisfied with his condition, that is, the younger generation of that race is dissatisfied with his political and social status. A great mistake was made when he was emancipated, it is now evident, in granting him the ballot, full citizenship, the right to sit on jury trials. He is now by law practically eliminated from politics, from the ballot, from holding office under State government; that his party (Republican) has forsaken him, so to speak, thus causing unrest and doubt in his mind. The better Northern opinion now virtually admits that it was a mistake to have enfranchised them as a race. The negro is likely to drift from his present abode, as he is now restless and unstable in his ways. It would perhaps result best for that race and our race, in th elong run, were some nearby islands, tropical in temperature, set apart for the race, where they might work out their destiny as best they may be able.

The white race has given the negro great advantages in education and training. We believe it to be our highest duty to ourselves, to that race, and to God, to set apart or provide for them a territory or country suitable for them, separate and apart from our race, in which they may work out for themselves their own destiny. That race is not deficient in men of intellect, culture, education and morality for executive heads, leaders and teachers. Such men of that race as Fred Douglass, B. K. Bruce, Prof. Price, Bishop Turner, Booker Washington, Judson Lyons and many others, both dead and living, were and are competent to rule and govern their race on a proper plane.

Some of the more advanced thinkers and leaders of the negro race, among them Bishop Turner, of Georgia, strongly

advocate the separation of the races. They reason, and we believe correctly, that their race has sufficiently advanced in education, religion, science and the arts to justify them in being returned to their original land—Africa—where they may have, unmolested, enlarged opportunities to work out and evolve their highest interest and livelihood, to teach not only themselves but their benighted brothers of that land for their best welfare, where hey may live, so to speak, "under their own vine and fig tree," and where they will not be opposed or obstructed by a rival or superior race. These advanced thinkers argue that this is not the negro's home, but that God in his wisdom permitted the race to be enslaved that in the course of time he might be trained and returned to his native land to develop and make it what God and Nature have destined it to be. He admits that he has some good friends here, though comparatively few, and that the only thing left the race is to depart in peace and set up institutions and government for himself. This proposed separation would, of course, be an experiment for the race, the result of which no human foresight can foretell. They allege that the highest court of our land is against them; that the laws are interpreted against their interest; and this belief, whether true or not, has produced great unrest among he leaders of the race. They confess that the courts are against them in this country; and that while many of the Northern States profess great concern and interest in their welfare, many, by experience, have come to the conclusion that this so-called friendship is spurious. Instances may be cited where negroes in some of the Northern States, notably in Indiana, in recent years, have been harshly treated, expelled and not allowed to labor in competition or with the white race for a livelihood, but have been driven out by violence and forced to seek shelter in the South, their old home, and to which they were glad to return alive.

But if the race is ready and willing for the change before stated, we ought not to object, but wish him well and Godspeed. A large portion of our race, however, would be loath to see the negro depart from this Southland, not forgetting him

as the past and present main-stay as laborer and servant; and I believe it to be equally true that a large majority of that race would be loath to depart from this, his native land to those now living and his ancestors several generations back, owing, in great measure, to the strong attachment existing between the races from daily contact so long. However, this latter view is mere sentiment, a selfish one, and should not prevail, but the ultimate and greatest good to both races should obtain.

Consider the condition of the African when he first landed on the shores of this country as a chattel, and view him now as he has improved in all respects by contact with the white race, and we conclude that it has been a great blessing to him to have been transferred from his native jungles of Africa to this country, even though he has passed through a term of several generations of servitude; and from his present plane of civilization and advancement, is it too much to predict that he might work out his highest and best good and advancement in his own way, as a race, in peace to himself, if this government shouldp repare and set apart a country sufficient for his needs? We incline to the belief that separation (permissible separation, not coercive) for him in a new and separate territory, as before suggested, without cost or expense to him for that new home, would result in his highest and best interest and welfare, and would, we believe likewise, result in the ultimate welfare of the superior race. WEBSTER, '06.

How it Happened.

It was in the midst of Easter week that Hugh Russell, one of the heavy swells of the university, took suddenly ill. For days he had felt a drowsiness creeping over him which he had tried in vain to shake off. And now it was Wednesday, the day of the second Pennsylvania game, and he just could not get out of bed. He sent for one of the doctors at the hospital and one of the young instructors came over to see him.

"You're in for a long dry spell, old man," he said. "No

more hot feet celebrations and no more Easter gaieties. Your fever's pretty high, and you've got to go to the hospital."

In vain did Hugh protest that he was already feeling better, and would soon be allright. The doctor stood his ground and had him carried over to the hospital. After he had been in the hospital a short time, Hugh realized that all his good times during that Easter were over. He had brought his girl up there and now he could not see her any more.

"Jack," he said to this young Doctor Owings, "bring some scribbling apparatus. Ill have to write a note to Virginia and tell her that I cant get round any more. Just think, I had seven more dates with her during the rest of the week, and now somebody else will get the benefit of them. Say, did you know we were engaged? It's a fact. She's the real article, and her dad's got the mon', so I guess we'll make a go of it some of these days. Of course engagements don't necessarily amount to anything in this day and time, but she's about the best article I've run up against yet in the marrying line. But before you go I want to ask a favor of you. You know I'm just a fool about good-looking girls, and am liable to do most any old thing, even at the wrong time. So send me a nurse up here that there's no danger of my marrying. Of course I wouldn't mind falling in love with her just to pass away the time, but I'm even afraid of that; so the best policy is to send me the ugliest one you've got in the shop. When you go down town, tell Gordon and King to send Virginia a dozen American beauties for me, will you? Don't you forget that nurse."

In a few moments the door opened again and in came Dr. Owings followed by one of the nurses. But to Hugh's surprise she was not ugly—instead of that she was good looking, not only good looking, but *real* good looking.

"Hugh, this is Miss Backstrover, who will attend to your wants for some time to come." Hugh shot one of his most killing looks at the doctor, but it was lost, for with a smile on his face he had disappeared through the door.

All day long Hugh tossed and rolled and tossed on his little

white cot, muttering mingled curses and benedictions on the head of Doctor Owings. Ever and anon he would find himself looking over at the rocking chair, where the little nurse sat knitting. He took in all the details of her make-up—her little white cap and apron, her plain dress, her big black eyes, her abundance of black hair, neatly done up, and in fact every detail about her. Creak, creak, creak went the rocking chair; click, click, click went the knitting needles, so monotonously that Hugh vowed he would look at her no more. So he turned over with a great thrashing about of the cover and rattling of the bed springs.

"Don't be so restless, Mr. Russell; it will run your fever up," said the little nurse. "Is there anything you wish?"

"Yes," said Hugh, rather roughly; "I'd like to get ahold of that Dr. Owings."

"Dr. Owings has gone down town and will not be back for some time," she said sweetly. While creak, creak, creak went the rocking chair, and click, click, click went the knitting needles. The hours dragged slowly by, each hour seeming twenty-four long. Dinner time came and the little nurse served him his buttered boast and glass of milk. And still the chair rocked on.

"Hasn't Doctor Owings come back yet?" asked Hugh after dinner, if dinner it could be called.

"Why, yes; he came back some time ago, but left in a few moments for New Orleans," was the innocent reply. "But Dr. Bearden has charge of the case now, and I'll call him if you want to see him."

And again—creak, creak, creak went the rocking chair, while click, click, click went the knitting needles.

"O, blank Dr. Bearden, and for goodness sake stop that knitting and get another chair. That monotonous noise will run me crazy."

"Why, certainly," she said, smiling at him sweetly as the dimples played around her mouth. "I am sorry I worred you. You should have told me of it sooner." She left the room,

but was back in a few minutes with a book and a reclining chair.

The days of Hugh's sickness lengthened out into weeks. All day long the little nurse was in and out of the room, bringing him his mail and his meals, giving him his medicine at the proper times and arranging flowers about the mantel and bureau. Every time she came in, she came with a smile on her face, until Hugh began to watch for that smile and to note the twitching of the dimples and the color coming and going in her cheeks. He caught himself several times following her movements about the room, and wondered what these things all pointe dto. He had received several letters from Virginia, but had not been able to write an answer to any. In her last letter her affection seemed to be cooling, as instead of ending, "As ever, your own Virginia," she had dropped down to, "As ever, Virginia Moore." Well, it didn't make much difference to him one way or the other.

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It was now three weeks since Hugh entered the hospital. He had just had a long talk with Miss Backstrone, and although he had tried to get very sentimental, he realized that she had checked any outburst on his part. What should he do? He thought himself in love with his nurse, and yet he wanted to marry Virginia. But the question was where was Virginia. He had finally written to her, and as yet had received no answer. He couldn't think of marrying the nurse, for what did he know about her, and the Russels were "top notchers." Well, he thought, he would let matters work themselves out. A few days atferward as he was washing his hands he pulled off the diamond ring, and handing it to the nurse, said, "Keep this for me, will you, and I would rather that you wear it." She took it, and he noticed her wearing it every day after that.

The time was now drawing near when he must get out. Old Dr. Bearden said to him one day, "Hugh, I think you can get up tomorrow."

"Oh, no, Doc., I wouldn't think of such a thing. I am afraid I might have a relapse. Of course I'm not going to get up

for several days yet. Arguments were of no avail. They just couldnt get him out of bed until finally he heard that the Spring German was only a few days off.

"Well, I do hate to leave this place, but I want to get out to that german. So I guess I'll crawl out tomorrow."

A few days after he had left the hospital Hugh was seated in his room. On his desk lay two letters and one unopened little package. He was in deep thought and did not notice Dr. Owings as he quietly came in the door.

"Why, Hugh, what is the matter?"

"John, where in the world did you come from, and where have you been all this time?"

"I've been away most of the time; but I've made it a point to keep out of your way."

"You old fool, you; what in the deuce did you send that good-looking nurse to me for? That's not the kind I asked you for. I told you I wanted an ugly one, one that I wouldn't make a fool of myself over."

"So you did, my boy, and that's exactly what I did."

"Exactly what you did, eh? Here I have an invitation to Virginia's marriage and here is a letter from that nurse of yours and yonder is my diamond ring, which she had. Yes, tha'ts what you did."

The doctor broke out into a loud laugh.

"Well, I fail to see the joke myself," said Hugh.

"I don't, and I'll proceed to explain it to you. Your father and myself wanted your engagement with Virginia broken, so I sent Luck Backstrom up to do the work. I have just dropped by to tell you that Lucy and myself are going to be married next Wednesday privately, and want you to come around. Well, so long; I've got to go to clinic now. I wouldn't worry over that little affair," and he was gone, leaving Hugh to smoke his pipe and pronounce upon women in general an awful doom for their inconsistency.

G. J. PATTERSON, '05.

Winter.

White-winged Winter in triumph stands
  And views the fields laid desolate
By her, with cruel, icy hands,
  Yet shrieks and mourns disconsolate.
The poor with dread see her approach
  And draw their mantles closer round
Their ill-fed selves, their feet the while
  Leaves stains upon the frozen ground.

How hard the lot that fate has given
  To the less favored mortals here.
How hard that some by her are driven
  To carry heavy loads of care.
And is this wrong or right
  For men with wealth to take their ease
While others strive to win their bread
  And die unconquored by disease?

Yet whether right or wrong, we know
  'Tis true; for us let it suffice
That He who rules lets these things be—
  He sees and knows man's sin and vice,
For some must toil unceasingly,
  Suffering pain and want and care,
While others live in luxury,
  Nor troubles causing hoary hair.

M. T. WHARTON, '06.

"While There's Life There's Hope."

Jack Hargrave was the only son of wealthy and indulgent parents, and had never expressed a desire, which love and money could obtain, that had not been fulfilled. He belonged to an old aristocratic family which was noted for its high social standing.

Jack loved society, and had both of the qualifications of a

social leader, being gifted in flattery and deception. He was handsome, and with it, had that much of wildness which usually makes one admired. His parents, especially his mother, were too indulgent, and for this reason, no doubt, Jack had many difficulties to overcome.

He lived at a fashionable summer resort, where society men and women thronged: some to rest from the social world; others only to begin it afresh. It was Jack's first summer out of college, and he had determined to retire at least one season from society. He was a Chesterfield in manners, and had the gift of unconsciously "throwing bouquets." It was considered by him an accomplishment to have a new admirer every few months, and as soon as his new "prey" showed that she really cared for him, then his deception was over, and he would start a new conquest. He knew not what sincerity meant, and cared not for the pain his deception might cause. Being quick at repartee, he was naturally self-possessed. Just that type of man which every one respects, and which girls, as a rule, usually love.

However, he had now become disgusted with his reputation as a flatterer, and wished to drop it, but life-long practices like this cannot be discarded at our will, but must be laid aside as they have been taken up, gradually.

Despite the fact that he had decided to retire from society, his friends would not let him, and soon he found himself at a fashionable dining, sitting opposite the girl who afterwards taught him the greatest lesson of his life, "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured unto you."

With Jack it was a pure case of "love at first sight," and he was conscious, for the first time in his life, that he had met the girl he really loved.

Elizabeth Livingston was indeed such a woman that you might meet but once, yet remember forever. She was a perfect blonde, with deep blue eyes, and had a majestic figure, which she carried in such a way to demand respect. In short, she was a typical Kentucky belle.

He could scarcely wait for the end of the meal, so anxious

was he to get with Elizabeth. Finally the meal was over, and soon Jack and Elizabeth were seated together on a settee in a "cozy corner" of the spacious reception hall, secluded from the rest of the guests by portieres which hung down from the beautiful arch of the sun parlor.

Jack's opportunity had come, but his nerve had failed, and he sat there speechless and motionless, until finally Miss Livingston broke the silence with an outburst of laughter, which seemed to bring Jack back to his senses, and the end of the evening saw him really in love, and Elizabeth playing the part of the flatterer.

Sunday he was invited to dine with the Blackburns, and while Miss Livingstone visited them he was not an infrequent visitor. They were together inseparably for the next few weeks that followed, and Jack was no longer the self-possessed, self-centered man, but a mild and submissive lover.

Jack had now decided to return to college and finish law, and Elizabeth soon returned to her beautiful Kentucky home, but before leaving she asked him if he would not give up the habit of drinking, not because she had any "religious scruples" against it, for she had none when pleasure was at stake, but to test his love. He readily agreed to give up anything she might ask, and kept his promises to her without an exception.

Elizabeth was now in Louisville, still leading the society life which she had always lead, but Jack was at Harvard, hard at work with law, and leading his class. Letters came regularly, and he noted no change in her affection, but nevertheless there was, and the next week, when he arrived home, he heard of Elizabeth's wedding. She had not sent him an invitation, as he nobly thought, because she feared that it might interfere with his examinations. At first he thought it only a joke, but soon came to realize it thoroughly. No more letters came, and he became so despondent that his family and those of his nearest friends were really uneasy about him, and began to watch him. For three yearsh e had abstained, yet he felt tonight that he must get on one of his "old-time sprees" to "drown his troubles." But he resisted. Nevertheless, one dreary even-

ing the inevitable happened, and not only for this one evening but for two successive weeks it lasted.

During this time he imagined that he was in love with Kathrine Dunbar, one of his old flames, and he "sobered up" and became very attentive to her.

Not long after this a mountain party was given in his honor, and it was at this time he lost Kathrine's love. The party was camping in a mountain hut, the walls of which were so thin that the least sound might easily be heard in the adjoining room. There were only two rooms—one for the boys, the other for the girls.

The last trip that Jack had taken here was with Elizabeth, and the whole thing semed to haunt him. So that night when all was still, Mrs. Dunbar, Kathrine's mother, heard some one talking, and recognizing Jack's voice, listened attentively. It was in truth a prayer, and ran as follows, "O, God, why could I not have died before this happened? Why couldn't Elizabeth have waited two years longer? She knew I loved her, and she has ruined my life. O, God, if I must live, please take away her husband, and give her back to me!" Next morning Mrs. Dunbar, calling Jack aside, told him that he must stop thinking of Elizabeth. This amazed Jack, for he knew that he had never mentioned his disappointment to anyone, and he could not imagine why Mrs. Dunbar suspected his thinking of her. So she told him the prayer he had uttered, and he was more amazed than ever, for he had been talking in his sleep.

He grew more despondent than ever, knowing that he would lose Kathrine's love as soon as she heard of this, and has now settled down in his old ways, hoping that the prayer he uttered that night in sleep may come true, and that in some golden day he may come into his own at last. J. R. ATKINS, '06.

Dick Allen's Christmas.

The night wore steadily on until at last unbroken silence rested upon the entire campus. Gradually the lights in the dormitory disappeared one by one until one only, from the

third floor, shone out into the night. In this room, bending low over his crowded table, sat Richard Allen, the first man of his class and the hardest student in college. For hours he had sat thus with scholarly concentration until the last lesson was being mastered. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and rested his head upon his hand and then smiled, for far down the street he heard a familiar whistle and he knew that studying time was over, at least for a while. A little later a sound as of a rushing wind was heard and Tom Willcox, his room-mate, came up stairs three at a jump and burst into the room. "Still hitting it, Dick, old boy? Well, you beat anything I ever saw. Come now, I want to talk. Call it off for a while." Allen smiled pleasantly. "Tom, these evenings down town will be your undoing yet." "Oh, don't you worry about Tommy; his studying days are over anyway," said Tom. The contrast between the two boys as they sat facing each other was boldly marked. Tom Willcox was gay, careless, fonder of fun than of work; a boy whom al the campus loved, who caught all the sunshine of the campus life and then tried to give it out in turn to those less fortunate than he. Whether in victory or defeat, Tom's passion was his college and the boys. On the other hand, Allen was the typical student. Easily the head of his class, he took this and all other honors that came his way with the utmost unconcern. He knew the pain and joy of ceaseless toil. His was a deep, shrinking nature and rather unsocial, but delicately responsive to all the moods of his fellow students. His was a pale, weary face, intellectual ,with fine, large eyes. All the campus wondered why these two boys had fallen together—but it knew that Dick Allen's rather lonely soul clung to this careless, thoughtless boy with a Jonathan-like tenacity, and through all of his wildness Tom Willcox respected the scholarly ability and great-heartedness of his friend.

"Well, Dick, it's odd, but I've been thinking of Margaret tonight, and how fortunate I am to know her. I'm sorry for you, Dick, that you haven't a girl; honestly, old boy, why don't you try to find one? Suppose you should determine to fall

in love, what kind of girl do you want? What kind of eyes, for instance?"

"Why, Tom," smiled Dick, "I hadn't really thought of anything ofthe kind—and anyway, I couldn't tell you this late at night. I'm tired silly."

"Oh, come on; let's have a good talk about these things. Don't look so forlorn."

"Forlorn, the very word is like a bell," quoted Dick softly. "Tom, my ideal girl must be a deep nature, capable of great feeling, whether sorrow or joy, and one who can help me in what I'm trying to do. She must have great faith, Tom, she must be intellectual, accomplished and beautiful—think I'll find her?"

"Gee whiz, Dick! when you meet her, send for me. I've cornered the only girl like that in reach. Well, Dick, we'll see. Meanwhile I'll get up those neglected lessons."

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Time passed on slowly and Christmas was near. Dick Allen had toiled through exams. with splendid success, the same pale, quiet, rather disconsolate fellow. Tom had got through also, and after much persuasion had induced Dick to spend a part of the holidays with him. Tom would see to it, he said, that Dick should have the time of his life.

So after a week at home, one morning the train deposited Dick on the platform of the little flag station near Tom's country home. There was already a heavy snow on the ground, and the gray clouds lowered threatening from above. Dick looked around expecting to be seized upon by Tom. Tom, he thought, of course, was near. Not a soul, however, was in sight, and Dick's heart began to sink. Then he walked into the agent's office. "Will you kindly direct me to the Willcox home?" he asked. While they stood there talking and Dick was being pointed out the way that would lead him to Tom's home a carriage was driven rapidly up tot he door and a young lady, closely wrapped in a long cloak, alighted and came hurriedly up the steps. "Oh, Mr. Wilson, I know Henry's per-

fectly furious, but we've driven dreadfully hard to get here before the train came. Why—my brother, is he here?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Edith, but Henry didn't come; I guess the condition of the roads caused him to miss connection," said Wilson, politely.

"My goodness! the second time he has disappointed us—and I've come to meet him, too! Turn the carriage, George. We'll carry our bad news to mother."

"Miss Edith, here is Tom Willcox's college mate who wants to get out that way. Couldn't you drop him near the house? I'm sure he'd appreciate it," said Wilson, affably.

Dick came forward gravely and was introduced to Miss Edith Temple. "I could not think of troubling Miss Temple," he said. "I should be loath to usurp the expected brtoher's place. I am at a loss to know why Tom failed to get my telegram."

"Wire's partly down," said Wilson, "all along the line."

Miss Temple smiled. At least—she thought—it's exciting, and it's Christmas too. Then she said, "I know your friend, Mr. Allen, and shall be delighted to give you room in my carriage."

To Dick it was a great experience. He remembered when the carriage drove off, he remembered a soft voice, and wondrous eyes and a beautiful face, and above all things he forgot Dick Allen. A little talk of college life, holidays and Christmasses and then Dick heard her say, "I'll put you down here at the outer gate, so that your friend will reproach himself for your reception. Tell him your walk was dreadful." Then Dick found himself standing knee-deep in snow, near an old-fashioned coutry home, watching a carriage disappear in the shadows beyond. Dick had never fully appreciated Browning's "Last Ride" until now as he slowly walked up to the house. Tom saw him and came running. Then followed his introduction. There was Tom's father and mother and sisters—and Margaret! Ample apologies were made, and then Dick entered upon one of the most pleasant visits of his life.

That night when they were alone Dick related his experience

and described Miss Temple. "Tom," he added, "I've found her. We'll search this country over or find her again."

"Why, Dick, she is Edith Temple, my first cousin, lives about a mile over the way. And we had it fixed, Dick, she was to bring you and Henry too."

"Oh ,you scamp! you lucky Tommy!" shouted Dick, "how I do love you."

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A week later they—she of the wondrous eyes and hair and Dick—drove slowly up the driveway leading to her home. Dick had come up to Tom's enthusiastic description of him, and things went well. "And you will always love me like this, Dick, and can I believe in you always, and you won't forget me?" she asked earnestly.

"Forget you, dear! I would not if I could, and I could not if I would," said the enraptured Dick.

Two weeks later Tom and Dick occupied the same third floor room, but a new picture hung on the wall and a transformation had taken place in Dick Allen's life.

Millions and Corruption.

The people of the South are given to regarding that section as being unfortunate in that it is not a great center of financial activity. And these people leave no stone unturned in order that more Northern capital may be induced to flow southward and develop Southern industries. True, this has not always been the attitude of the Southerner toward his Northern brother with money to invest, for time was when he regarded it as an act of patriotism to resent the employment of Northern capital in the development of Southern industries. However, this sentiment is only a relic of the sixties and has long since disappeared from the mind of the progressive business man of the South. Not a great many years ago the South was content to let the North build up the great manufacturing plants, and to lay the foundations upon which vast and powerful corporaions have since been built, while she, partly from a natu-

ral inclination and partly from necessity, devoted her energies to politics and agriculture. While the South was raising cotton the North was engaged in planting the seed from which has sprung that all-pervading commercial spirit which is now the distinguishing characteristic of the American people. Gigantic industries were founded. These industries were able to keep themselves in a growing and healthy condition by devouring the smaller establishments of a similar nature. Thus the wealth of the country tended to collect under the management of a few magnates whom we are pleased to call by the martial term of "Captains of industry."

For a time the South appeared to rest content with the course events were taking. She still spent her time in raising coton and maintaining white supremacy. Her politics continued to be untainted by greed for gain. But now they appear to have grown weary of their time-honored vocation. The cotton planter would put away his plow, move to the city, and go into business. The cities of our Southland now look with envious eyes on such financial strongholds as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Now there is a tendency on the part of the South to covet the gigantic moneyed interests of the North. Whether or not this is an indication hat Dixie is at last becoming Americanized, or whether, on the other hand, she is wandering away, in the footsteps of her Northern sister, after strange god s,is a question concerning which the two great political parties of the country differ. In the North it seems that the dividing line between desirable industrial development, by fair and legitimate means on the one hand and the building up by unfair means of capitalistic institutions of questionable economic value on the other, is being fast obliterated. By some of these powerful corporations the corruption of the public morals is coming to be regarded as an ordinary method of procedure. The question whether or not to buy a State Legislature is at once settled by adding up the cost and camparing it with the value to be derived from the purchase. Those who have been reading Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" were shocked at the charges of corruption made against the Legis-

lature of one of the Northern States. It is significant, too, that during the recent presidential campaign the president of the United States was, for the first time in American history, openly charged with having received bribes at the hands of some of the trusts. Whether or not this charge was true is for the purpose unimportant. It only serves to show the direction the wind is blowing. It points out to us the fact that the accumulation of vast wealth under one management endangers to a more or less extent our political integrity. While it is true that even in the North, where there are so many would-be purchasers, even there it is not every city council or State Legislature that money can buy. But where the temptation is greatest there may we expect the greates number to fall. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the flock that is nearest to the lion's lair will suffer the greatest loss? Certainly it is true that wherever is found the greatest number of buyers there the greatest number of sales will be effected.

So far the South has almost entirely escaped this terrible plague. Whatever else may be said concerning the power of the Southern political boss, this power and influence has, in almost every instance, been the result of his natural ability alone. The time has not come in the South when a man can buy a seat in the United States Senate, as is frequently done in some of the States farther North. Our State Houses have no yet become the scene of auction sale. Southern legislators are not yet to be "bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and wharves." Our voters may be hoodwinked and misled by the sweet speeches and fair promises of the demagogue, but they do not sell their votes to the retired millionaire who wishes to round up his career by going to the United States Senate. The commercial spirit has not yet been so far developed here that we are willing to place on the market our citizenship along with our other commodities. But may not this comparative freedom from the taint of the dollar which the political life of the South has so far enjoyed be, in a measure, due to the absence of temptation? The home of

"Standard Oil" is in the far North. It may not yet have had occasion to bid for public favors in the South.

Then, looking at some of the possibilities for evil which lie in immense business corporations, might not the South well be content with her lot? W. C. MOORE.

Jack Waring's Prize.

The village of Limerick was the pride of its inhabitants. It was a small village nestled among the mountains of one of our "Original States," and it was with much pleasure that the natives told of its beauties and advantages to a stranger. And indeed it was beautiful—the tall, towering mountains rising up on the one side and a pure, crystal lake, fed by one of those beautiful little mountain streams, on the other. The night scenes were especially beautiful—when the moon reflected its silvery rays upon the quiet lake and bathed the mountain side with its soft, still light. And quietness reigned.

But this night the little village had lost its usual quietness. Jack Waring was to leave early the next morning for the Spanish War. Jack was the most popular young man in the village; his parents, though poor, were among the first and most honored citizens of the place. The inhabitants were, therefore, giving him a "party" before he left.

But there is something else interesting about Jack. Once there had lived in this little village a family of rich people, and as is so often the case with poor boys like Jack, he had fallen desperiately in love with a member of this household—Ethel. But it was not a one-sided affair, for she, too, loved him. Ethel's parents had bitterly opposed it, but she still persisted. "I love Jack," she would say, "even though he is poor. But what do I care for a little gold and silver! My heart yearns after something higher and nobler, something that will *last,* and this thing I find in Jack's love."

Her parents soon saw that she would marry him if they remained there, so they hastily decided to take a trip abroad. It had been ten years since they left. Jack had not received a word from Ethel. He did not know where she was or even

if she was alive or dead. But he had promised never to marry another, and he had remained faithful to his pledge.

"We shall some day meet again," Ethel had said as she bade him good-bye. It had been the hope of his life. But alas! it seemed as if he would never realize it.

Now he was going to drown his love in the great ocean of active life, to slay his thoughts upon the bloody field of battle, and to forget his—Ethel in the monotinous routine of a soldier's life. He went, and the village seemed dead without him. He had left as one trying to free himself of the thoughts of one who had come into and gone out of his life, carrying with it his love, hope, ambition, and desire. He went as one trying to free himself of something which he could not strangle and kill, but which preyed upon his thoughts, heart and his very being.

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Jack had been in the army about twelve months. He had shown great bravery and power of leadership, and consequently had been promoted several times. A great battle was pending. Jack knew it meant almost certain death to go into it. Yet not one moment did he hesitate. He determined to fight until he fell. And the truth of the matter was Jack did no care so much whether he died or not.

The battle had been waging several hours. Night was settling down, and neither side had won. With one plunge forward, he shouted to his men and was at the front. Soon a deadly, hissing bullet struck him and he fell. He was borne carefully from the ranks and thence swiftly to the hospital. The physicians said that there was no hope of his recovery, but when he was informed that the tide had turned and that the enemy were fleeing, his eyes brightened and like Montcalm he exclaimed, "Now God be praised. I die in peace"; and he fell back upon his couch.

There was a nurse in this hospital who was given direct and constant supervision over the wounded hero. She did her duty faithfully. With untiring hands she sought, night and day, to interest him any to save his life if there was any possible chance. Her energy was not expended in vain. He improved as rapidly

as could be expected, and after a few weeks had regained consciousness.

The nurse was one day leaning over his couch when a little gold locket slipped from her bosom. Her patient stretched out his hand and took hold of it. He looked at it a moment and then he looked up at her. Their eyes met.

"Ethel! Ethel!" he cried, and she was drawn to his heart with all the strength of his enfeebled arms.

"Tell me about it, Ethel," he said, when he had somewhat recoevred. "Tell me how it is that you are here."

But Ethel was sobbing, and it was some time before she could speak. She finally began, "Oh, Jack, I can hardly tell you. You remember my parents took me to England to keep us from getting married. Well, I lived a miserable life for ten years, when I accidentally saw something in the papers about you being down here. I immediately applied for a position as nurse, secured it, and set sail. The day after I arrived they brought you in wounded. My father and mother are both dead now. That is all I have to say, Jack, except that I love you with the same old love and that I and all that I have are yours."

At this point the general came in and walked up to Jack's couch. "Young man," he began, "you have been snatched from the very jaws of death and are now on the rapid road to recovery. You may thank this young lady for your life, for if she had not been so faithful you wuold have surely died. But now yuo shall live, and you are one of the most famous men in the army. You shall be granted a liberal pension the rest of your life."

Ethel was again sobbing, and Jack could scarcely control his voice when he attempted to speak. He gazed into the large, mellow eyes of the woman who had saved his life, who had loved him during all these years, and had given up her pleasures and her social standing to find him. Now she stood before him as the ideal of his life and he realized what the love of this true, noble woman had meant to him. He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips—one, two, three times. Finally he began,

"General, you say I have gained honor and a fortune, but my greatest prize you did not mention. I have gained this, the sweetheart of my youth; and if it were not for finding her gadly would I give up the life which she has saved. For in her my life is centered, and for her I would have given it up ten times."

Then they were in each other's arms again.

And the general know why this nurse had worked so faithfully with her patient. J. C. GUILDS.

The South's Need.

Each year seems to find the Democratic party more weak and less able to cope with the powerful one which is rapidly gaining strength and placing the people more and more under the tyrany of a few men.

It is but natural that we of the South should ask why this has been the case. Why is it that the party which stands for a government "for the people and by the people," and whose platform is based upon the principles of individual freedom, should be overwhelmed by the vote of these people for whom it stands? Why is it that this people's party can not gain the confidence of the citizens and reverse the tides of defeat into an overwhelming victory?

In a country like ours, where the fires of liberty burn brighter than in any other ,and where each citizen's character must rest upon the foundations of sincerity and frankness, it is but the natural outcome that a man who has a principle and adheres to it, even though it be less adapted to the need and requirements of the republic, be preferred to him who does not even understand the platform for which he stands, but is a mere figure-head in the politics of the nation, and represents a party whose only end is to obtain office and power.

Such has been the sad conditions and results of our recent campaign and election. Such has been the conditions under which the Democratic party has been "snowed under" by the thousand of voters, in whose hands is the power to select those

who shall guide the nation, in peace as well as war, and in whose hands shall be the reins of government. And they have justly placed in this chair of honor and power the nominee whose sincerity and principles are no unknown quantity.

There is nowhere to be found a perfect man. Each must make his errors and suffer the consequences. But if we can draw aside the curtain of prejudice and look back upon the record of the present president's administration, we will find that he mistakes are few. Yet we would not claim that it is without fault.

It is hard for us to look upon the negro question with frankness. But we are faced by the facts which we cannot deny, and which we must accept.

There have been fewer appointments of negroes to positions in the South during the administration of Roosevelt than there were during that of Cleveland. Yet we most bitterly condemn him for his error in his great work.

The present situation of the South is one in which is seen great weakness and pathos. Representing as it does an all-important factor in the nation's growth and prosperity, it is helpless to protect itself from the combined powers of the republic. But her day of prosperity is but at its dawn. The opening of the Panama Canal will throw a tide of prosperity into her gates which will exceed even the most sanguine expectations. It will open new fields of industrial advancement, and will greatly increase those which are even now in a most prosperous condition. Every branch of her commercial power will be strengthened and augmented, and before the people of the South as well as the North there is placed that great problem which has been handed down from the past century—the problem of labor. No theories will aid in its solution. The people of the North must not elevate the negro above the level of his social sphere. This will but add to the flames of prejudice and hatred. On the other hand, the people of the South must lay aside their cruelty. And both North and South, with a frank recognition of all the facts in our history, with a perfect comprehension of the limitations of the negro's

sphere on the one hand, and respect for his rights on the other, with charity and fellow feeling for each other, and with kindness to the negro, go forward to the high appointed destiny of the nation. Let the people of the North, as well as those of the South, to whom the true principles of Democracy appeals, pull together under one great party, whose principles shall be those upon which the very foundations of our freedom has been built. Then the people from all sections will come with open hands, to lay at the nation's feet their vote. Then we shall truly have a government "for the people," and our country will in truth be one of liberty. JNO. C. CANDLER, '06.

"Allen Gray, and How His Life was Saved."

Allen Gray was born on his father's plantation, January 14, 1846. His father, William Gray, was at this time the largest slave holder and land owner in Virginia.

Allen, at the age of seven, was put in school under his cousin. In this chool he got the record for the best record, and as a reward for this, his father gave him the pick of his horses. Allen soon learned to ride Buck and rejoiced in being allowed to ride around the plantation with his father in the afternoon, after he had finished his studies. He seemed to enjoy very much observing the slaves. At the age of fourteen, his father gave him ten slaves under his charge.

One day Mr. Gray's overseer was whipping a negro unmercifully, when Mr. Gray came up.

"What are you doing?" he demanded in a stern tone.

"This fellow won't work," the overseer replied between his teeth.

"Well, stop that, and come to my study with me," Mr. Gray demanded.

The man stopped and followed Mr. Gray into his study. Mr. Gray quietly sat down and wrote him a check for his wages. He handed this to him and said, "Now, you leave these premises, and never let me see you here again." The man started to reply, but Mr. Gray repeated his order.

That evening Allen saw the man going away with his trunk, and as he stood gazing after him, his father called to him to come into his study. On coming in, his father told him that he had turned off the overseer, and that he wished to let him take his place. Allen was very much pleased and started to begin immediately, but as he started to open the door his father said, "Remember, Allen, on rule which I exact: Never whip a slave if you can help it." Allen was seventeen years old now, and thoroughly competent to take this responsible position.

A few days after this, his father came from the county seat, with a gloomy look on his face. He called Allen into his study and shut the door, in the same manner that he had only a few days before. Then he turned to Allen and said, "Allen, my boy, you are my only son, and all my hopes are centered in you. Tomorrow I shall have to leave you and go to war. Upon you shall everything fall. But, my boy, let me beg you to always be honest with your slaves." He stopped. Tears came into Allen's eyes as he sat there. He could not speak at first, but after awhile said, "I will do my best, papa." Then he went out to the lot to look after the stock.

The next morning his father told them good-bye, and rode away, accompanied by old Peter.

Time passed on and Allen managed the affairs very nicely. His father had been gone one year now, and they were all longing for his return. At last one day some men were seen coming in the direction of the house. Then they could see a man on a couch, whom they recognized to be Mr. Gray. Allen mounted his horse and rode to meet them. His father inquired about everything, and Allen made very encouraging reports to him. But he noticed that his father was now growing weak, so he rode to one side.

He asked the man who was riding by him where his father was wounded, and on being told that he was shot in the side he rode forward to tell his mother. She met him at the gate and questioned him. He told her not to be worried, that his father was only hurt a little. Mrs. Gray went out to meet her

husband, who told her that he was shot, but that he would soon be over it.

The men advised Allen to send for a doctor immediately. Then after eating a lunch and telling Mr. Gray good-bye, they left.

Mr. Gray asked for Allen later on that night, and when he came in his wife left the room in order that they might be alone. Mr. Gray told Allen that he was needed in the line of battle, and that as he should be able in a short while to look after the plantation, that if he wished he could prepare himself for leaving immediately.

Allen consented and went to his mother's and told her that he was going. Mrs. Gray consented with tears in her eyes. In a week Allen was ready to leave for the front. He told his father and mother good-bye, and went immediately to enlist.

His company was about to have a battle, so Allen hastened to join his comrades. When he arrived they were just ready to march. He was given a place and they proceeded to battle. The fight was a long and hard one. During the battle a lieutenant was passing with a general, when they noticed a boy, standng off to one side by himself. They stopped and watched him. He fired seven times very deliberately, and they saw seven men fall. The general stopped a man as he was going by, and asked him who that fellow was. The man told him that he was a new fellow, Gray, son of Sergeant Gray, who was wounded a while back. The general left orders for Allen to be raised to the position of captain. This was very astonishing to Allen, but he was very much pleased.

Two weeks after this a very hard fight was going on, and Allen, at the head of his company, was seen in the thickest. A shell exploded near him, and he fell to the ground, wounded in both legs. He was quickly carried by a soldier to another part of the field.

At last, while Allen was lying there, he saw the same soldier running towards him. The soldier ran up and lay down by him. Allen turned to him and said, "What's the matter; why

don't you go and fight?" The soldier only answered, "I can't."

After a while Allen saw that the fire was turning in his direction. Soon a bullet came whistling by. Another struck the body of the soldier who was lying between the fire and his captain. It only quivered a little, then stopped.

Soon the battle stopped and the soldiers came around to look after the wounded. They soon reached Allen and the soldier. Allen asked them to first take the brave fellow who had protected him with his body. The soldiers turned to take him, but found that he was dead. A large hole was in his side. Then it was that Allen knew why he had received the answer, "I can't."

Allen was sent home, and when he told his story, how he was wounded, and who saved his life, his father and mother, with tears in their eyes, said together, "God bless the dear, brave fellow."

J. L. NETTLES, '08.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

The Christmas Holidays.

This issue of THE JOURNAL finds us in the midst of Christmas examinations and at the close of another year's work. In one week we will be at our homes enjoying the holidays with all the merriment and pleasures which they bring. The mere thought brings happiness to our hearts. But while we give ourselves over to pleasure and enjoyment we should pause at least a few moments for serious thought and look backward over the work of the year which is rapidly passing. The question, where have we made mistakes which can be corrected? stares us in the face. Have we done the best work? Are we satisfied with it, and will we be content to let another year

pass and find us in the same old ruts? These are serious questions and demand some moments of earnest thought.

Let us look over our year's record, find its weak points, and correct them. Make your resolutions and keep them. Resolutions made one day to be broken the next are worse than useless. Each time a man makes pledges and breaks them be becomes the weaker for it, and at last comes to look upon his obligations as trifles which he must necessarily fail to meet.

A man cannot be perfect, for "it is human to err." A person cannot help but make mistakes, but he can prevent making the same one twice if he will but exercise his powers of thought and will. But in this respect is where many fail; they do not exercise these powers and are inclined, too often, to excuse themselves on the ground that they did not think.

We believe that there are many Wofford students who will get real enjoyment out of the Christmas holidays because they have done honest work. These are the men who will do the most thinking and come back after Christmas to do better work. If there be one who has not done his work honestly he should be the more determined to rise above his former standard and do credit to himself and the institution of which he is a part.

We wish for every reader a merry, merry Christmas, one which will be all enjoyment, a benefit to yourself and through you to others who are not so fortunately situated in life as you happen to be.

♣

John Sharpe Williams.

On Friday night, December 2, the Wofford College Lyceum had the pleasure of presenting to its members the best lecturer of the season, Hon. John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi, the leader of the Democratic party on the floor of the National House of Representatives.

Mr. Williams is a man of pleasing personality, an excellent lecturer, a politician who is acquainted with the workings of his party and its needs and above all a man whose mind is not dwarfed by narrow political issues or party policy.

He discussed the causes of the defeat of the Democratic party in the recent presidential election, and handled his subject as only a man of broad and liberal mind could have done. He faced the issues squarely and was looking forward to the time when the weak planks would be removed from the platform and sound ones substituted. Throughout his lecture the members of the Lyceum were impressed with the fact that Mr. Williams was a man of power, cool-headed and a leader who could handle grave and serious questions in a statesmanlike manner.

It was a privilege to hear a man speak who is of national reputation and a leader in one of the great political factions of the United States. Aside from a better acquaintance with the workings of a great party, its strong and weak points and the discussion of issues which affected the national political life, and others which were strictly Southern questions, there were many fine thoughts presented which would benefit and elevate those who have no interest in parties and policies whatever. The reference to obligations attached to nobility or power was of interest to all and gave many a new interpretation of the kind of responsibility which is connected with positions of prominence and the manner in which man should use his strength.

We believe every one who heard him will join with us in the wish that it may be our privilege at some time in the future to hear him speak again.

♣

Journal Medals. It has been customary for THE JOURNAL to offer prizes for the best essay, poem and story presented to the literary editor for publication in the columns of the college magazine. In accordance with this precedent, THE JOURNAL offers this year a medal for the best essay, and also for the best poem presented by May 1. These medals may be competed for by any member of the student body. A medal is offered to the members of the Senior or Junior and one to the member of the Sophomore or Freshman class for the best short story presented

to the literary editor for publication before May 1. The same rules governing the awarding of these medals which were made last year will be observed by the staff this year.

The offering of these medals should excite some keen competition and cause the literary editor to have an abundance of good material to select from. We offer them for your benefit, that you may exercise yourself in the use of good English and various untold benefits which come from the important work of perfecting yourself in composition, and not merely that some one may have the distinction of wearing a medal.

We want the literary editor's table flooded with compositions of various kinds. You must do it. We have tried to make it pleasant and profitable for you to do so. For it is truly a pleasure to do first-class work and receive the reward of your labors. Do not let the fact that there are good writers working for these medals keep you from trying, for "there is no honor in winning over a scrub."

✤

The Library.

We learn from the librarian that the record of books taken from the library by the students is largely in excess of former years. We believe this to be a good sign of intellectual development and proof conclusive that the students are seeking after higher things. There is no company which so ennobles and benefits mankind as the association with good books.

Wofford College has a large collection of most excellent books, in charge of an efficient librarian, and this particular function of the college work should be a source of great benefit to all who are privileged to enjoy its advantages.

Good books are an education in themselves. They bring us in contact with the greatest minds of all ages and give us an insight into what these men though and did. If we are careful to select the good books and exclude the light, trashy ones, our minds will be broadened and our sense of appreciation for that which is truly beautiful and lasting will be developed.

There is no danger of failing to get a good book from Wof-

ford's library, for there are no others there. These books are selected and placed there for you with great care by a competent committee composed of members of the faculty. It is a source of gratification and pleasure that the students are becoming more and more inerested in this important phase of the college work.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

Two general criticisms may be made, for they are applicable to so many journals. One is the absence of a college directory, which should, by all means, be in every college magazine. This criticism is not for the sake of criticism, but we hope to be of benefit to a number of journals, merely by calling attention to this point. The other is scarcely a criticism, but rather a warning. There is a growing inclination to use articles written by professors. This must be guarded against, for it is hard to refrain from inserting some of the brilliant touches from our professors. Under certain circumstances it is well to insert a note or two from a professor, but this should be only occasional, as a college magazine is supposed to be representative of the student work of that college.

The November number of *The Trinity Archive* comes to us in good form, with neatly arranged departments. The literary department contains three essays, one story, and several poems. The article on the Historical Society is a strong appeal for the Trinity College Historical Society, explaining the benefits and possibilities of such an organization, pointing out the needs of this particular society, and showing how these needs can and must be met. The article relative to Thackery is a plea for Thackeray's true worth to the world, as wrought by his Roundabout Papers. The author points out how the truer Thackery is represented by these papers, and how these papers reflect the real greatness and depth of the man's life with an accuracy and truth such as can be represented only through these Roundabout Papers. The sketch of North Carolina magazines is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the history of

magazines in that State, from the first one in 1866 down to the present date. From this study it is found that college magazines play a very important part in the magazine realm. And it is as true of other States as of this one. So let our magazines be as substantial and as reliable as possible. The story of Tommy Henderson is a good story. The idea of representing the story as told by an eye-witness is used very successfully. This story, instead of culminating in the usual happy marriage, follows the truer course of human nature, in restoring, by a single gentle influence, Henderson to his former and true affiliations. The poems are full of rythm and metre, but they are almost entirely destitute of real poetic sentiment. Only one, "The Washerwoman," has any real moral, but in this one we find a poetic idea.

The attractive cover of the *Southwestern University Magazine* bears testimony of good taste and is in perfect keeping with the strength and impressiveness of the contents. We would suggest to the editor that he use some poetry; it would add much to the merit of the magazine. We would suggest also that the special departments be given more space. The first selection presents the novel idea in college journalism of a continued story. The initiatory is a good representation of the Southern negro, bringing out those traits in him which are interesting and peculiar. The author's knowledge of the negro, and his (or her) own personal wit enables him (or her) to make it a really interesting story. We hope this is only the beginning of a series, and the idea will be taken up by other journals. The article on Japan and her recent trouble presents some valuable information in regard to the Japs. and their war policy, and explains how they are able to offer such staunch opposition. "The Power of a Purpose" is a splendid expression of the necessity of a purpose to insure success in life. The article on immortality exhibits a rather affected than real deepness. It is an evidence of good reading, but is wanting in originality. "Masters of Men" is an illustrated explanation of the value of leadership. It is seemingly an oration and shows

clearness of thought and conciseness of expression. We shall not make any remarks about the toad *tale,* for a toad is supposed to have no *tail;* which we think the better plan. "Strong's Road to Manhood" is an exemplification of the vanity of the dreams of youth. The idea is so developed as to make it really impressive. The cemetery story is an old worn plot, but is carried out in an original manner.

The Aurora comes to us in a striking cover, and contains good reading matter. We would suggest that the special departments be a little fuller; the exchange and the alumni departments especially are meagre. Some of the contributions are too short—longer articles and fewer would produce better effect. The review of history, with respect to the directing influences exercised by imagination, is a splendid study. The instances have been searched out and arranged in tasteful order, and all done in an attractive, clear style. The second article is an explanation of Browning's attitude to womanhood in his poetry and in his life. It shows a clear insight into Browning's life as studied out through his poetry. "It's an Ill Wind" is an ingenious plot, and carried out with a touch of real life. "She Stoops to Conquer" is built, though imperfectly, on a very neat little plot. "The Exile" bears directly upon the sadness of man's mind in its instability. "Unstable as Water" is a most unique little plot for a story, and is composed in a manner perfectly in keeping with the plot. Some of the "Sketches" are real good literature, especially those of Troy Mountain, Sunset, and the Exposition. But the journal would have been better by having prolonged the best of these sketches and left out the inferior ones. This magazine exhibits a high standard of poetry. Of the several poems in the November number, "The Sentence" is commendable for the constructive ingenuity, not losing at all Poe's meter.

The Winthrop College Journal contains a variety of literature, some good and some—not so good. The debate on the necessity of developing the logical powers of girls rather than

their aesthetic tastes is a splendid argument. It is characterized by practical thought and thorough study found in few woman's college debates. No doubt the author conceived a clever story in "When Honor Failed," but somehow she failed to express it clearly. Attention to precision would enable her to write good stories. "The Impeachment of President Johnson" is a study in political history which would have been commendable in a man—all the more so in a college girl. "Intolerance" is a treatment of grand subject, but in a superfical manner. "The Warning" is a weak little story. A little more poetry would add much to *The Journal.* Of the two poems in the November number, "To My College Room-Mate," a reminiscence, is by far the superior. The other, "Blue Eyes, True Eyes," is a rather *pathetic little* poem. The several departments of this magazine are well looked after, but contributions seem rather scarce.

CLIPPINGS.

AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

I met a little quarterback,
  He was a bird, he said,
There were some scars upon his face
  And bumps upon his head.

"Our bunch is to the bad," said he;
  "We are a crippled crowd,
This morning when I looked them o'er
  I swear I wept aloud."

"How many are there on your team?"
  I asked the tearful lad;
"How many did you have before
  They put you to the bad?"

"Alas,' said he, "a few are here,
  And some, I trust, in heaven.

Before the season opened up
I think we were eleven.

"We were a sassy bunch," quoth he,
"Before we got our pull back,
Two of us in the churchyard lie—
Our center and our fullback.

"Our right guard broke his vertebra,
Our left guard lost an arm;
I am the only player left
Who has not met with harm."

I sought to ascertain from him
How many were in heaven,
But he could only weep and say,
"Kind sir, we were eleven."

—*Ex.*

He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed to her one night—
"Dinah, would you love me?"
She whispered, "Dinah might."

They were married in the autumn:
When she blows him up at night,
He realizes what is meant
When she whispered, "Dynamite."

—*Ex.*

Good boys love their sisters—
So good have I grown
That I love other boys' sisters
Better than my own.

—*Ex.*

There was a young lady from Lynn,
Who was so excessively thin,

That when she essayed, to drink lemonade,
She slipped through a straw and fell in.

—*Ex.*

God made the world and rested; God made man and rested; God made woman, and since then neither God, man, nor devil has rested.—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

TEACHING.

J. R. T. Major graduated in '98. He was editor of Pee Dee Advocate, at Georgetown, S. C. He is now principal of Bennettsville Graded School.

William Preston Few graduated '89. Won Preston essay medal. Was instructor of English at Wofford. He took M. A. degree '93 and Ph. D. in '96 from Harvard University. Was elected Professor of English at Trinity College, and afterwards made dean of the faculty.

James Avery Finger graduated in '76. He is now principal of one of the graded schools in Charleston, S. C.

Drayton T. Kinard graduated in '98. Took A. M. in '01. He is now principal of Laurel Street Graded School, Columbia, S. C.

Geo. Franklin Kirby graduated '94. Was manager WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL; president Calhoun Society; took A. M. in '96; was minister in Wilmington, North Carolina Conference; was for some years president of Weaverville College, N. C.

BANKING.

J. A. Law graduated in '87. He organized Saxon Mills, and is president and treasurer of same. He is also president of Central National and Spartanburg Savings Banks, Spartanburg, S. C.

MEDICINE.

Oliver Wardlaw Leonard graduated in '98. He afterwards received his M. D. at University of Maryland. He is now practicing medicine in this city.

THEOLOGY.

Charles Betts Smith graduated in '80.. Entered South Carolina Conference in '82. Was elected professor of psychology and economics at Wofford, also agent, which position he held for four years. He is now pastor of Trinity Church, Charleston, S. C.

John McPherson Lander graduated in '79 with first honor. Was elected in '83 Fellow in Natural History and Geology, Vanderbilt University. Went as missionary to Brazil '89. Received D. D. from this college '93. Was delegate from Brazil to General Conference in '94. Founded and is president of Granbery College.

William Wallace Duncan graduated in '58. Entered ministry. Was chaplain in Southern army during Civil War. He was elected professor in this college and served from '75-'86, when he was made Bishop. He was also financial agent at Wofford. He and President John Kilgo were the foremost men in securing Wofford's endowment. Visited Mexico as Bishop several times, and has traveled extensively in Europe. At General Conferences he is known as one of two or three best presiding officers in the Church.

MERCHANT.

Charles Alexander David graduated in '72. He is now a prosperous merchant at Greenville, S. C. Mr. David is also a cartoonist of note. He did excellent work for the College Annual last year.

MERCANTILE AND BANKING.

Samuel Bryson Ezell graduated in '75. Entered the mercantile business in '76, in which he is still engaged. Member of Board of Trustees of Limestone and Converse Colleges, also of Connie Maxwell Orphanage. Director in Central National Bank and Spartanburg Savings Bank. He has acted as super-

intendent of the First Baptist Sunday School here for thirty years.

LAW AND POLITICS.

Charles Glover Dantzler graduated in '75. He was a member of Legislature from '86-'90. Afterwards was elected as Judge of First Judicial Circuit. Elected to House of Representatives, where he served from '84 till '90.

M. H. Moore graduated in '84. Took A. M. '85. Graduated in law at South Carolina College in '87. Admitted to Bar in '90. Was elected city attorney of Columbia in 1900. Was made adjunct professor of law South Carolina College in 1901.

Samuel Hodge McGhee graduated in '95. Took A. M. in '96. Was editor of Greenwood Index for two years. Was admitted to Bar in '97, Greenwood, S. C. Now president Greenwood National Bank. Was a delegate from Third Congressional District to Democratic National Convention 1904.

Jas. Edwin Ellerbe graduated in '87. He was president Calhoun Literary Society.. He also won debator's medal. He was elected to House of Representatives in '94. Was a member of Constitutional Convention in '95. Was elected congressman from Sixth District.

Jas. Coke Klugh graduated '97. Took M. A. in '78. Entered law department of University of Virginia in '80; graduated in '81; was admitted to Bar in same year. He is now acting as circuit judge in this State.

R. W. Simpson graduated in '61. Afterwards took A. M. Served in Civil War. Was elected to Legislature in '74. Was admitted to Bar in '75.

Henry Calhoun Folk graduated in '80. Master in equity of Bamberg county. Was elected member of the Legislature for two terms. He is a trustee of Carlisle Fitting School, and director of Bamberg Cotton Mills, Bamberg, S. C. He is also a leading merchant of Bamberg.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

Thanksgiving Day brought to us the first holiday of this season. After weeks of steady work, this day, on which books could be laid aside, was welcomed by even the earnest students. But this was not a mere holiday. It was a day on which seventy-six millions of people were asked to cease from labor and return thanks unto the God of Nations for the prosperity He has sent upon our country. Services were held in two churches of the city. Some of the students availed themselves of the privilege of attending these services.

Now the day was spent by the students in different ways. Some who live near spent the day at home. Some visited their "cousins" at the neighboring female colleges. Some spent the afternoon at Cedar Springs. And we are told that some of our boys went through the recitation rooms, library, etc., *twice.* Now, what do you suppose possessed these fellows to make the trip twice? Was it the wonderful methods used for instructing the blind, deaf and dumb? Not so much that. Well, perhaps it was the teachers who conducted them through and explained the methods? But it doesn't seem that college boys would care to see teachers on a holiday. Oh! but these were young lady teachers. That's why they went through twice. A football game attracted others of the students.

* * *

A movement is now on foot for getting out a college Annual. The two societies have elected the editorial staff. This staff is to investigate and find out if enough money can be secured. If the Annual can be placed on a good financial basis it will be gotten out.

The following were elected members of the staff:

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

Senior Class—M. W. Brabham, C. P. Wofford.

Junior Class—J. C. Candler, J. R. Atkins.

Sophomore Class—Ralph Willis.
Freshman Class—J. L. Hydrick.

PRESTON SOCIETY.

Senior Class—J. W. Boyd, W. D. Roberts.
Junior Class—J. C. Anderson, J. R. Lyles.
Sophomore Class—Ray DuRant.
Freshman Class—J. A. Willis.

The staff met and assigned its members as follows: J. W. Boyd, Editor-in-Chief; M. W. Brabham, J. R. Lyles, Business Managers; W. D. Roberts, Literary Editor; Ralph Willis, J. A. Willis, J. L. Hydrick, Assistant Literary Editors; C. P. Wofford, Art Editor; J. C. Anderson, Cartoon and Miscellaneous Editor; J. C. Candler, J .R. Atkins, Athletic Editors; Ray DuRant, Y. M. C. A. Editor.

* * *

The literary societies have elected officers for the ensuing quarter as follows:

Calhoun—M. A. Connolly, President; E. C. Dye, Vice-President; W. L. Glaze, Jr., First Critic; D. C. Anderson, Second Critic; F. A. McLeod, Third Critic; L. A. Manning, First Censor; M. T. Wharton, Recording Secretary; Paul Brown, Second Censor; Ralph Willis, Corresponding Secretary.

Preston—J. H. Hamel, President; W. D. Roberts, Vice-President; W. B. Carnes, First Critic; J. A. Roland, Second Critic; L. A. Duncan, First Censor; J. R. Lyles, Recording Secretary; A. D. McFadden, Second Censor; A. J. Query, Corresponding Secretary.

* * *

The contest to select our representative in the State oratorical contest has been postponed until the third Monday night in January.

* * *

The Seniors have done something else, too. Their class team has won the championship in football on the campus.

* * *

Mr. W. L. Glaze, Jr., has resigned as Anniversarian from the Calhoun Society. Mr. G. J. Patterson has been elected to

take the place. Also, Mr. M. W. Brabham resigned as Alternate, and Mr. E. F. Brigham was chosen in his stead.

* * *

The Calhouns have elected Messrs. J. I. Wilson and C. S. Bethea Monthly Orators for December and January, respectively.

The Prestons have elected as Monthly Orators for December and January Messrs. C. N. Sapp and W. H. Polk, respectively.

* * *

The two societies have recently purchased a number of excellent speech books for the use of their members. These books have been given to the college library.

* * *

Quite a number of Preston Society badges have been bought recently by its members.

* * *

On the evening of December 2d the members of the Wofford College Lyceum had the rare privilege of hearing one of the greatest Southern statesmen of today, Hon. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Mr. Williams' speech bore directly upon the political situation and its anticipated result. The audience was struck with the superior qualities of Mr. Williams as a statesman. He did not abuse the Republicans, but laid plans for the future course of the Democratic party. The following words are characteristic of Congressman Williams:

"Be of good cheer; our destiny is in our own hands. Neither give away, nor trade, nor barter our birthright. Our race's heritage and integrity cannot be imperiled except by our own conduct. We will and must be true to ourselves; we must remember our duty to the right."

* * *

The college gymnasium team gave an exhibition in Greenville, November 23d, under the auspices of the D. A. R. The attendance was large and the exhibit was quite a success.

The exhibition given by the team here usually before Christmas has been postponed till a later date.

Harvard College Library

Prof. Jas. H. Rayhill, a well-known elocutionist, furnished excellent entertainment for the students and their friends in the college auditorium on the evening of December 6th.

* * *

Quite a number of our boys attended a reception given by the Lodge Historical Club of Limestone College on Monday evening, December 5th. Of course it was a very enjoyable occasion.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Cooke have cordially invited the Senior class to their home on Thursday evenings for four weeks. Those of the calss who have accepted the invitation have spent several enjoyable hours in this pleasant home.

* * *

The Seniors have decided on a cass ring of a very beautiful design. The rings have been ordered and will be on hand soon.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, President Snyder made a very strong appeal to its members, urging them to secure a coach for the baseball team. We believe sufficient funds will be raised to secure the services of a coach.

* * *

Soph. Q—y received from a young lady at Limestone an invitation with "R. S. V. P." attached. Not knowing what the letters stood for, he asked Soph. S-nd-s.

Soph. S-nd-s replied, "You had better go, old man; that means *right smart victuals prepared.*"

* * *

Several times amusing things had happened and several times the society had been in an uproar. President B— had repeatedly called the members to order. Finally, rising on tiptoe, he struck the desk violently with the gavel and exclaimed, "The chair will please observe order."

* * *

Oh! the thoughts of an examination
Fills our minds with consternation.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

THE MISSIONARY QUESTION.

At no time in the past has the subject of foreign missions come to have such a prominent place in the thought of the Christian nations as at present. Never has the last command of Christ been more generally heard and responded to than during the past few years. We seem to be just in the midst of a great awakening on the part of the Protestant denominations to the needs of the heathen and their own relation and obligation to the great enterprise of evangelizing the world in this generation. The springing up of the many missionary organizations, the unusual efforts of consecrated men who know the work to spread a missionary enthusiasm, the volunteering of hundreds of college and university men, all mark this great awakening.

But even the most optimistic will admit that the missionary principle has not become the ruling principle of civilized humanity as it should. The nation as a whole does not make evident the realization of her obligation in every instance. In this commercial and industrial age, when internal and international problems are occupying the minds of our great men, it is, however, not surprising that this question has been placed in the background. Only those thoroughly consecrated men who have upon them the divine spirit are truly enthusiastic about this enterprise. But even through these men great things are being accomplished. Never before has there been so great a number of missionaries upon the field, but in spite of this, never before has the demand for men been more urgent. The fields are insufficiently supplied. Even as in the time of Livingston, the smoke of a "thousand villages where no missionary has even been," still beckons men to come and bring the unsearchable riches of the Gospel. Doors of nations, formerly hostile to this movement, have been thrown wide

open, with an invitation to the bearers of the bread of life to enter and feed the hungry and dying.

This great world movement not only confronts the nation as a whole, and it is not only the case that we shall not be fulfilling our mission as a nation until we face this question, but it is a question which comes home to the individual, and it also is the case that no man can retain his proper relation to the Christian religion unless he rightly settles it. And there are few problems the solving of which means so much to a man. It is the question as to whether he is willing to leave his native land, and give his life for a strange and thankless people, simply that he may do his duty by obeying the command of Christ, or whether he shall remain a citizen of his own land and live for himself, and if not for himself, for the benefiting of a people already overcrowded with workers, and who have heard the Gospel too much rather than too little, and all the time heaping upon himself a load of guilt by disregarding the dictates of his own conscience, and by turning a deaf ear to the workings of the Spirit of God.

This great movement will not be dealt with justly until there is a still further awakening. The subject must be continually upon the hearts of men, they must realize the sacredness of the call, and the grand privilege which opens up to them of telling the great story to the heathen world. There must be a great *spiritual* awakening. Men must become so filled with the spirit of the Father of mankind that they will be willing to consecrate themselves more fully to this great work, and be willing to sacrifice anything material for the sake of their sense of duty and their devotedness to the cause of the redemption of mankind.

Besides the ignorance on the part of men of the real meaning of this great need and call, and besides the lack of sufficient consecration, there is another and probably the greatest reason why this great enterprise has not already been thoroughly successful. This is the apparent hopelessness of the immediate success of the enterprise, viewing it from a human standpoint. Naturally, man desires to see clearly the different stages of the

success of the task which he enters. Consequently, mankind in general has not enough faith in the ultimate success of the missionary undertaking to go into it with the whole heart and determined will. How much more heroic does this make the man who devotes his life to this work, realizing that he can only accomplish a small portion of the work, and that he cannot see the whole task completed during his lifetime. Not until the Church and all Christians have come to have sufficient faith in the power of God to work mighty deeds, even against any obstacle, shall the work of evangelizing the heathen world be carried on properly.

This missionary question comes home to college men especially. It has been found to be the case that only men of extraordinary ability, together with a college training, can do really efficient work upon the foreign field. And no mission board will send out, except under very extraordinary conditions, any but a college bred man. And there are hundreds of students in the colleges and universities of our land who have volunteered to go as missionaries upon the completion of their college course.

Every young man who is preparing himself, as we all are doing, for usefulness in life, should face this question fairly and squarely. The question is not, where can I be useful, but where can I be of the greatest usefulness. As the future looms up before a young man, his prospects seem bright and promising. He lays his plans for his career, consulting only his own desires and ideas. But as soon as the divine hand interposes, and he feels that it is necessary for him to shape his plans according to the plans of God, which are often very opposite to his, all seems dark and uninviting.

So let every one of us, as young men with our future before us, whether we feel called to take part in this, the greatest of world movements or not, consider this question honestly, so that there may be no possibility of our missing the plan mapped out for us by the Divine Hand.

But, whether or not we go or stay, in order that we have the true Christian's spirit, it is absolutely necessary that we be-

come permeated with the missionary spirit, even enthusiastc in exerting our influence and directing our efforts towards the evangelization of the heathen world.

The Young Men's Christian Association will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, December 18th. The service will be conducted in the Central Methodist Church of this city. The address will be delivered by Rev. Frank Siler, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Church of Asheville, N. C.

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Volume XVI Number Four

January, 1905

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

A Son's Appeal.

Far out across the plains, mist-covered hills
  Lift up their everlasting crests unto the sky,
The day grows dim, and twilight gently fills
  The world, fades in the distance life's wild cry;
And as the dying day grows soft I find
  A train of thoughts bourne hither on the breathe
Of evening winds, steal in and bring to mind
  The glory of the skies above, the sacred ground beneath.
Yon is Carolina's soil, Carolina's hills and sky,
  Each one suggesteth to my heart deep deeds and life
Wrapped in a splendid past that cannot die,
  Whatever ages bring; for years long strife
Gave such a mother to her sons, and memories
  Of cradle rocked by danger, storm, and toil,
And still, of names and lives for her emblazonries,
  And those dark, fearful hours that left no soil.
Carolina, we have loved thee with a love so great,
  And we have known thy glory far and wide,
Our ruling passion long was love of State,
  For this ten thousand of thy sons once died!
But, oh! thou dost forget, thy robes once white as snow,
  Made thus by tribulations and great sufferings passed
Alas dragged in the dust and blood and blackened now,
  Fools say our haughty State stoops low at last!
Oh, what a contrast in thee, now and then,
  When not a shadow touched thy glorious brow,
Beneath this present scorn of clownish men
  Thy sons can only suffer with thee as they bow.
Carolina, oh, arise, awake, shake off this lethargy,
  The world hath heard thy protest oft before,

In Indan-haunted days long gone to thee
  Thy sister States would look—who look no more!
What can we say, thy youths, who love thy name,
  Who hear the distant howling of the mob,
And see thy laws outraged, polluted, steeped in shame
  As near the burning stake thy ashen daughters sob!
Our faces flush; we love thee as our soul,
  We thrill with ecstacy that thou art grand,
For we have traveled through thy far-famed scroll
  Of sons, to meet shame stalking through their land.
  Oh, what would matchless Calhoun say could he arise,
  And see the meaning spots cast o'er thy fame,
And gentle Timrod, would his bright blue eyes
  Fill slow with tears to see Carolina's shame?
Oh, ruler of all men and lands and state,
  Give us her youths, to hurl mob spirit down.
Give us to lift again and keep Carolina great,
  And place once more her law on its majestic throne.

J. M. ARIAIL.

A Tramp to Phyle.

Day before yesterday came a request from the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, conveyed through Dr. Carlisle, that I send the Wofford boys a letter from Greece. My first thought was, "I am too busy to write letters;" but for more than thirty years a suggestion from Dr. Carlisle has been usually a command for me. Besides, I felt that it was the good man's old-time way, always anxious to gratify his boys. So, as a party of us was to go next day to Phyle, I concluded to describe it and the tramp thither for THE JOURNAL.

I am enjoying again my old pastimes of Vanderbilt days—tramping in the mountains, and Greek mountains at that. For years my dream had been to tramp in Greek mountains, visiting the temples and shrines on high places, breathing the pure, exhilarating mountain air, drinking water from mountain springs, seeing the sea from almost every hilltop, getting hun-

gry every day like one of the old Homeric heroes or like a modern boy. My dream has come to pass. I am in Athens, and go frequently on foot to the hills and mountains. Some one asked me in Madison before I started, "Do you think you will like the accommodations in Greece?" "I have not thought of that," I replied. "I am going to be satisfied in Greece. I am going to adapt myself to the ways of the people. When I am out of doors, I shall probably be so active as to be warm, and when I come in, if the house is cold, I'll go to bed. I expect to be in the open air most of the time, and I want to be hungry like a boy all the time." It is as I expected—I am hungry at least twice a day, sometimes all day, though I eat more than at home, and yesterday when I returned from Phyle I went to bed till dinner was called. As might be expected under such conditions, I am well all the time, and naturally a trip to Phyle promised to be a day of rare enjoyment.

One watches the heavens over here very closely before starting on a day's tramp. One of the good signs in the morning is the way the clouds lie on Hymettos, to the east; a better sign is said to be the coachmen with their best hats on if the day promises to be good, with shabby hats if it is likely to rain. This time we had no fear, for the night had been star-lit, and a clear sky was reddening over Hymettos. At 5:30 a. m. I was called, at 6 I was taking the simple Greek breakfast—coffee and goat's milk in about equal quantities, bread, butter, and honey. The lunch was already wrapped up, and at 7 our train started, or rather five minutes after; for I am told that Greek trains always start five minutes late, though the clock hands point right. Our party was seven: Prof. Newcomer, of Nebraska, Ph. D. of Berlin University; Dr. Shea, of Johns Hopkins; Mr. Kirkwood, of Toronto University; Mr. Tilyard, of Cambridge University; Miss Richter, of Girton College; Fraulein Seybold, of Munich, and the writer. All are members of the Brritish or the American School of Archeology, except the German lady and myself, and all are young except me—in the mountain air I too feel young.

We kept the train only for some seven miles, which we

made in twenty minutes. That is good time for a Greek railway, for so far as I know Greek trains make only ten to fifteen miles an hour. But they are safe; they don't have collisions and they don't run over anybody. From the station Ano-Liosia it was about eight miles to Phyle, and the first third of the way would have been excellent but that it was being repaired, being macadamized like a Tennessee turnpike. The main roads in Greece proper, by the way, are good, being hard and firm and, for a hill country, of a surprisingly easy grade, so that they are excellent for a carriage and even for wheeling. It was the season for getting grain planted, so that we met few wayfarers, only an occasional slow-paced little mule or donkey, with his rider, whether man or woman, sitting sidewise on the structure called a Greek saddle. There is ordinarily no danger in this position on a mule's back, since the little beasts are very sure-footed and do not scare easily. But it seems that a *mulari* from the country has to get accustomed to strange things, for recently on the way to Marathon, when two of us wheeled up suddenly behind an old fellow sitting sideways on a *mulari,* the little animal sprung forward and left his rider on his back in the middle of the road. And we did not know enough modern Greek to beg the man's pardon. But we did alight from our wheels and look compassionately at our victim, though when he had hobbled off and caught his beast and had evidently only been rudely awakened from his meditations, we did ride off with bursts of laughter.

In an hour we were at Chasia, a village of 750 inhabitants, and soon were the center of interest for the numerous dogs and children and even older people. A morning paper was left with one of the men, and on our return in the afternoon we saw that paper still passing from man to man in the cafe. The children, though on the way to school, were so curious about the strangers that a woman across the way had to threaten them with stones before they would leave us. And yet strangers on foot or mule-back often pass through Chasia on the way to Phyle. Everybody takes for granted you are headed for Phyle, and if on leaving town you take one of the

several wrong paths a shout and a finger-point from some peasant in an olive-grove or vineyard speedily sets you right. As soon as one is clear of the fields about the village the way is easy, for Phyle is visible from most points now, and if the ways part it is easy to guess which one leads toward the fortress. The little valley about Chasia is fairly productive for olives, grapes, and rye or barley, but after this we saw only one little patch of ground that was or could be cultivated. It was all steep, bare, stony mountain slopes, deep gullies, towering precipices, where only the hardy dwarf pine or the holm bush could grow. We were soon ascending rapidly, the Attic plain was coming into view behind us, the air was getting fresh and cold as the breeze swept down the gorge we were ascending.

Before 11 a. m. we were at Phyle, now a ruined fortress crowning a high precipitous crag on the southern side of the pass, through which runs the shortest road from Athens to Thebes. A ridge connects the crag with the higher mountains on the east, and this is the only approach to the fortress; elsewhere the sides of the crag fall away into deep ravines. Several ravines or passes come together about Phyle, and, though now there is only a difficult and stony bridle path through the main pass, the pass in old Greek days was clearly of great importance. The fortress, of which part of the walls are standing on all sides—on the northeast seventeen layers—occupies a little plateau about three hundred feet long, and is best known in connection with Thrasybulus, the Athenian patriot who in the year 403 B. C. overthrew the government of the Thirty Tyrants at Athens. Students of Lysias and Xenophon and Cornelius Nepos will remember that Thrasybulus had been banished by the Thirty, took refuge at Thebes, and from there got possession with seventy men of the fortress, which had been built here probably long before, gradually gathered about him several hundred other patroits, repulsed an attack made by the Thirty with 3,000 men, from Phyle they got possession of the stronghold of Munychia at the Piraeus, and finally from there continued the conflict which ended in the complete over-

throw of the Thirty. It was a stroke like that of Pelopidas at Thebes, won him a place among the chief benefactors of his city and people, and made him famous forever.

Our trip to Phyle was a pilgrimage in memory and in honor of Thrasybulus, the patriot, but it would have been worth while for the rugged beauty of the mountain scenery, even if no great historical event had ever happened there. The mountains cut off the view except toward the southwest, but in that direction were visible the whole ridge of Uegaless, the Attic plain, with Athens, Hymettos, the Seronic gulf with Aegina and the northeastern coast of Peloponnesus. It was too cold to remain long at the fortress, for though one was comfortable without wraps in the valley below, up there the wind was very cold and a little ice was found in some water. So we hastened down to the monastery of *Panagia Ton Kleiston,* in the gorge a half hour away. This monastery nestles so closely under the cliff and is so like the gray rocks in color that we might not have observed it at a distance of a hundred paces but for the barking of dogs. We found everything about the monastery very primitive—men, donkeys, chickens, and doubtless goats, all under one roof. The stable was a cave in the rock. When we opened our lunches the hospitable abbot brought us a can of the simple native wine and a plate of honey and afterwards coffee, for which he would take nothing.

The day's work had been finished, and we might have waited quietly at the station for the train to Athens, but the village of Acharnæ, which gave name to a comedy of Aristophanes, was only a little over a half hour's walk away, and near it a large bee-hive tomb like those at Mycenæ. We were glad for Aristophanes' sake to have seen Acharnæ and the bee-hive tomb (discovered in 1879) was well worth a pilgrimage. A half hour's further walk brought up to Patisia, a suburb of Athens, and the street cars, and so our tramp of some twenty miles ended. As we looked back to Parnes a cloud had settled down and it seemed to be snowing.

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

Athens, Dec. 3, 1904.

"Essays on Work and Life"—Dr. A. B. Cooke.

During the latter part of the year that has just closed, there was put on sale a little book, "Essays on Work and Life," by Dr. A. B. Cooke, of Wofford College faculty. The book is attractively bound and was published by Smith & Lamar, of Nashville, Tenn. In size and excellent print, the book will in itself prove an addition to any library. It is not the purpose of this paper to offer anything like a review or criticism of this collection of essays; appreciations by scholarly men and competent critics have appeared. But it is neither fitting nor characteristic that we should keep our eyes always on some far away land of letters or should follow ever some great master, unmindful of the genuinely great things that are done in our midst.ffl

The world has had its last year of jubilee; it has taken its last vacation, and we are preeminently distinguished by our industrial life, declares the author, and "Essays on Work and Life" is the expression of a man who has studied closely his age, its needs, its disadvantages and has familiarized himself with the advantages and offers of the present age of commercialism. It is, therefore, a message to the world's toilers. Especially is this message strengthening and helpful to young men whose "lives are cast in an epoch of common work," and who perhaps have not found themselves in the din about them; who, perchance, have no heart for the great contest raging around them, who are at odds with life's offer to them, who feel that they have fallen upon an evil time, to whom common work and common life have no appeal, to this young man "Essays on Work and Life" will be as a balancing power, a guide book, and a lamp unto his feet. In reading these essays, one is struck with the symmetry of their teachings. There is nothing to indicate that the runner must fall breathless against the tape, or that one must with Titanic strength leap into success, but rather by a gradual growth within and without, every part of one's nature must be steadily developed until he shall come into the fullness of splendid living. "The ideal man is not

he who, in the conscious presence of the law or custom, fulfills its requirements, but he who fulfills them unconsciously, because they are written in his heart." Another noteworthy characteristic of this book is its broadness, the message is to all men and whatever station in life one may occupy, no matter how far spent the traveler may be, "Essays on Work and Life" will be as a guide book along the pathway to his ideal.

The book is written in a charming style. There is about it a naturalness that is not commonplace. The sentences are rhythmic with the choicest and most polished English, and there are many parts over which one lingers. There are many sentences, many thoughts that "we do not remember, but we cannot forget." Unconsciously they remain with us. From the chapter A Sermon in Stones we note this: "The fact still stands that the story of man consists not in 'footprints on the sands of time,' but handprints on the rock of ages." True to his assertion that labor is the price of attainment, the author declares that a "work of beauty or of power cannot come out of a sordid and indolent life," and that "men have always won through common work the power which was afterwards to blossom forth i nthe forms of loveliness that we call art"; and again, "If the people of America will continue with uprightness and purity of purpose their ways of common work, we may confidently predict for the nation a future rich in expression of the finest things in life. No people can work uprightly in any field without rising unconsciously to higher things." In the chapter on Liberty we have this representative sentence, "Life is a many-storied palace the chambers of which are more beautiful and sapcious as we ascend. One who is content with physical attainment spends his days in the basement of the palace and never knows the delight of the upper chambers. . . . This palace of life is an ancient palace. There are no elevators there. If we would reach the upper stories we must toil up the tedious stairway." In a valuable chapter on that essential to all life, Drudgery, the author declares that "No profession is so exalted as to be above common toil. No man is so great but his day's work partakes of drudg-

ery. Charcoal is of all substances most closely related to diamond. And drudgery is the twin sister of inspiration." On the dignity of work he says, "All work is God-given, and therefore has divine possibilities, and whatever shadow lies upon any kind of labor is a shadow cast by the laborer." The chapter on the Ideal closes with this splendid paragraph: "To-day's ideal will inevitably mould tomorrow's character, for character grows into the form outlived by the ideal. Every circle from which our ideal takes flight becomes an outpost of character." And in the chapter on Unconscious Attainment we have the following: "The learning of the college course will lead to education if followed aright. We climb upward not to get nearer to the stars, but to see more of earth." We could give many more sparkling sentences, but these few will suffice to show the originality and charm of the autohr's presentation of a thought. It is almost superfluous for us to say that every student's library should and will contain a marked copy of this book, but more than that, each student should send a copy home that his parents might better know what manner of men are striving to uplift their sons and what ideals that son is constantly catching sight of.

Speaking of "Essays on Work and Life," a gentleman recently said, "One of the great discoveries of the South Carolina Conference at its recent session was the discovery of this book." Already the Epworth League had discovered this book and far and wide throughout Southern Methodism this message will be recived. Any man whose life purpose glimmers uncertainly before his eyes, whose asperations have become weakened, whose soul doesn't vibrate to the call of common toil, will find strength, sympathy, inspiration and help in this little volume, and will be better and stronger and will have his horizon widened by reading this book. S.

An Incident of Life Among the Moonshiners.

That portion of the United States around the Blue Ridge Mountains that has long been a favorite rendezvous for a class of law-breakers and moral parasites known as illicit distillers, or, to put it in the common phraseology, "moonshners." It is with the southern part of this region, which is also known as the Carolina Highland, that our story has to do. The region in many places is particularly fitted for the running of illicit distilleries, or moonshining, as popularly called. Little streams trickle down the mountain side through dark, lonely ravines far removed from the prying eyes of the world and surrounded by square mile after square mile of dark, gloomy forest and rugged mountain side, where solitude reigns supreme and uninterrupted save by the echoes of the hunter's horn and the mellow music of the fox hound.

To such retreats the moonshiner resorts and often runs his distillery for months without being found out. Indeed, it is not considered a very healthy locality for government officials and those not in sympathy with the "moonshiners" in the forests around these distilleries. I remember that once while some friends and I, who had gone for a few days' outing to one of these moonshine regions, were fox hunting we came upon a well-beaten path running from the top of a ridge down into one of those ravines. It was clearly discernible by the moonlight, and I, knowing it to be a path that led down to a distillery, and not caring to be mistaken by the operators of the distillery for a revenue officer and given the reception of one, I persuaded my companions that the particular direction in which we were going was not one in which we would be likely to strike a fox. One who is accustomed to these moonshiners can always distinguish them, even in a crowd away from their native haunts; for as the result of a habit of continually slipping about through the forest and being continually on the lookout for the "revenues," they acquire the habit of going considerably stooped forward, and of glancing restlessly around them as though they were ready to flee at any moment.

In such a community and with such people, James Ledman cast his lot on coming to that section of country from Mississippi. He obtained employment from Jacob Philman, a prosperous farmer of the community. Now, Jacob and his brother Ike were men whose business called them away from home for a considerable portion of their time, and as James soon proved himself an efficient farm hand and skillful manager, Philman, whose business from home was very profitable, made him his chief manager. Ledman carefully saved his earnings and looked forward fondly to the day when he should be able to furnish a home comfortable and cozy, to which he could carry his intended bride, Lena Thompkins, whom he had wooed and won.

He was accustomed to walk over to the home of Lena, which was about three miles away, often at evening, after his day's duties were done. It was on one of these visits that Lena noticed a troubled expression on his face and an air of uneasiness about him which seemed portentious of impending trouble. She at first made no mention of this, but tried to cheer him up by leading him to talk of their future. He told her that b ythe coming fall he hoped to have their home completed if no bad luck should befall him, and spoke, with an effort at cheerfulness, of their anticipated happiness. But try as he might he could not dispel the gloom from his countenance and the foreboding from his heart. Lena seeing him apparently so troubled began begging him to tell her the cause of his despondency. At first he put her off by saying that it was only one of his spells of the "blues," but she persisted, and placing her arms lovingly about his neck, she begged him to withhold nothing from her. At last he said, "Dearest, you know Jacob and Ike Philman have been arrested for running an illicit distillery and are under bond to appear before the United States Court at G—. I have been summoned as a witness against them, and—well, there is something about it that troubles me. Lena tried to reassure him by telling him to do his duty as he saw it, leaving the result to Providence and feeling assured that all would be well with him because

he dared to stand for the right and the truth. He cheered up and they chatted pleasantly for the remainder of the evening until when James arose to take his leave Lena's parting was more affectionate, and she clung to him, saying, "James, what should I do if I were to lose you? Surely I couldn't live if you were to die. I wouldn't want to live." Little did she know how soon the sincerity of her last assertion was to be tested.

A few days after the above mentioned interview, James started again to Lena's home. It was an ideal early spring night. The stars were beginning to lose some of their winter's brilliance, the moon's pale, dim light was just sufficient to outline objects darkly. James was well acquainted with a path which led to Lena's home by a nearer route, and decided to take that, although it led over the roughest ground in that whole section of country. The place through which the path led is known as Hell's Hole, and well it deserves the name. A gloomy, almost uncrossable gorge traverses it throughout its whole length, and sheer rock cliffs rise to the height of fifty to one hundred feet almost perpendicular. The path which James took led along the top of one of these, but having traveled it many times he had no fear, but went on whistling, thinking of her who was waiting for him. Lena waited and waited until long after the time of his accustomed arrival and retired with a heavy heart, feeling like some great sorrow was about to descend upon her, but little dreaming how her fears were about to be realized.

A few days afterward a farmer lad on his way to a mill heard his dog barking at the foot of the precipice above which the path led, and thinking that the dog had found some wild animal down there, picked his way around the cliff to its foot and was horrified to find the mangled and almost unrecognizable body of James Ledman. An inquest was held, and the jury, who smelled strongly of the stillhouse, gave it as their verdict that "James Ledman came to his death by accidentally falling over the cliff in Hell's Hole."

There were those of the thoughtful, justice-loving citizens

who were not satisfied with the verdict, and a not well-defined suspicion hinted at foul play. In fact, some believed that there were those in the community who could fully explain the circumstances of his death, but even if that were true, no other human eye had witnessed the foul deed, and the trees and cliffs refused to reveal the secret. The United States Court convened, Jacob and Ike Philman stood their trial for illicit distilling, and there being no witness of importance against them, they were acquitted. They took their places again in the community, and the memory of James Ledman gradually faded from the minds of the settlers. Lena decided that life would be worth living with another suitor who now sued for her hand, and soon saw a family growing up around her.

Years afterward, Jacob Philman lay dying. His family and some friends were standing around his bedside, and he began to utter scarcely audible words, at first looking with wild, eager eyes straight ahead of him at the foot of his bed, while great beds of perspiration stood out on his face. Then pointing with one of his ghost-like fingers, he whispered with bated breath, "Yander he comes, Ike; let's be ready quickly—make sure! don't let him escape!" Then tossing his arms frantically and staring wildly around, he raised himself up, looked intently with glaring, murderous eyes over the side of the bed as over a precipice, and said in a low, tense voice, "There he lies at the bottom of the precipice, Ike; we are safe now." He then fell back upon his pillow a corpse, with the same ghastly stare in his sightless eyes.

J. R. Liles.

E. A. P.

Deep in my heart there is a great white room
  That none the world hath ever entered, for my soul
Keeps this room locked that in its deepest gloom
  It may go there when life's fierce billows roll
And beat upon it. Here thy classic, care-worn face
  Hangs in a golden frame and thou dost hear

My spirit's quivering groanings. Here in this silent place
  I speak the sadness of my heart when none art near.
For I have read the stormy struggle of thy life,
  I know the grandeur of thy music's wondrous charm,
Told in thy spirits wingbeats 'gainst the strife
  That bruised thy soul etherial till thy warm
Life was spent. Oh, Israfel, how I do love the light
  Sent through the darkness from thy spirit's lute,
Storm-tossed like thee the winds of the night
  That wrecked thy ship, blows mine afar. Thy voice, though mute
Still holds thy music-message that things beautiful shall last,
  And he alike who lives for them shall one day taste
The fullness of their joy when night is o'er. Oh, Poe, thou hast
  Meant more to me in music's fragrance, in life's waste
Or din, than thou canst ever know. Oh, splendid genius lost
  Through the world's blind folly. Perhaps a thousand years
Men shall lift up their heads and hear thy song—men storm-tossed,
  But loftier made, read o'er and o'er thy story through their tears.

J. M. ARIAIL.

Jim.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west on a hot, sultry day in August, two figures stood on the banks of Broad river, the one a boy about sixteen years of age, the other a girl of about fourteen years. They lived with widowed mother on the opposite bank of the river, and were her only means of support. Their mother was an invalid and at times was subject to fiights of insanity. One of the children always remained with her, for they thought it unsafe to leave her alone. But their provisions had given out, and they were compelled to cross the river in order to get supplies from the small country store. Jim, the son, had insisted on Nell remaining with her mother,

while he himself crossed the river and obtained the provisions. But their mother insisted that Nell should go with him, as she did not wish him to go alone. So, although she protested, Nell yielded to the wish of her mother and accompanied Jim on his journey. They got across the river in the morning without any event of importance happening. Now, having got their supplies for which they had gone, they were ready to recross the river. But that afternoon a heavy thunderstorm had come up, followed by a drenching downpour of rain, and now the river was very high and many logs were floating down. The children were debating whether to cross the river now or wait until the waters subsided.

"Nell, don't you think we had better try and get across right now?" asked Jim of his sister.

"Jim, let's wait a little while and see if the river won't go down," replied Nell. "You know logs are floating down now and it's mighty dangerous to try to cross."

"Yes, Nell, it is sorter risks; but then you know ma is all alone, and knowing it's rained, she'll be uneasy about us."

"But, Jim, the water will soon go down, as it was only a heavy shower; and besides, ma would rather be by herself than to know we were running any risks."

Nell was getting nervous and was speaking in excited tones.

"Sister Nell, we must cross. I'm afraid one of them spells might come on ma while we are away, and she might do some terrible deed, and then for the rest of our lives we would be sorry that we had not hurried back to her."

"Well, Jim, if you are determined to try, then the sooner we go the better it will be."

So they put the supplies into the batteau and began the return trip across the river. Jim rowed and pushed off the logs which were floatin down, and Nell with a stick assisted him in keeping the logs from striking the boat. All went well until they were in midstream, when a big log bore down upon the craft and overturned it. Then began the struggle for life. Jim, as soon as he could reach his sister struggling in the water, caught her with one hand and began heroic efforts to

reach the bank. But he had a burden heavier than he had ever had before; and his sister was about to pull him under the water. So he was compelled to stranlge her to unconsciousness, in order that he might be able to hold her and at the same time swim. On and on he bravely struggled, and on and on he was carried down stream by the rapid pace of the waters. But he bravely struggled on. He realized that he could not land on the bank, even if he reached it, for it was very steep, and there was nothing to which he could hold. Sometimes a log would come down and submerge them. But Jim struggled on with his burden. Perhaps he had floated about a mile when he saw that the banks were not so high and steep as those he had been passing. Even now, however, he could not land on the banks, for they were too steep. He feared his sister would strangle to death, and he also began to feel his strength giving away. He also knew they were fast approaching the falls.

"What can I do?" he screamed in desperation. "We are lost if we get into the rapids above the falls. I must do something."

On and on he struggled; and still he was being swiftly carried on. But he saw no hope, for the banks were yet too steep, and besides, he doubted whether he could reach the bank.

Now he heard the roar of the falls. Something must be done. He saw one ray of hope—he must reach the bank; he would reach it. So he began a desperate struggle toward the bank. He was determined to reach the bank or lose his life in the effort. Besides, what would his mother do if he and his sister perished? This thought pushed him to desperation.

Nearer and nearer the shore he comes, and nearer and nearer he approached the falls. But he was determined. Now he was almost to the bank, but the falls were only fifty yards distant. His strength was almost exhausted. One more effort and they would be saved! He made the effort and Nell was safely landed on the bank. But what of Jim? His strength was gone and he could struggle no longer. He made one final

effort to catch a limb; but he was too weak. He was caught in the swift rapids and carried over the falls.

* * * * * * * * *

There i sone widow mourning in a lonely and humble cottage for her beloved and faithful son. But the name of another hero has been added to the pages of the world's history.

ROY WEBSTER.

Our Naturalistic Monopoly.

There can hardly be found any monopoly in our country, naturalistic or otherwise, upon which so many different industries depend and upon which the wheels of commerce turn as the great naturalistic monopoly of the South. The very heart of Wall street beats in perfect unison with the white fields of the South; and as Nature opens her hand and gives forth this great offering as the South's portion to the world of commerce, the nations of the earth look with amazement on this great monopoly.

The growin gof cotton has been for so long a time confined to the Southern States that it has never occurred to most of our people that it is possible to produce this staple anywhere except in these few States. This lack of foresight into the possibilities of other climes is a great danger which at present faces the farmers of this day, who depend so entirely upon the cotton crop for their maintenance.

We live continually in sight of a deficiency of this staple. It is one without which the entire world would be in dire need, and a shortage in this product would effect the entire world of commerce. Many dangers to it during its cultivation places it in a position of uncertainty and causes other nations to attempt its cultivation.

It is in this attempt to take from the South this great monopoly and to raise the product at an equal or lower price that the greatest danger that has faced the farmer in many years lies. And it is not one to be overlooked or ignored, but one which must be considered, and one which will affect the price of the

product to a certain extent. It will hold the price under a certain limit or reduce the amount of cotton which is shipped from our ports each year.

If the other nations find that it is possible for them to grow this plant and produce the commodity at either an equal or lower price, the demand which is in the market for cotton will guarantee the effort. And this is what we are seeing done today in Indian, Africa, Mexico, Cuba, and especially in the European countries. Nor have they been unsuccessful in this attempt. Each year sees more and more grown, and each year the knowledge of the preceding year is being augmented and the result is the increase of the cro pin foreign parts.

There is no danger to us in this attempt if our people do not try to get a higher price for this product than is right both to themselves and to the consumer. They must not expect a higher price than the commodity is worth, for if they attempt to demand this they will fail in the attempt, for other countries can gorw cotton. But they can demand a "fair price." This is the price that they should ask, and no more. For they can stand behind this value, and no country can compete with them in the growth of cotton; but when they ask for a price out of reach of the consumer they lose not only the price but place themselves in a position of danger.

When we look upon the act of some of our people who have shown their tempers more than their judgment, such as burning bale after bale of the yearly crop, we cannot help but feel disgusted at their folly. Little can be effected by this movement

Then it is this price which gives the consumer the value which is due and at the same time gives the producer the necessary profit for success, that the farmers must ask.

JNO. C. CANDLER.

Why the Young Man of Today Should Have an Education.

Every since that hopeless day in the Garden of Eden man has been seeking wisdom. We come on up to 500 A. D. and we find men who have plucked out one eye in order to obtain knowledge by drinking from the fountain of wisdom. We hear the cry from India, give us knowledge; yea, yea, we hear the call from Masadonia, Come and bring us knowledge. Then the question comes to the young man of today who has every opportunity, What are you doing in order to obtain this knowledge? For education is the most popular sentiment of modern times. The cry has gone forth that man shall sit no longer in ignorance, and the schoolhouse has become an institution in this land. The places of trust and responsibility are being filled by educated men.

There are certain intellectual qualities which a man must possess to rise high among his fellows. One of these is a calm, clear judgment, undisturbed in adversity, triumphant always. It was this that made Robert E. Lee so grand a foe in that disastrous campaign. Education increases a man's capacity to labor. It gives him a stronger hold upon his faculties. It enlarges the mind for business enterprise. "It fortifies judgment and gives tone to all the graces of character." The man who is educated has the advantage always. A person cannot live in ignorance without contracting a dull and sordid habit of mind. He will soon crave any pleasure, however brutal, to escape from his stupidity and emptiness. Well has it been said that this is the cause of ruin to countless young men and women. Not trained to read, with no intellectual tastes, with brain-emptiness and brain hunger, they rush off to the theatre, the dens of vice, anywhere, to fill up those dreary hours.

The word Education is, indeed, a leading forth of the powers and faculties with which a man is endowed. A good education prepares a person to live worthily, and not merely to get on in the owrld. "It seeks physical excellence, which we call good

health; it seeks intelelctual perfection, which we call wisdom; it seeks moral completeness, which we call virtue." It enables one to think clearly, judge impartially, and speak forcibly. To educate the mind, the student must think for himself, judge for himself, reason for himself. In the pressing demands of business life, "the formulas, rules and symbols may be forgotten. But that close wrought intellectual fiber, spun in the heat of study, woven in the loom of the classroom, can never be broken, and the man is a better man, a better financier."

The present age is intensely progressive and practical. We enter upon gigantic schemes, work with unsparing energy, accomplish large results and pass off the stage of action like the vanishing of a meteor, to make room for breathless workers pressing close upon our heels. And so the rising scenes of life follow each other in mad haste and our lives are lived at fever heat, with no leisure, no rest, no enjoyments but those that are found at work.

The question has been asked, must we educate John the lawyer, and do nothing for John the man? It has been well answered by some great man in this way: Whatever contributes to the improvement and enargment of the man makes him a better worker, a more efficient man; hence it is useful. That course of training which lays a strong foundation for character, which elevates the man morally and intellectually, must always be regarded in the light of a true and wise education. The successful man must possess sound moral principle. He must be master of himself and all his powers and resources. He must be well-grounded in an integrity which scorns a dishonest deed. These traits are essential qualities.

The utility of professional culture has now passed beyond doubt. People are no longer willing to trust these great issues to crack-brained enthusiasts, who try to make up in noise what they lack in power. The standard of professional culture is being raised higher and higher, and the difficulties of entering a profession grows greater and greater with each advancing year. It is strange that we as young men cannot learn one valuable lesson, that position and pay lie open to the man who

will fit himself thoroughly to take a responsible place and fill it with credit and honor. Employers, offices, places, high honors, are waiting for men of character and men of brains to fill them.

Doctors hold the keys of life and death in their hands, and they have no right to imperil health through incapacity. They arei ntrusted with the most preicous interests of mankind, and it is a crime for them not to know the best treatment and the best remedies to be applies to the sick under their care. They need a long and profound professional education. Not only doctors, but all professional men of life. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, the chemist, like every other man, needs, as a basis from which to start, a sound collegiate education. A man who has hardened his muscles in the gymnasium or upon the ball field could do a better day's work at the carpenter's bench or the blacksmith's forge than one whose arms were weak from lack of exericse. So, too, can a man who has been thoroughly trained in the learning of a trade or profession.

The way of knowledge has been well said by Keats: "I know nothing, I have read nothing; and I mean to follow Solomon's directions: 'Get learning, get understanding.' There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it."

In education there is success, and in success there is happiness. When the celebrated American citizen stood upon the steps of the Capitol at Washington, in the presence of 25,000 people, and took the oath to maintain and preserve the constitution, and then turned to his aged mother and wife and kissed them, no doubt there was more happiness in the triumph of that success than in a whole life of busy and eventful years besides.

But success can be measured by a false standard; for there was a tim ien the life of Napoleon when his fame was unexampled in the history of mankind. Yet Napoleon's hope was broken; his hard-fought camapign had come to naught. He had estimated success by a false standard. So the young man of today should obtain success by the right standard, "for well has it been said it is better to be unknown than dishonored."

B. F CROUCH, '06.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

The New Year.

Once more the students of Wofford have assembled to resume their studies. To each and every one the staff wishes a merry, happy, and profitable year—a year which will bring to them much good and also a large amount of pleasure.

We know that it is a hard matter to settle down to study after two weeks of pleasure, but we believe the students of this institution have returned with a desire to do better work and make the year 1905 one of the most beneficial of their lives.

Let each of us take new interest in our work and resolve to do only the best which we are capable of. If we do this we may hope for good results—and by this means only may we hope to be contented.

The Fall of Port Arthur.

Many believed that with the fall of Port Arthur the Russo-Japanese war would end. At last the fort has been captured by the persistent struggle of the Jap., but it is very questionable as to whether or not this will end the war. The Russians seem determined to hold out as long as possible, and it is certain that they will not surrender so long as there is hope.

What effect the fall of this famous stronghold will have upon the course of the war is not known. It is to be hoped that the war will soon terminate, for Russian supremacy in the east may lead to untold difficulties. The world waits with bated breath to see the result of the capture of Port Arthur. One lesson may be drawn from the picture presented to us within the Port after the fall. The Russian officers, worn out and famished, clinging to their posts of duty, which they had promised the Czar never to surrender, is one of the finest examples of heroic courage and patriotism presented in history. Most notable among these officials was General Stroessel, who, wounded and starving, refused to surrender until compelled to do so by his subordinate officers, who foresaw that it was only a question of time until the famous old fortress must pass into the hands of the enemy. We think there is no more remarkable instance of sacrifice and patriotism recorded in history than was displayed by these suffering and dying subjects of the Czar of Russia.

While all wish the success of the plucky little Japanese, we must admire and respect the fidelity and courage of the Russian.

♣

Crime in South Carolina.

It is appalling to observe in the daily newspapers the effects of a "merry Christmas." Every paper we pick up records one or more horrible crimes which have taken place in the community in which the paper is published.

It is a sad thought to a South Carolinian, who loves his State, to know that the historic old Palmetto State, although

one of the smallest in the Union, is one of the leaders in crime. Cannot something be done to remedy this condition?

So long as the people of the State endure this condition without a protest it is certain that it will continue. A good move has been made in the organization of the State Law, Order and Temperance League. This league proposes to create a strong public sentiment against crime in general. We hope that it will be successful, and at the same time we may add that some effectual results have been accomplished by the work of this organization. But it is yet too young to accomplish a great deal.

Until public sentiment is strongly opposed to all acts of lawlessness we may not hope to see conditions in this respect much improved. Every good citizen should throw his influence back of any movement whose object is to reduce crime. It is certain that the grand old Palmetto State bears no enviable reputation as a law-abiding people.

We have furnished great soldiers, great statesmen, silver-tongued orators and consecrated, God-fearing men in times past. Why not bear also an enviable reputation as a sober, law-abiding and God-fearing people in the twentieth century?

✤

Local Option.

Last Saturday night at 8 o'clock Charlotte, N. C., became a prohibition town. It is very questionable whether or not prohibition in a single town is very effective,—so the effect of the prohibition laws in Charlotte will have to be tested.

Of course we believe that prohibition in a State tends to reduce drinking and crime to a minimum. No law prohibits entirely, but this would be no reason for removing the law from the statute books. It has been proven, to our mind, beyond doubt, that prohibitory law is the best solution of the liquor problem. We think the experience of the State of Maine on this question will afford ample proof of the statement that prohibition laws can be made effective in a State. The people are better off financially, morally and in every respect under the prohibitory than under the bar system. And then again,

whether prohibition prohibits or not, the individual who votes for it has performed his moral duty, and if some depraved individual sees fit to import whiskey into the State or town, it is his fault—and his alone.

But to return to the original proposition of prohibition in one town—it is doubtful as to the effect. Instances may be cited in South Carolina of bar-rooms which have never been closed. The dispensary system was put in force and constables employed—but today, in one city, if not more, there are bars which have never been closed, and in this city it is a matter of impossibility to get a jury to convict a man on the charge of violating the dispensary laws.

Charlotte may be better—and we hope so. But so long as the old set of drinkers and drunkards live and liquor can be had by stepping just outside the incorporate limits of the city we cannot hope to see a serious reformation.

A drinker will go a long distance for a drink—and it is evident that when it may be had almost at his door that he will not lessen the amount consumed on account of a prohibitory law which extends no farther than the city limits.

✤

Mrs. Chadwick.

The wholesale robbery of banks by Mrs. Chadwick has been a question of much interest for the past few weeks.

The power of a pretty woman over man is clearly understood—but how a woman who has no beauty or attractiveness whatever could succeed in embezzling the bankers—shrewd as they are reputed to be—out of so many millions is beyond our comprehension. Probably it is on account of the enormous sums for which she asked. It is probable that if she had asked a loan of fifty cents she would have been refused. But when she demanded millions she received them.

The power of woman over man seems to be beyond the comprehension of many.

The strangest part of the whole proceeding is that no one seems to know what has become of the enormous sums which

she has succeeded in pulling from the cool, shrewd, calculating bankers.

✤

The Cotton Crop.

The proposition by a number of Georgia farmers to burn a percentage of the cotton crop in order to get rid of the surplus crop and raise the price serves to bring out one lesson —that is, that there is too much cotton being raised. This should cause the farmers to reduce cotton acreage and plant food products and raise cotton only as a surplus. So long as there is more than enough of the staple to supply the demand the price is going to be low and the farmer will suffer. No doubt some day the farmer will learn the same lesson which was taught the Southern farmer at the close of the civil war, by hard experience—that it pays to raise your own food products and cultivate cotton merely as a surplus. When this is done the Southern farmer will receive a good price for his product.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

The two leading articles in the December number of *The Mercerian* are "Washington Irving, Gentleman," and "A Child of the Goths," both of which are very praiseworthy articles. The former is a masterly treatment of a common subject, explaining Irving's position in litertaure and his true worth as an American gentleman, and showing wherein Irving was a beginner of American literature, but not a prophet, and in no sense gave shape or direction to literature. The latter presents a real Gothic conception. The author describes to us a true Goth, and makes us feel the Gothicism of his nature and his surroundings. "Gamelyn and the Princess' is a rather weak little story. Evidently the author had been reading extensively Tennyson's Idyls. The reminiscence of school-days is very commonplace in its nature, and filled with commonplace experiences. But this would have been all well and good had it not been treated in a commonplace manner. "A Seasonable Confab" is a real neat and catchy little article for the Christmas number. "A Matter of Pride" is a rather second-hand plot, but treated with some originality giving it an individual value. The poetry of *The Mercerian* is above the average. All the poems are characterized by a single poetic idea, toward which the whole is directed. The best is the "Vulture," which is truly a piece of poetry. "To Master Henry Fielding" is another true poetic conception. "The Unity of Nature" is poetic in sentiment, but would have been more effective with more unity of construction. "Clime-Changes" is another poem worthy of note.

We can say, simply as a compliment to the magazine, that the *Emory Phoenix* is one of the most truly literary exchanges that comes to our table. Far above the majority of college

journal stories is the crowning article in the Christmas number, "Genette." This is a story of real life with a true and valuable moral. The author has an insight into human life and its tragedies which will enable him to become a writer of note if he will apply himself. An Indian story by the same author is a mark of genius, but is not characterized by the masterfulness of construction in "Genette." A continued story is an example which we hope to see followed by more magazines, especially if the magazine has a contributor with as much originality and humor as the author of "The Big Bend." The description of Y. M. C. A. service at the Waynesville Conference is an interesting piece of description, but with no very special literary value. "One Way" is the only weak article in the magazine. It is an attempt at comic effect, but the result is pointless and humorless. "If It Had Only Been" is a story with a splendid theme well handled, but slightly deficient in construction. Practice will develop the author into a good story writer. "The Old Hermit" is an attempt at the unnatural, but with too little unnaturalness. "The Two Extremes" is a poem, a touch of real literature. The usual poetic laughing brook and mighty oak are used, but in an unusual manner. It is not a song of the stream and tree, but has its bearing on human life, using stream and tree only for their analogy in lives of men. "Christ is Born" is poetic only in sublimity of subject and in metre.

The *College of Charleston Magazine* for November comes to us with neatly arranged and well attended departments. Contributions are scarcely what they should be—one essay and two stories with not even an attempt at poetry. No college magazine is complete without at least one poem of the kind that college students write. The three contributions are rather long, making the magazine not an altogether unworthy organ for a small college. "The Home-Coming of Cyrus Lawton" is a rather aimless story. The author seems to have had several morals in mind, but never could decide exactly what he meant for his story to teach. With little more directness and

positiveness, the story might have been truly literary. By attention to these points the author may add much to his art. The other story is a ghost story. The weaving of the story is really ingenuous, but the author *wove* himself into a position from which he was not able to free himself easily. The unraveling of the ghost mystery is by no means satisfactory, and is far inferior to the complication of the plot. The essay is an explanation of the value of love in life as shown in Shakespeare's plays. Only one play is without lovers, and that a minor play. Shakespeare, by use of lovers in his plays, shows the relation of love to life and human activity.

CLIPPINGS.

ALL THE WHILES.

The Freshman rides a trolley car,
  The Sophomore rides a sail,
The Junior rides a saw-buck,
  The Senior rides a rail—
road palace sleeper. The Senior rides rite, he does.

The Freshman dines on Egg-o-See,
  The Sophomore eats corn-bread,
The Junior feasts on devil cake,
  The Senior shakes his head
when they go to passin' any cheap fodder on him.

The Freshman drinks his red, red wine,
  The Sophomore water clear,
The Junior calls for butter-milk,
  The Senior calls for Behr-
ing Sea water, guaranteed to reduce fat or increase height in thirty days. Send stamp for trial bottle.

The Freshman plays the big brass drum,
  The Sophomore plays his money,

The Junior plays the monte bank,
The Senior gets funny

and plays out after the touchdown with four balls in his pocket and two spotted.

The Freshman works on the cellar floor,
The Sophomore on the steeple,
The Junior works for board and keep,
The Senior works the people

for what there is on the ground, and trusts a highball for what's in the air.

The Freshman loves the smooth-haired girl,
The Sophomore the curly head,
The Junior pines for the blue-eyed blonde,
The Senior's girl's hair is (r—)

auburn, tied with a green ribbon, charged with sunlight, reflecting all the joys of a world's autumn.

Persmimons, acting candidate Class Poet, flock of naughty five, in *Lombard Review.*

PARENTHETICAL REMARKS.

A well known Indiana man
One dark night last week
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was

Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

—*Ex.*

The Faculty abhors football;
They don't beileve in dice;
They're very much opposed to drinks
And everything that's nice.

Now we can stand some Logic,
And mechanics for a spell—
If this is all and nothing more,
We'd rather be in—Oh! well.
But we'll stay till Christmas, anyhow.

—*Ex.*

WILT THOU?

Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
For better or for worse;
To have, to hold, to fondly guard,
Till hauled off in a hearse?
Wilt thou let her have her way,
Consult her many wishes;
Make the fire every day
And help her wash the dishes?
Wilt thou comfort and support
Her father and her mother,
Aunt Jemima and Uncle John,
Three sister and a brother?
And his face grew pale and blank!
It was too late to jilt!

As through the chapel floor he sank
He faintly said, *I wilt.*

—*Ex.*

Patient (in hospital and about to be operated on for appendicities)—Doctor, I wish to have my pastor present at the operation, if you have no objections.

Doctor—I see, and I appreciate your position; you wish to be opened with prayer.—*Ex.*

In this world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero—get a wife.

—"A Leap Year Plea," in *Peabody Record.*

What is a kiss? Several definitions are available, given by persons concerned:

The Banker—A promissory note, secured by a lien.
The Jeweler—An engagement ring.
The Clergyman—A touching illustration.
Merchant—An assignment, with preferred creditors.
The College Boy—A soft snap.
The Co-Ed.—An encore.
Tennis Player—A love game.
Baseball Man—A game in which nobody fans.
Football Player—A touchdown through the right tacle.—*Ex.*

Dog meat is worth twenty-five copecks per pound in Japan. Dog-gone high, ain't it?—*Ex.*

Of all hard work under the sun,
The hardest that I have ever done,
Is trying to make a little fun,
And writing jokes when I don't know one.

—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

—*Tennyson.*

THEOLOGY.

Wesley Eidson Barr graduated in '73. Taught school and farmed until '87, when he joined the South Carolina Conference.

Edward Earle Bomar graduated '79, took A. M. '81, D. D. degree from Furman University, attended University of Virginia '79-'80, admitted to bar in '88, graduated from Baptist Theological Seminary. He is now a Baptist minister at Richmond, Va.

Marcus Lee Carlisle graduated '83. Took Greek medal. Received D. D degree from this college. He served on most prominent stations in South Carolina Conference, viz: Central Methodist Church, Spartanburg; Washington Street Church, Columbia; at present pastor in charge of Bethel Church, Charleston. President of board of missions of South Carolina Conference. One of the most popular preachers in South Carolina for special occasions.

TEACHING.

Lawson Bedford Haynes graduated '72. He is now president of Leesville College, Leesville, S. C.

A. G. Rembert graduated in '84. Afterwards took A. M. degree. He continued his studies at the University of Chicago, and did excellent work. His first experience in teaching was at Laurenburg, N. C., where he remained for two years. Taught in Marion county, S. C., '86-'87. In '87 was made headmaster of Wofford College Fitting School, where he remained ten years; '94 was elected professor of Greek in Wof-

ford College, which position he still hols. The training he has given to his students has been thorough and high class. His reputation as a teacher has made him much in demand in the State summer schools and normal training classes. Also secretary of the Association of Colleges of South Carolina. Was chancellor commander of Pythians of this city. He represents Wofford College in South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

Joseph Marion Rogers graduated in '87. Took A. M. degree in '91. Joined South Carolina Conference in '89 and served circuits and stations. Was elected professor Latin and English at Columbia Female College in '90 and remained there until '92. Reentered the ministry and is still preaching.

Charles Forster Smith graduated in '72. Received A. M. from this college; attended Harvard '74; in '74-'75 he studied at Leipsig and Berlin Universities; received Ph. D. at Leipsig '81; professor of classics and German Wofford '78-'79; assistant professor Latin and Greek Williams College, Mass., '81-'82; professor modern languages, Vanderbilt University, '82-'83, and then made professor of Greek '83-'94; professor of Greek and classical philology University of Wisconsin 1894; editor Thucydides and Xenophon's Anabasis; translator Hertzberg's Geschichte Griechenlands; contributor to philology journals and literary reviews on Classical Philology, on Modern Literature and Educational Topics. He delivered a very high class literary address before the societies here last commencement. Has traveled extensively in Europe.

MEDICINE.

Joseph Tally Hogan graduated '70. He afterwards entered University of Maryland, where he received his M. D. in '85. He is at present practicing medicine at Batesburg, S. C.

LAW AND POLITICS.

Horace Leland Bomar graduated '94. President Calhoun Society, studied law for a year and admitted to bar in '95. He afterwards became a member of the firm of Simpson & Bomar, of this city, was elected to Legislature in '02 by the largest vote received by any member of that Legislature, and

probably the largest vote ever cast for any member of the lower house; United States commissioner in bankruptcy; a prominent official member First Baptist Church here; also a prominent young lawyer.

Ilderton Wesley Bowman graduated '79. Was a member Legislature '94, '95; also a member Constitutional Convention; was admitted to bar in '02; practicing law in Orangeburg at present.

Howard Bobo Carlisle graduated '85. Entered law department of Vanderbilt; graduated '87 with first honors; also took Founders' Medal. Was master in equity Spartanburg county '89-'93, being one of the youngest masters, if not the youngest, in the United States. He is one of the most prominent real estate lawyers in the up-country. A member of the firm of Carlisle & Carlisle, of this city. An efficient official member of Central Methodist Church. Chairman of Democracy in this city. Was a prominent baseball player in college and university.

Jas. Alfred Chapman graduated '83. Entered Harvard University, from which he graduated '86 with LL. B. Practiced law in New York for years. Returned to Spartanburg 1900. He is now president and treasurer of Inman Cotton Mill.

William Stuart Hall, Jr., graduated '91. Took A. M. degree in '95. Taught school for a number of years and studied law Was admitted to bar in '98. At present he is practicing law at at Gaffney, S. C.

William Thornwell Haynes graduated '93. First Sophomore to win Preston Society medal for best essay. Was business manager for College Journal; post graduate student at Vanderbilt; professor English literature at Leesville College. He is now American consul to Rouen, France.

Daniel Oscar Herbert graduated '78 with first honors. Took A. M. '79; graduated in law at Vanderbilt University '81; admitted to bar '82; was attorney for People's Bank of Orangeburg, of which he is now president; was a member house of legislature; was captain Co. C, Second S. C. Volunteers in Spanish-American War; most efficient and respected officer

in regiment; at close of war was made colonel of said regiment. He is now a member of House of Representatives; also a member of law firm of Glaze & Herbert, Orangeburg, S. C.

MERCANTILE AND BANKING.

Jas. King Stringfield Ray graduated '91. Afterwards took A. M. degree. Took special course at Johns Hopkins Univeersity. Was bookkeeper Spartanburg Savings Bank; later cashier Central National Bank here. He is now cashier First National Bank and Secretary and treasurer of Glenn-Lowry Manufcturing Company, Whitmire, S. C.

Julian Carlisle Rogers graduated '98. Vice-president Bishopville Insurance Agency and president Bishopville Library Association, and cashier People's Bank at Bishopville, S. C.

MERCANTILE.

James Fleming Brown graduated '76. Was superintendent graded school at Johnston, S. C.; first superintendent of Newberry Graded School; professor of mathematics in Columbia Female College for two years; elected to chair of mathematics in Converse College, also secretary and treasurer of same, for which position he was eminently fitted by careful business habits. He is now in the wholesale business of Fielder & Brown, of this city. For years he has been an efficient secretary of Wofford Alumni Association. He is one of the most enthusiastic of the alumni.

WAR.

Joseph Benson Humbert graduated in '59, served in Confederate Army for awhile as second lieutenant, was promoted to first; was elected to Legislature in '76. He is one of the leading farmers in the State.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

The Christmas holidays are over, and we have returned to resume the work of the new year. Many of us doubtless have taken those good resolutions from the shelf and brushed the dust off of them. May they not be laid away to be covered with dust again, but let us strive to keep them bright with use.

That student must be indeed a thoughtless one who, after having renewed for a few days the pleasant associations of home and friends, does not enter into his work with new determinations to prove himself equal to their expectations.

* * *

The general report from the boys is a pleasant time spent with their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—and other boys' sisters too.

In the past Wofford has sent out men who have been eminently successful in different vocations, but it has been left to the class of '05 to furnish the first who should gain notoriety as an actor. During the holidays Mr. Buckswamp (W. H.) Smith won for himself quite a reputation by acting the part of John Alden in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It was not our pleasure to enjoy the presentation, but judging from the general bearing of Buckswamp we imagine the part of John Alden was acted in a graceful and charming manner. If Mr. Smith lives long enough, doubtless the whole world will appreciate him as an actor.

* * *

Several new students have enrolled since the holidays.

* * *

The following was written to a young lady at Columbia College by a Wofford Freshman. Let it speak for itself:

TO ONE DIVINE.

And do you bid me not to speak
  To you of all that's dear to me,
Of life, of love, and happiness,
  And things of life which are to be?
Ah, would you ask me silence keep,
  And not to tell you of my love,
Which yearns for you, and you alone,
  Who art next to him above?

How like the tender dove you are;
  So timid, so beautiful and fair.
Shall I love you from afar
  Or come and love you there?
It is my heart that speaks to you
  And pleads—oh! listen to its plea
For life, and love which you alone
  Can give to comfort it and me.

Deny me not, I beg of you ,
  But come and live with me,
And be my queen and rule my heart,
  Which beats for thee, alone for thee.
The earth may cease to go around,
  Nations may rise and empires fall,
The sun and moon may cease to shine,
  But still I'll love you best of all.

Deny me not—oh! do not stab
  The heart that loves you most, but give
The word that means so much to me,
  Say that you love me—bid me live.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

Once again have we been permitted to enter those homes which we had left to begin our college course. Just the name home fills every fiber of the student's soul, and brings back the fondest memories, brings up the most pleasing images, and awakens the deepest emotions, and opens up in our nature the purest, deepest, and richest gush of earnest thought and feeling. Home is the capital of our affections. It is the inspiration of the best efforts of our lives. In everything noble which we undertake, we are conscious of a desire to make joyful the inmates of our homes.

As children we looked upon our home as our world—we knew no other. Home was the place where we poured out our complaints, and had them righted and our broken spirits soothed. And how sad when, for the first time, we broke away from our homes, and began life with no exer-present healer and restorer, as home had been. Every man has felt sad as he thought that for the last time he was a dependent person, with no care for outside influences, since he had home as a safeguard.

How serious is the matter of a young man leaving home for the first time. There are many men who have left home, fully realizing the seriousness of it, and their obligation to keep up the respectable name of their parents. They have begun work with the determination to succeed, and to make a clean record, thus proving a joy rather than a sorrow, a blessing rather than a disgrace to the parents who are sacrificing for them. They have appreciated the opportunity for preparing themselves to make men, and are putting forth their best efforts. They left home with a clean and pure record, and a clear conscience, and when they returned home for the holidays,

they could look their parents in the face and truthfully say, I am the same innocent, upright boy which you sent away.

But on the other hand there have been not a few men who left their homes without realizing just what they were doing. They looked at things in the wrong light. They set up for themselves no standard of life, and instead of fortifying themselves against temptations, they put themselves in a receptive state of mind. They did not consider the sacredness of the great privilege which is theirs, nor did they consider the preciousness of their family name and reputation. They immediately plunged into bad company, not realizing that this is the easiest and surest road to destruction. They have gone from bad to worse, and not only was their college work neglected, but their character, reputation, and life have been blighted. Instead of going to the home of their childhood as pure and innocent as whent hey left, they go as low, degraded men, and unable to face their father with a clear countenance. And not only have new men made mistakes, but every man in college sees now just wherein he was not what he should have been, and sees opportunities past for doing good.

But as we begin a new year's work, as we leave behind us a quarter of work well rounded, and see just what mistakes we've made, and wherein we can improve, every man should begin with renewed zeal and determination. Man has been made weak and prone to fall, but he has been supplied with abundant opportunity to mend the errors of the past. How thankful should every man be to know that we have not been cut off before we have had an opportunity to improve, and that our college course is not yet near completion, but that yet we can redeem ourselves by accomplishing something.

Every man as he begins the work of the new year should consider what his plans shall be, what motives shall prompt him in making improvements over the past, and why he should do the best work possible. He should seriously think upon just what his remaining college days should consist. Whether he shall simply take part in the regular course of study prescribed, or whether he shall ally himself with every phase of

college life, and especially with that phase of college life which has as its object the upifting and betterment of student life.

He should also remember that in coming to college, and acquiring an education, that he is doing for himself the highest work possible. Everything in the world is the product of thought. Nature, every form of life, shows forth the greatness of the mind which fashioned it. And since mankind has been entrusted with a portion of the supreme mind, it is a privilege to have the opportunity of cultivating it, and fashioning it according to the divine plan. And again, educaton fits us to become independent men in any sphere of life. The educated man is generally the successful man. Education really means, says Daniel Webster, "the feelings are disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all conditions."

And as we begin the work of the new year, we should not only resolve to make our work a success, but we should at once strive to put ourselves, by the help of God, upon the Christian plane of living. Our lives should not only be satisfactory to those over us, but to ourselves as well. No man who is living a careless, reckless life is satisfied with himself. We should change our method of life, therefore, for our own sakes. And during the next five months of this collegiate year, let us every one resolve that our lives shall count for something, in the way of benefiting our fellows. There is nothing greater than doing good. As we start things anew, first of all, let us strive for a good heart, full of love to our fellow man, and always filled with a burning desire to make some other life brighter, to bring light to a darkened soul, and to encourage some despairing heart. And the remainder of this year will be the most pleasant and helpful days of our life.

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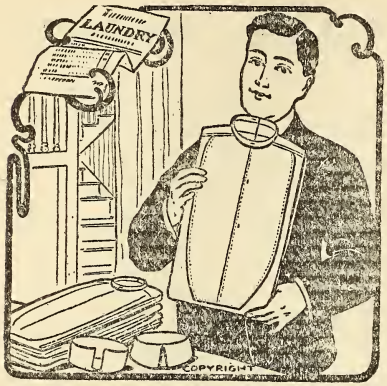

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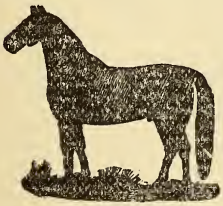

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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The Grand Epic at its Height.

Ancient Greece and Rome early cast seeds of fame; the one blossomed into grandeur, the other bore the fruits of glory. From their springing forth till now, abiding influences have have entered the currents of human life, in science, laws, customs, and the arts; but with which we are concerned at present, to them we are debtors for our first classic models in literature. Roman literature derived much from the excellent productions of antique Hellas, however, the two together laid the foundation of European literary achievements. Indeed, so masterly and magnificent are their models in art that we have been unable to duplicate their masterpieces, and even at the hands of the skilled artist Goethe, they are at a loss when added to. "The literature of a people should be record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul," says Lowell. Moreover, a literature like a weapon represents the progress of man in that age. Then it is easy to understand the peculiar nature of the ancient classics, when we perceive the different characteristics of the primitive ages and modern times. In the stone age, when civilization was in its infancy, there was hardly a limit to one's imagination. Astronomy and geography were little known. Human ingenuity as yet had not invented the telescope, to spy out the heavenly bodies with; no mighty steamers, with compasses, sailed the undiscovered sea. These triumphs of man over nature, and the lessening of the sphere of the infinite, were for the scientific minds of the far distant future to bring to pass.

The Grecian polytheists entertained the opinion that Mount Olympus was the fountain-head from whence sprang the my-

thological gods, and, on a lofty peak stood an imagined giant with the sky suspended upon his head. To them, the sea, which was called "the tear of Saturn," was full of pit-falls, such as Scyela and Charybdis, and hideous serpents like the Gorgans roamed masters. They possessed still more vague ideas as to the universe. The earth was thought to be the largest orb, resting on huge pillars, and these on enormous animals; the firmament, awe-inspiring in beauty, was thought to move around the earth, which man inhabited solely for his delight and adoration. The mysterious ethereal sphere held concealed their beloved gods, to whom they often appealed. It was a beautiful idea to have three classes of deities—"the Celestial, the Marine, and the Infernal"—to rule the different phases of life. Nor was all this the result of unbridled imagination, but founded on bits of experience, and governed by a desire and purpose. These mythical gods were "glorified men and women, human in love, hate and beauty." Only the mind of a genius could have spun such noble and beautiful ideas, and pictured such perfect images. It took nothing short of a divine Saviour to make their fictitious theology fade from use. Yet, as a thing of beauty, it will be with us always. For our imaginations to soar to such heights in the boundless unreal, and create such images, is impossible; and the like when presented to us, serve illogical absurdities, but to the ancient Grecian it was his sincere religion. Indeed, they could not help but realize the existence of a supreme power overruling all, and these mythological divinities were the most exalted and powerful beings that could be conceived of by the mind of man.

Lord Macaulay has said: "Nations like individuals first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical. The poet is the only true man, and the philosopher compared with him is but a caricature." "The imagination of a race, like that of a child, is greatest in its infancy," therefore, as science and civilization advance, the imagination and per-

ceptive qualities decline. Now, it was at the beginning of this primitive age, when nature reigned supreme, that Homer, the best representer of the noblest spirit of ancient barbarism, came forth. It was he "who touched the immortal chords of human life in the twilight of the world," and it is in his poetic works, which reflect the distinctive qualities of that perod so comprehensively, that we have the best example of the nature of the first brilliant Hellenis epic. ,

"Literature, like the political life of a nation, has its high and low tides." The great period of classic production in Greece followed her war with Persia, 480 B. C. In Rome the political life expressed itself after the triumphs of the world-conqueror Cæsar, and the powerful Emperor Augustus. It filled to overflowing the Roman hearts, which gave us the "Aeneed" and the "Carmen Saeculare." Yet, Homer, as Plato called him, "the father of tragedy and epic," who came long before the battle of Salomis, found himself in a virgin literary soil not yet molested by the intruders from the East.

Homer was born about 850 B. C., and according to the story of tradition, the blind and aged poet belonged to the class of the wandering minstrelsy, making a livelihood by singing and playing for the inspiration of the humble, and for the pleasure of the princes' court. It is not the purpose to here enter into a discussion as to whether the Homeric poems are the products of a single person, or a number of poets, nor as to the exact time and place of his birth. The first matters little in this short study. We will only say, "The Greek race created the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Homer, whether a veritable poet or the name for a number of poets, gave these wandering songs and stories their final form"; and with regards to the latter, only the oft-quoted epigram is given:

> "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

There existed a bounteous field of untouched material in stories of battles, and songs of heroic life, such as that which clustered around historic Troy; and. to mythology, lyrical

songs, and chants he gave permanent life. From the Rhapsodists he gathered national and patriotic legends. The noted Hellenic genius assimilated and harmonized this golden material into the frame work of a grand epic narrative. At times the poet intermingled allegories, and again historic facts, but always imbibing a temper of logic and common sense. This precious material did not spring up over night, but had gradually grown out of great antiquity, and was only waiting for the hands of a poetical giant like Homer to collect.

Homer chose the epic because it was in that form that he could "express best through the imagination the result of experience," and his age "took to the form of poetry rather than prose because of the natural rythmic tendency of an artistic race; the tendency in the expression of any deep feeling to use the whole body as well as the voice. This early poetry is lyrical; it was verse to be sung rather than read or recited." It was the ripe condition of the early epochs of Grecian history for classical creative art, together with renowned masters of the craft, that placed the grand epic at its height. Little can be said here of the style, beauty, excellence and loftiness of the Homeric epic, but Coleridge has in a couple of lines nobly "described and exemplified" Homer's language and verse. He said:

"Strangely it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows;
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

Of the three preeminent masters of the powers of poesy, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, who reign supreme in the realm of pure letters, of only one can we boast of his being free from presiding rulers of the same art—this one is Homer. Yet, as said, there existed a vast field of golden material only waiting for the touch of an artist to give it "beauty, order, and universal significance." Therefore, his literary creations were unaffected and the art uninfluenced to any appreciable degree by the numerous hoard of lesser contemporaries who doubtless existed, but became as dwarfs beside this poetical giant.

This was not the case with the succeeding authors; they were surrounded with the accumulated knowledge of all antecedent time. To science, stored facts makes men with the knowledge of a Newton plentiful; but to literature, it causes the creation of a grand epic, like the "Iliad," to be impossible. But for the genius there is always plenty to do, however old the material around him may be. It falls only to this one's lot to recast and give a new and lasting lustre to the tarnished stories of the experiences of his race, and to interpret anew the "profound questions of humantiy" as they represent themselves in a new form to each age. Even the poet Chaucer, in searching for fresh material, exclaimed in utter despair, "There is nothing that is not old." Shakespeare "took clay and made it into pure gold." This is the work for the true artist.

Well has Dryden said:

> "Three poets in three different ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
> The first in loftiness of soul surpassed,
> The next in majesty, in both the last.
> The face of nature could no further go;
> To make a third, she joined the other two."

It is on the majestic poems of the poet sprung from the historic shores across the Adriatic that we now direct our attention. Space will not permit us to examine Rome's early history, and praise the triumphs of her arms as an influence in bringing forth the elegant literary feats of the Augustine Age. However, the ancient inhabitants of Rome, like those of Hellas, were possessed with wonderful imaginations, and an excellent appreciation for art.

Indeed, this one who has been so finely characterized in the above epigram we all love and adore. Virgil is proclaimed "the purest, sweetest, gentlest, best beloved among all poets since the dawn of civilization." The "Aeneid," the most beautiful of his poems and the one most widely read, is the story of the country of Aeneas and his followers to Italy and the founding of the Roman state.

It has been said, "No literary epic poem has been composed since Homer's day without reference to the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' as the standard." To Homer, no doubt, this poet owes much. Virgil was an imitator but not a plagerist! It shows more clearly the Roman poet's true artistic power in touching anything that the master Hellenis singer had written and not leaving a stain on it. Does it detract from his power because he was nmost attracted by the great magnet? Did not Dante take Virgil as his guide? And Shakespeare, did he not use 1771 lines in the first three parts of Henry VI composed by some preceding author? "The inventor only knows how to borrow, and the greatest genius is the most indebted man." Every famous author is influenced and in turn influences others. Indeed, no age or man has a monopoly on truth and beauty; each one is a connecting link in the ever-flowing stream of knowledge through the bounds of time.

Not only for material did the Roman poet turn to Grecian shores, but these he found classic literary moulds and forms of a much finer composition than any native poet had accomplished. At first the Latin language was "clear, strong, precise and slow," but qualities which existed in the golden tongue of the Augustian Age made it capable of flexibility and music. This was affected only by the results of a long and continuous intercourse with the artistic language of Greece.

Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare belong not to Greece, Italy, or England, but to all, "for each in a larger sense created an ideal world of art." This cannot be said of Virgil. In his poems Roman life has been "worthily typified and interpreted." And as an interpreter of a great national life, he will long hold the highest place. Now we shall wind our way further down the glowing path of fame. Before leaving this interesting subject one's thoughts naturally fall on the second of the great trio of authors, as Carlyle called him, "the voice of ten silent centuries"—Dante. But let us turn on the pages of time away from the day of the "illustrious ancients," and at last we will find one who we will say "was an ancient in a modern day."

We will close our short study of the grand epic with a few

praises and remarks in commemoration of the works, "genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the philosopher, the glory of English literature." In majesty and loftiness, this creation of the England Elizabethian age is perhaps the greatest force since the day of the ancients. Yet his "Paradise Lost," in all respects of poetical composition, does not rank with the "Iliad" or some of the other master epics written in the semi-barbarous ages. This poem, like all the famous epics after Homer's day, shows impressions of the classic Homeric models. Milton fell heir not only to the literary impressions of "the father of the epic and tragedy," but time had given a Dante, a Virgil, and other famous masters of the craft; to this is added the inspiration and power brought to bear by the choicest knowledge of centuries. But how does this affect our poet? Indeed, it is just here that Milton can be seen in the most brilliant light, and he wide influence of the Renaiscance upon the poet. The classic poems of antiquity were creations of the most idealizing epoch. Milton lived in a time when science and civilization had gained marked ascendency over the superstitious imaginations of semi-barbarious ages, yet this poet, with all his wonderful knowledge and modernness, spurred on by the rising flood of imagination and religious spirit of the Renaiscance, rose to sublime heights, and like Homer of old, soared among the mystic clouds of the imagination, and, as he drifted seaward, caught glimpses of divine sparks; the heavenly muse attending, the blind poet joyfully sang from the depth of his soul, in the poem on the "Fall of Man," of a kingdom far more powerful than the splendid realm of Priam, and of a scene infinitely more sacred than the "Fall of Troy." This masterpiece illumed once more the glorious field of the grand epic. But more than this, it placed in that stately verse a theme immeasurably more catholic and divine than the Hellenic race had ever dreamed of in all the imaginative creations of their mythologica ideallstic duties. This epic is perhaps the most highly value dliterary production of modern times, "one of the glories of his country"; a power in which exists "a massive-

ness of thought, a sublimity of imagery, a pomp of sound, as of cathedral choirs."

Milton's life for the most part was unhappy. He was unfortunate in marriage, having had three wives; and at last the veil of blindness came over the poet. It was under this extreme disadvantage that he produced the poem "Paradise Lost," for which he received only twenty-five dollars. Milton certainly "was born an age too late." In closing it seems fitted that we should give the words in which the poet so aptly characterized his life. "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." This the great epic poets did.

J. A. ROLAND, '05.

A Belated Banquet.

The S. A. E. cottage was dark and apparently deserted. The doors and windows of the lower floor were barred by boards nailed cross-wise over them. The street lights were out, and in their place two pine-knot torches sputtered and flared from the gateposts, sending weird shadows frolicking over the scene.

Upstairs in the banquet hall the members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon were gathered in solemn consultation. They spoke in low tones of suppressed excitement, now and again exchanging nervous glances. P—e and T—m had set out for "Bishop's," but had been detained by the stubborn resistance of the front door. The windows also refused to open, and the boys returned by the way they had come, in a somewhat perturbed state of mind, and a rather less lazy manner.

"Let's go out on the gallery and investigate," suggested one.

In a few minutes B—m and M—e stole out and gained the sheltering banisters without having been seen. It was a strange sight that met their gaze. A squad of five or six boys were drawn up in order before the gate. Each was armed with a heavy cane and a poker, and presented on the whole a fierce and terrible aspect. To the left, a guard paced noiselessly back and forth, bearing aloft a firebrand, and softly whistling over to himself the alarm he was to sound should occasion

arise. Across B—m's bewildered countenance there slowly dawned an understanding. Cautiously he elbowed M—e and whispered, "They've found us out,"—and somehow M—e, too, understood.

"What's up?" asked the boys eagerly, as the two entered the room. Soon the whole thing was clear to them. Some of the students had discovered that this was the night of their quarterly banquet,and eager to be avenged for former jokes practiced upon them by the S. A. E.'s, had determined to blockade them.

B—m's fighting blood was up, and he looked just as though a baseball game was on.

"We'll fix 'em!" he muttered.

"But what's to be done?" asked T—r, helplessly. "Everybody think!"

Now, "thinking" was a thing with which the boys were familiar. They had whiled away many unpleasant hours on exams. by thinking,—but this time, as was often the case, they failed to grasp the idea. Despair was settling heavily upon each brow when R—n "grasped" successfully.

"Where's the basket those clothes came in?" he asked excitedly. "Get that and the rope from 'round L—r's trunk!"

After a hasty search, the required implements were found.

"Now, who'll go down in the basket and get the feast?" For a moment there was dead silence, and no volunteers,—then J—n spoke up.

"If she'll hold me, I'll try her. I'd do most anything to even up with those fellows out there."

It was unanimously decided that he should go down in the basket. The lights were blown out, and the blinds opened just wide enough for the movements of the guard to be seen. Slowly he paced back and forth, watching the building closely. As soon as he passed, and his back was well turned, J—n and the basket sank slowly to earth. Slipping out, he hid behind a bush while the basket was drawn up before the return of the guard. Cautiously he worked his way on hands and knees

to the street. When once there, he heaved a deep sigh of relief, and set out on a run for Bishop's.

"We'd better get those fellows interested," suggested L—n, "or they'll be coming 'round to see why things don't work."

At this suggestion the boys stole down stairs to "liven" things up, leaving T—m and L—r to watch for J—n. At the foot of the stairs they formed line and rushed in a body upon the front door. Outside there was a derisive yell of triumph.

"Let us out!" commanded P—e, in an assumed tone of anger. The boys left the gate and came closer to the steps. So violent became the onslaught that even the guards were called to assist in holding-to the door. It was fortunate for J—n that it was so, for it would have been hard to escape notice, with arms full of paper sacks and bundles of various sizes. With difficulty he got over the fence and crept silently under the window. At his muffled call the blinds were cautiously opened, and the basket lowered. With tender affection cans of deviled ham, pickle, bottles of coca-cola, and a motley array of bananas, apples and oranges were dropped in. The impatience of the boys above was evident by the frequent pulls on the rope, which came near upsetting everything. However, no possible pains were spared to insure them a safe arrival at their destination. The boys from below were now summoned for the final struggle of hauling J—n up. The sudden silence from within warned the boys outside that some change in tactics had taken place. The guards were again despatched to their posts of duty.

Throwing his torch light in all directions, one of them turned the corner and soon stood face to face with J—n, squeezed down into the basket, which rested calmly on the ground. The guard sounded his danger signal, and the boys came dashing around the house. At the same time there was a violent pull on the rope from above—and alas!—a horrible rebellion on the part of the basket bottom, which found J—n one too many. Throwing up his arm, he grasped the rope, and fought desperately with the basket, which now hung about his shoulders. With a yell and a bound the enemy dashed at him,—but they

only clutched madly at air, for J—n had been hauled out of reach into eager arms above.

The one consolation left the raging crowd below was a small bag of candy, which fell accidentally from J—n's pocket, in his desperate struggle.

Evidently it had been carefully preserved and hidden away. For whom? [illegible] '07."

To My Friend.

Silence hung heavy o'er my bewildered soul,
  Drear as a midnight dream in hell,
I touched your hand and felt a peace untold,
  You spoke, and all was well.

A.

"The Real Tragedy."

If you could have peeped into the parlor of the McCullum home, as Jennie McCullum's little brother did, you would have been tempted to laugh, as he was, at the scene within and a few words which may have found their way to your ear. For in looking back upon this experience of my youth I frequently smile myself.

"Jennie, Ihave come to plead with you for the last time." This was the first sentence, as I found out afterwards, that fell upon the little fellow's ear. And there I, "the young man whom Jennie met on the seacoast," dropped upon one knee and leaning over gently took one of "Sister Jennie's" hands in mine, which she as gently removed.

"I have come," I continued, "to tell you once more that I love you, Jennie. You know that you can make me happy by a word, and I want you to tell me now that you love me."

Jennie had been looking down in her lap all this time, but now she raised her eyes to mine.

"Arthur, I hoped that you would not bring up this subject again. You know I have told you from the very first that I loved some one else, and that it was useless for you to keep asking me to love you. I have also asked you not to mention the subject to me again."

"Well, you may consider that you have ruined and wrecked one life. If you hear of me in the ditch you may just consider that ou put me there."

"I shall consider nothing of the kind. You have brought all of this on yourself. I have never encouraged you once in this thing, and furthermore I think it would be advisable for our acquaintance to come to a close."

I arose and extended my hand. "Perhaps you are right, Miss Jennie, so I will tell you good-bye—maybe forever, and I know for a number of years."

She extended her hand in silence and did not even raise her eyes until I pressed her fingers to my lips. Then she gave me a quick glance, but I was gone.

As I walked away, all that had happened passed through my mind and I smiled to myself. "I could not work her so well, but I'll show her a few things yet. I'm going to leave this town, and the first pretty girl I find I'm going to marry. If I only knew where I could find Miss Mabel Sanders now, I could fix up things all right. Anyway, I'm determined to get married before Jennie McCullum does." With such thoughts as these I passed on to prepare for my departure.

* * * * * * * * *

The morning of my departure was a bitter cold one. The ground was frozen hard, and the wind piercing, but I soon found hmself comfortably seated in a Pullman and forgetful of the outside world. I remained deep in thoughts of past experiences and future plans until the porter called out "C—."

Upon this I jumped up and made my way from the car, remembering that I had several friends here, and that possibly I might see some of them. I failed in this, but found the biting wind still howling and was aroused somewhat from my pensive mood. I, of course, had in mind all the while the object of my traveling—to find a pretty girl and marry her. And at this town of C— my eye fell upon a girl of a type which I had always considered ideal. It would be useless for me to try to describe her, because no words could do her justice. She was simply my idael—but how could I meet her? I have always been very timid and never could just "break in" as some fellows do. I was determined to meet her anyway, and did not intend to give up. Just then my opportunity came. I saw that she had a considerable quantity of baggage and that this and the wind was more than she could mnge. So I put on my dignity and offered my assistance. She accepted and I took some of her bundles. We had not gone many steps when she turned to me and asked, "Isn't this Mr. Arthur Davis?" "Yes," I confessed, "but how in the world did you know me?" We were now so crowded that she did not answer. At last she was comfortably seated and I, with her permission, at her side. But in the meantime my mind had not been idle; still I could not think to save me where she had known me.

"I thought that you would soon forget me." That voice and the smile she gave me somehow inspired me, and I remembered her. Yes, I remembered her well.

"Why, Miss Mabel, of course I haven't forgotten you. You know I couldn't commit such a crime as that. I was just wondering where you were now, and thinking how much I would like to see you."

"Why, Mr. Davis, what did you want to see me for?"

Now was my chance. Wasn't I having luck though? Here I was with the very girl I wanted to see, and she was talking so—oh, you know how they can talk when they want to. I must make a *hit.*

"After those exquisitely pleasant hours we spent together last summer on the coast, I don't see how you can ask me that."

"Why, I didn't know they were so *awfully* pleasant to you."

"I consider those the happiest days of my life."

"Well, I suppose you do, because Jennie was down there. Dear old girl, how is she anyway?"

My teeth ground upon each other. "Really I could not tell you how she is, but *her* being there is not why I count those days so happy."

"Oh, Mr. Davis, you certainly have forgotten that I was there myself and saw with my own eyes."

"But I do not think that you saw anything which would lead you to think that *you* were not the one who made them so."

"The simple fact that you paid Jennie more attention proves it."

"Er—well—er—that's just a peculiar way of mine. Whenever I have any true affection for a person I never like to show it. And besides, Jim Gray took up nearly all of your time."

"Well, you certainly showed that you had a great deal for Jennie."

I ignored this answer. "I wanted to write you and tell you how my regard for you has grown, but not knowing your address, I could not. But now I am with you again, and I am going to tell you that this regard has steadily grown into the truest affection."

Her eyes had fallen, and she was playing with her handkerchief. This was a good sign. She did not answer.

"Mabel, I love you." This I whispered softly and (sweetly?) in her ear. She still gazed into her lap and twisted her handkerchief. Again I ventured,

"I love you still more, Mabel. Don't you think we could make it a mutual affair?"

"I know that you are not weighing your words, Mr. Davis. And besides, what would Jennie think if she knew that you were making love to me?"

"Please do not consider her."

"But I *must* consider her unless a great change has come about."

"May I tell you something?"

"Surely you have confidence in me?"

"Well—er—she loves another."

"Then I'm second choice, eh? No, I thank you."

"Can't you believe me when I say that I did not love her and that you are the one I love. And can't you tell me that you have some love for me?"

"If I only *knew* all these things. Will you give me permission to write to Jennie and ask her if you ever made love to her?"

"That would be unfair, because I may have made love to her when I didn't mean it."

"Perhaps that's what you are doing now.'

"Mabel, won't you *please* believe me when I say that I love you?"

"Arthur"—how my heart jumped—"do you really want me to believe you?"

Forgetting our surroundings, I seized one of her hands.

"Do, Mabel, *do."*

But she withdrew her hand with such a look that I never dared to repeat the act.

"How often would you come to see me?" she asked.

"I hope we shall soon be together all the time. How long do you think it will be until then?"

But just then a sharp blast of the whistle came back to us, and the porter called out "G—."

"This is my home," she cried. I assisted her in gathering up her luggage and then said in a very matter-of-fact way, "Mabel, I will go up to your home with you."

"Thank you very much, but I suppose some one will meet me." Then passing out, she handed me her card. I glanced at it and

"MRS. JAMES L. GRAY"

met my eye. I think that I have a faint recollection of the porter's having to remove me from the aisle in order that the other passengers might pass out.

J. CALDWELL GUILDS, '06.

Ned.

"It is Christmas Eve, the clouds are dark and threatening, and think that I am invited to be present at an entertainment at Mrs. Able's tonight, given in honor of Miss Banks," said Ned Miles.

The home of Mrs. Able was no less than ten miles from Ned's dwelling place. Mrs. Able was a rich widow lady; with her resided no other than her daughter, Lucile, who had witnessed but sixteen summers. Lucile had spent her idle moments, for several days past, in conferring with her mother concerning her duty as a hostess. There had been many such entertainments at this beautiful and hospitable home in the oaks, but not any in which Miss Lucile had the opportunity of acting the part of hostess. She, having seen many girls act the part of hostess, and being a very bright and intellectual creature, was fully confident that she could fill her position with some honor, not only to herself but also to her mother.

In sight of this home were many mansions, bright and fair, but in the young mind of Lucile one reigned supreme. This home sheltered not only a father and a mother, but John, a beautiful brown-eyed youth of no less than seventeen summers. John and Lucile were reared together, were taught by the same teacher, and as children they learned to love each other dearly. They were certainly very charming and interesting characters. Each was not only the idol of their home, but the idol of their neighboring friends.

The invitations to this entertainment were not only sent to intermediate families, but several were sent to friends at a distance. The sending of Ned's invitation was due to the kindness of Miss Banks, who had long wished for Ned to be present at this occasion. Miss Banks rather insisted on Ned's presence, for she prized him highly. She had a considerable feeling for him in her heart which she merely whispered to Lucile. Now the two ladies thought how pleasant it would be for them tonight—both of their lovers are to be present.

"Only one hour before the set time," said Ned, "and I am only half way." Confidently Ned murmured to himself, "I

shall make it alright." It was not long before he stood at the door of the home. The hostess met him with a smile and asked him in. She, after introducing him around, was called out, and Ned found him a very agreeable place at the side of Miss Banks. Ned passed a very pleasant evening not only in talking to his new acquaintances but in talking to his love. He thought the hostess was a very charming and accomplished maiden. So much did he enjoy himself that before leaving he had decided to visit this home again if any excuse should present itself. His mind was not so free and at randomed as it was before he entered the home. The most striking figure of his new acquaintances was Lucile,—the beautiful and accomplished hostess, as he described her.

The wheel of time had rolled on until now six months had passed. Interim he and Miss Banks had grown very indifferent towards each other, and consequently he had no lady whom he could love. After a cursory examination of his many acquaintances, his volition was fixed on one whom he believed he could love. This was Lucile. He could no longer restrain his will, so after proper preparations he went to see her. Once satisfied not his desires. The second time his desires were greater than ever. Thus they increased. Eleven months had elapsed since first he entered the home—the night of the entertainment.

These two had become very earnest in their love affairs, notwithstanding the influence of antagonists. Lucile promised to give reply to Ned's question,—"To be or not to be is the question"—when next he came. She, a few days before he was to come, met her Uncle Thomas; being undecided, she asked his advice, which was very complimentary to Ned—in fact, the only kind she would have enjoyed. She entreated the secrecy of her uncle before revealing anything to him. She now thought of her friend John and the love she once had for him; but she satisfied her conscience in knowing this first love to be a childish love, and thus decided that her only lover was Ned. Ned's love was no less sincere, for even his happiness and success was due to this love.

"This is the first day of December. Tonight is the time when Lucile is to make reply to the question—to be or not to be," said Ned. Ned was feeling unusually well, and the weather was very inviting. Everything seemed pleasant to him. He, in all his happiness, prepared not only for the journey, but to receive the message from his love as well. He reached the home of Mrs. Able at the appointed time. He saw it lighted unusually bright, and exclaimed, "What! Is some one else here tonight?" On entering he found that there were two men present—one was the pastor of the village church, and the other was Mrs. Able's brother. This did not in the least interfere with Ned, for he and Lucile excused themselves as soon as proper, and found comfort in the charming parlor. "They look unusually pleasing tonight," exclaimed the minister as they passed out.

The lovers this night were as happy as could be. After discussing both the past events and future hopes, Ned timidly asked her, "Will you marry me?" She silently grasped his hand, laying her head against his breast, said, with tears of joy in her eyes, "I will"—she ceased for a time, but at last Ned heard her murmur—"provided you allow me to remain here for one month, and you keep it as secret so long as I tarry here." After talking for a short while, Ned realized his best plans and, with a blush, exclaimed, "Lucile, my dear, let's get married tonight?" He promised to comply with the proviso, so she, silent for a moment, said, "It pleases me, provided no one finds it out within one month." Mrs. Able, after telling her brother and the minister their rooms, was prepared to retire for the night. In getting to their allotted room the minister and Uncle Tom had to pass through the parlor, which had no specific effect on the attitude of the lovers, more than Ned, straightening up on their appearance, said, "Minister, if you and Uncle Tom promise not to reveal anything until Lucile permits, I wish you to make us man and wife." On consenting to the secrecy of this, they were made man and wife. The men passed on. Ned, after again giving his prom-

ise to reveal nothing, bade an unaccustomed farewell, and parted not to meet again within one month.

Ned, glorying over winning such a bright and precious jewel, left the house a happy man. The midnight was near approaching. No one save the policemen could be found on the street. He, passing the drug store in which John stayed, was surprised to see it open at so late an hour, so he dismounted his horse and entered. John was preparing some medicine for a sick lady some distance away, who had sent for it this late hour, as was found out by Ned. After Ned found it to be nothing serious, he was ready to leave, but John urging him for news, he remained. They were interested in a certain topic when all at once they heard a noise, as that of a rushing wind. On reaching the door, they were surprised to see the rushing of the people and hear the one shout, "Fire! Fire!"

There was no fire department in the village, the houses were sufficient distance apart to take care of themselves, so the people only had to save what they could from the burning building. Many people had passed when John locked the store, and they, walking out to discover the place of the fire, saw that it was the beautiful home of Mrs. Able. Then Ned and John lost no more time, but were soon on the scene. Many people were there, as was the custom at a fire in that village—even women, with their little ones in their arms, were standing around, ready to give a helping hand. Ned heard some one cry out, "Oh, my daughter! Where is she?" Then another voice was heard to say that she was in her room just above the parlor. The flames had covered the side of the house facing the people so that no one dared to ascend the house. Ned called out to John, "Come, help me carry this ladder to the other side of the house." John willingly assisted, knowing his purpose, and many more gave a helping hand. Ned had only one purpose, and that was the saving of Lucile's life. The ladder was easily placed beside the wall near a window of Lucile's room, but it failed to reach its mark. John started up the ladder, but Ned shout out, "Come down! Let me go!" He, amid the many shouts and clamors of the people, "Save Lucile!" climbed

the ladder. On reaching the top of the ladder, he caught the window with his hands, throwing himself in it, jumped into the room where Lucile was standing. Smoke now filled the room, and the flames were roaring near. He caught her, lifted her to the window, said to her, "Hold to my hands and let loose the window. When you reach the ladder, turn me aloose, and they shall know what to do." "And you, Ned?" "I will follow?" There were so many strong hands at the ladder that they let her down safely. Many shouts went up, "What a hero he is!" Ned started out the same window, but he was too late, for the flames had encircled the entire house.

Lucile had been snatched from the jaws of death and restored to her friends. But now she thought of Ned, and her joy gave place to agonized terror. It was her scream that Ned heard, "He may jump." A friend, recognizing her condition, was holding her hands. She had stood it as long as possible. She, with a shriek, broke from the clasp. "Ned! my husband!" Friends caught her, not knowing what she might do. Is Lucile mad, or—"My husband!" cried Lucile.

Just around the corner of the house a shout was heard. The people rushed to the spot, anxious to find what the new terror was. They soon came back wild with joy and congratulations, carrying Ned like a hero. When they reached the spot where Lucile was, falling back, they let Ned, unharmed as he was, go forward alone. She, feeling a peculiar joy, fell forth in his arms, as one without power.

J. P. STOCKMAN, '05.

Kipling as a Short Story Writer.

An unfailing indication of a really remarkable writer is for his work to be severely condemned by some and just as warmly praised, in proportion, by others. The mere fact that a writer can call this forth is a sign, not only of his fame, but of his ability as well. Kipling is a notable example of this. But even his most rabid detractors, who call his novels utter failures and his poetry cant, do not condemn his short stories,

although they assert their dislike for them, as being entirely without merit.

In a criticism of Hawthorne's Tales, Poe says that the ideal field for the exercise of genius in prose is the short story. Kipling illustrates this very forcibly. His two novels, "The Naulakba" and "The Light That Failed," although the plots of both are laid partly in India, which has been the background of his most successful work, are not near so good examples of his wonderful genius and literary skill as his short stories.

One principal reason for their success lies in the fact that he deals with the real things of life, with the things that deeply interest and appeal to people. In the preface to one of his collections of stories he represents himself as talking to an old Hindoo story-teller, the two drawn together by a common affinity. The native asks him what he writes about and he replies, "I write of Life and Death, and men and women, and Love and Fate." He takes human passions and shows them up clearly and distinctly. He appeals to the emotions very strongly and for the very reason that he portrays human emotion. Many unhesitatingly call him the greatest of living English writers, and solely because he appeals to them more powerfully than any other. He takes latent feelings that can be felt only vaguely and shows them out clearly.

Kipling looks beneath sham appearances and goes to the heart of things. He breaks away from conventionality and restraint. He has been called flippant because he worships at the shrine of "The God of Things as They Are," and as a very natural result unhesitatingly writes of the vital, hidden things of life, the things we would conceal from ourselves, but which insistently persist in showing themselves to us when we least expect it, mocking our futility with the cold relentlessness of Truth.

Kipling is cosmopolitan in that he is the exponent of a mood that now predominates the world over. Emerson divides mankind thinking into two classes—Materialists and Idealists. Kipling is a peculiar combinaton of the two. His work embodies all the self-sufficient, egotistic, all supreme materialism

that is the necessary outcome of the present complex civilization. It remains to be seen whether this is only passing or the lasting expression of a people, wearied and confused by the complicate demands of an intricated social order.

One thing that explains the power of his stoires is his wonderfully thorough knowledge of the intellectual makeup of the Indian. He has seen into the depths of the native mind as few men have done before. He has caught all its orientalism, all that makes it so completely and distinctly different from the Western mind, a difference that is an impassable barrier to comprehension between the two. He has felt its half seerlike half childlike texture, he has grasped the full significance of its ingrained caste prejudice and the kindred things that indicate the decayed civilization that it is the inevitable product of. He draws a true picture of the degenerate and decadent, but ever fascinating East.

Kipling never sacrifices for polish. Polish too often involves the commonplace, and few can make the commonplace interesting. William Dean Howells has done it excellently, but it is the exception, not the rule. As a result Kipling's work is somewhat crude, but this adds rather than detracts from its power. It gives it a peculiar individualism that is all his own. It fills it with a nameless charm very easily felt, but very hard to define. Originally of an intense, almost grotesque kind is his chief characteristic, and this originality is largely due to crudeness.

Kipling has that seemingly loose, unconscious freedom from effort that is so prominent a characteristic with Stevenson. In description he is very forceful. He goes just far enough in details to leave a clear-cut picture that has unconsciously grown on the reader. He is like Poe in this. A very significant thing about his style is that although it looks as if it might be easily imitated, which is a sure indication of simplicity and strength, it cannot be successfully done. A certain Kiplingesque form is attainable, but the life and flavor of the original is lacking.

It has been repeatedly, almost joyfully, said by his critics

that his work is but enjoying a present popularity, and cannot endure. But it must be remembered that the same thing was said of Dickens. It is almost impossible to tell what will last and what will perish in literature. Posterity alone can know the full result.

Kipling leaves the impression of having seen life. He is himself and no one else. One reads between the lines his strong individuality and his peculiar personality. It is felt that here is a writer who has probed deep into and felt strongly his own thoughts and ideals and in so doing has given us himself, unwarned by the pettiness and little imperfections, that show the narrow and pedantic mind that relies, be it ever so indirectly, upon the thought of others, lacking self-trust and confidence in its own abilities.

Kipling is the consummate master of the short story, without an equal. This is his true field and where he is most at home. He has to the fullest perfection the art of condensing and of really saying something in a short story.

J. G. DICKSON, '07.

Some Practical Benefits of Education.

In an age of scientific investigation, and in fact of activity in every phase of life such as our country is experiencing at present, the question which naturally arises in one's mind is, "What part does education play in a nation's prosperity?"

It is not my purpose to discuss the individual benefit derived and the satisfaction which must naturally come from being able to look out upon the world with a trained mind and eye, and be able to see the beauty and truth of nature, and greatest of all, to have some knowledge of the great laws that govern human welfare. But on the other hand, I only wish to discuss briefly some of the practical advantages of education to the individual, and thereby to civic prosperity.

In the first place, education develops all the human faculties, which prepares one better to perform the duties of a citizen, and the responsibilities of life. It awakens one to a realization

of the fact that he was put here for a purpose, that he has a mission to perform in this life, and consequently he is not willing to spend his days in idleness, but desires to do something, to have a hand in his country's progress.

Many people have an idea that education is not essential to the farmer, as well as professional man, which is altogether a mistaken idea. To this cause more than any other is due the fact that thousands of our farmers today plant their seed without the slightest knowledge of the cause that makes them sprout, and moreover are entirely ignorant of the relation of supply to demand. They plant certain things because their fathers did so before them, and know nothing of the scientific methods now used, and the vast superiority of diversified farming. We commend to the farmers of the South especially the value of the "agricultural colleges" which have been established for their benefit.

Education teaches economy, the value of a dollar, which is the first step on the road to success.

It is a sociological law that education increases man's wants, it changes his ideals entirely, thereby making him more active and energetic; and to this fact we owe the progress of civilization. The State today has need of educated citizens upon whom to depend for the making of her laws, and the solution of all great problems.

Corruption and evil can only be exterminated in the State by the concentrated effort of the individuals.

And so it must be with any "Reform Movement," if it reaps final success. And here education steps forward to play her part, by creating a patrotism, a love of country, and a desire to see her governed properly, and there comes a spontaneous willingness to do anything for her protection.

In conclusion I wish to discuss in a few words the incalculable benefit of the ethical side of education.

If a man succeeds in this life, that is to say is prosperous in the highest sense, he must recognize his moral obligations; his own rights, and the rights of others. If such a state of affairs could exist, we would have indeed an ideal society, and

there would cease to be need any longer for jails, penientiaries, and other such institutions. The first step towards a realization of such a state is, to train the young, while they are in a formative period. Educate the heart as well as the mind; build up a character that will be able to stand the crises that come in after life.

And so, if the people of our great commonwealth will realize the great necessity of education, and develop it accordingly, progress and prosperity must necessarily come, both to the individual and to the State. E. Foster Brigham, '05.

Is the Use of Force in Strikes Justifiable.

The day of single-handed conflict is past. There are combines and counter combines. The forces of capital and labor, like huge armies, are encamped over against each other, commanded by able generals. One false move by either side will mean a struggle, probably riot and bloodshed, together with the loss of property. Anarchy stares us in the face, and public peace is in jeopardy. Under such circumstances we ask ourselves are strikes justifiable.

That every laborer under the law may quit work when he chooses no man can gainsay, neither can any man deny his moral right to do so, but has any man or body of men any right to prevent others from filling the places left vacant by their own resignation or refusal to work upon specified terms? Should one be allowed to say, "I will not work for so much, neither shall you?" Has not every man a lawful right to work fro less wages than some other if he so desires? At first it would appear that he has, but upon second thought we are forced to believe differently.

Economist tells us that every increase in the wages of the laboring man means that he is thereby enabled to enjoy a higher and better standard of living and to secure better social and educational advantages for his children, thereby benefiting humanity at large by raising the standard of living of this portion of the world's inhabitants. That this is true there can

be no doubt, and when a laborer strikes in order that he may thereby better his condition, we not only say it is lawful but that it is just.

But if other men are allowed to fill his place upon the terms at which he formally worked it is a self-evident fact that his efforts to better his condition are frutile indeed; therefore, the striker uses both persuasion and force to accomplish his end, and again we are forced to ask ourselves the question is this right? At once we concede that it is right for him to persuade any man not to fill his place if he can, but when he cannot, is it just for him to use force to terrorize his would-be successor and to compel him against his will to abstain from doing work which he himself refuses to do. We must acknowledge that under the existing laws the striker has no lawful right either to interfere with another man's business or to prevent him from engaging in whatever occupation he desires, or to dictate upon what terms. For every man has a legal right to engage in any occupation whatever, if he so desires, and upon whatever terms, unless in so doing he transgresses the law of the land. For is not every man his own free moral agent? But just here we must draw the line, for this is only partially true, holding good as it does only so far as this right interferes with the personal rights of no one else or of no body of men, as the rights of society are rather to be preferred to the rights of the individual.

Then if the striker betters his condition by a successful strike, if he is thereby enabled to give his children better social and educational advantages, we must concede that it is just for him to use forcible measures to accomplish his end, for sometimes the end justifies the means.

But there are some who say that to disobey the law by using force is both treason and anarchy, and that no possible good can come from it because it means mob rule and mob violence. This statement we cannot lightly turn aside, but we must say that it is short sighted. It is better that the French Revolution was, for even with all is violence, its loss of property and life, it has eventually meant freedom to the masses and a rule of

the people for the people, and by the people. Had not this Revolution taken place, the Silvery Moon of France, like the Russian Bear, would now be keeping watch over a miserable and oppressed people, whose greatest blessing would be the downfall of their government.

It is known, of course, that strikes do cause bloodshed, but they also stand between the working man and oppression, and win for him advantages that mean progress and enlightenment. The great good that often comes from just strikes is well bought, even at the price of blood. We admit that all strikes are not justifiable, and that their demands are overbearing in some instances, but such actions are not without precedent in other spheres of life; wherever there is a conscious power it is sometimes unjustly used, and strikes are no exception to this rule, and as unjust and exhorbitant demands cannot be granted by corporations, the strike of a necessity must fail. Since the dark ages almost every phase of progress has been bought at the price of blood. Political and social progress necessarily depends upon economical progress, and it is right that these should advance at the cost of temporary discomfiture and even at the price of suffering and bloodshed. Better the condition of the masses, give them higher educational and social advantages, and you will strengthen the government and make a large contribution to human progress. M. T. W., '06.

"Dan Tucker's Defeat."

In the small town of Sutmer, in the southern part of this State, lives a very wealthy family of Floyds. They live in an old colonial home by the name of Fullman. It is situated about a hundred yards from the road, and is a mile and a half from the centre of the town. They have a beautiful flower garden, which occupies most of the ground in front of the house. On the right hand side of the house is a walk about two hundred yards long, overarched with very thick evergreens, which make it dark. This walk is called "Lover's Lane." Opposite this, to the left of the house, is a hedgerow, outside of which is a

driveway leading up to the house on the left hand side. Further over to the left you can see cows and sheep lying under the shady elms, and to the right of "Lover's Lane" is a beautiful little grove in which I have spent many a pleasant summer afternoon with the most charming thing about the "Fullman" plantation. This was Mr. Floyd's eldest daughter Lillian.

Just across the road lived another family who were also very wealthy and influential in the neighboring country. These were the Cunninghams, and Earl Cunningham, their son, was the same age as Lillian. Earl was thought a great deal of. He had a good many bad hbits, but no one knew them except his chums. The people around Sutmer would not have been at all surprised to have heard of Earl's and Lillian's marriage any time after they became old enough. When the boys came to see Earl and he was not home, they would go on over to Mr. Floyd's, where they would generally find him.

Earl's parents did not like the Floyds, and were opposed to the marriage, but Lillian's would have been delighted to have seen them married. Earl's sister went so far as to give him a handsome diamond ring to quit going to call on Lillian so frequently, which he gave to Lillian at once.

But about this time Lillian met a young man from Wilmington, who wa sto come between she and Earl. He was Mr. Dan Tucker, and he had a position with the railroad, so he got a pass every month, which he used by going to Sutmer. Earl did not like this, but he said nothing of stopping it for a long while. Dan did not have and property, but received a good salary, while Earl was rich.

Lillian's parents knew that Earl loved her, and would tell her to win him if she could, and she would make them believe she was trying.

Earl knew that he loved Lillian, and wanted her for his wife, but he did not want to say anything to her about stopping Tucker from coming down to see her, although he knew that his efforts were all in vain until he did. One night after Tucker had left in the afternoon he resolved to go over and tell Lillian

that he loved her, and would renounce all of his bad habits of swearing, gambling, and drinking, if she would only prevent Tucker from coming there, and be his wife, which, after much persuasion, she agreed to do.

But when Dan asked her to let him come she could not refuse, so gave him permission. He came, bringing her a costly watch and chain, which she accepted. When Earl heard of this he went to see Lillian about it. As he walked in he said, "Lillian, do you intend treating me in this manner?" Her reply was, "No, Earl, I don't; but I could not refuse Dan this time, as I wanted to see him once more and break up with him here." Earl asked her where she got the watch, and she told him that her father gave it to her. Then Earl, believing her to be true, said, "Lillian, here is another that I have brought you, for I heard that Tucker gave you that one." Handing her the watch, he said, "And, Lillian, I will tell you all. I have been going with Eva Britton, as you know. I told her that I loved her, which was false; but when you said that you would be mine I went and told her that I did not love her, and, Lillian, I will now be true to you forever, as I promised. I shall never break a promise I make to you unless you break yours."

When Tucker asked Lillian if he could come again she, as before, could not refuse, so he came the second time, after she had made the promise. He brought her all of his family's pictures, which Earl heard of. Then Earl thought that all of his hopes were lost. He said, "Lillian, are you going to ruin my future happiness in this manner?" Lillian answered, "No, Earl; if you will forgive me this time I will send the pictures back to him, and tell him all about it." So Earl left, still trusting her, on account of the love he had for her.

When he got home his father told him not to marry Lillian. His reply was, "I am having enough trouble getting her as it is, without you trying to give me more." For a while everything seemed to be going his way, but in about three weeks Tucker asked Lillian to let him come down the next Sunday, and she gave him permission to come.

Earl's sister told him of Tucker's being over at Lillian's, and

tried to persuade him not to have any more to do with her, but that afternoon he went over to see her. He found her sitting in the shade of one of those beautiful trees in the little grove, looking better than she had ever looked before. He said to himself as he walked towards her, "If she was only mine." When she saw him she rose and greeted him in an unusually pleasant manner. They sat down there where she was before he came up, and Earl began talking of the trouble Dan Tucker had caused him. He said, "Lillian, I see you don't intend keeping your promise, so I will go back to my old habits again, and on a larger scale." Then Lillian, with her head on his shoulders, har hand in his, and with tears in her eyes, said, "Earl, I have just realized what I have done, and if you will forgive me once more I will be true to you this time, and send everything that I have of Mr. Tucker's back to him tomorrow morning. Earl said, "Alright, Lillian, I will forgive you if you will do what you said, and tell him never to ask you to let him come here again." Then she asked Earl to go in the house with her and help her write the letter and tie up the things, which he readily did. They told this in as expressive language as possible, and Earl took the letter and packages to the post-office and sent them off.

When Dan Tucker received the letter, and everything that he had ever given Lillian Floyd, he went to his desk and wrote as insulting a letter as he could, and said that he was glad to get the things back, so as to give them to Eva Britton, because they were to be married the next month, and that he was only fooling her, as Eva was Earl Cunningham. Now, Lillian saw what she had turned one that loved her aside for, and never was there a happier girl than Lillian Floyd when she saw what danger she had been in, and gotten out of, also that Earl was ready to forgive her for every wrong she had ever done him.

When the day that Dan and Eva set to be married came, there was a grand wedding at the Britton's residence, and they were married that afternoon. They left that night for Wilmington, where they can be found now, but no one would know them, as they are old and very poor, with six children to sup-

port. They are living in a small, four-room cottage, in the dirtiest part of the city, and Mr. Tucker has lost his position with the railroad on account of his old age and bad health, but has secured the job of watching the railroad crossing near his home. His children do what work they can get, and his wife, who was once wealthy and had many servants, is taking in sewing.

When Tucker was married Earl felt greatly relieved, because he knew he could no longer be his rival. Earl stayed at Sutmer for a short time after this, during which he visited Lillian very often, and enjoyed telling her how he was relieved when Tucker got married. He left the next September to go to school, and the last time he saw Lillian she made him promise not to begin any of his bad habits again while he was away. He made this promise, and kept it the four years he was away from home. When he left he kissed her for the first time, saying, "With thoughts of you I can do my work more earnestly, which proved to be true during his school course.

He would go home every summer, and had several quarrels with her, but when he went home the last time he made up with her the last time, and they were married a few months after he finished school.

Both of his parents died while he was going to school, so when he married Lillian he occupied the old homestead, as his father had willed it to him. They still live there, and are one of the richest families in that neighborhood.

W. C. BOYLE, '08.

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to

foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2. All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot—the nominations being made by a nominating committee appointed by the Presiednt, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be decided the choice of the Association.

Sec. 3. The President of the Association on his retirement from office, and ex-prize-men shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5. In any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec .2. The Vice-President shall be acting chairman of the Executive Committee, and as reprssentative of his institution

he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the committee. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in sitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in annual contest.

He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

Sec. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Section 1. The President shall appoint annually an Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college having membership in the Association. No officer, with the exception of the Vice-President, shall be a member of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association.

The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3. The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Section 1. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: Originality. Thought and Rhetoric, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3. Secton B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on delivery. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

Sec. 4. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objectoins shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in

the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5. The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest. shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6. At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled the Secretary of Sealed Marks, assisted by the members of Committee, Section B, shall make a final average. At no other place and time and under no other circumstances whatsoever shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7. The orator, whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall

be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an undergraduate at the time of his selection. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

Section 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual free of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty dys previous to the contest.

Sec. 2. Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Section 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest, and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to ex-

pulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any colleges of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

Section 1. The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazine the constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

OFFICERS.

President, L. W. Courtney, Furman; Vice-President, W. D. Roberts, Wofford; Recording Secretary, A. J. Speer, Clemson;

Treasurer, J. H. Clark, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Corresponding Secretary, C. T. Brison, Erskine; Secretary of Sealed Marks, J. C. Lybrand, Newberry.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

R. C. Burts, Furman; M. A. Connolly, Wofford; D. H. Hill, Clemson; J. H. Smith, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; P. McCain, Erskine; W. P. Roof, Newberry.

Wofford College Journal

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Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Mail Matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

Wofford's President.

The conferring of the degree of LL. D. upon Dr. Henry N. Snyder, president of Wofford Colege, is a source of gratification and pleasure to his friends and admirers throughout the State.

Dr. Snyder is recognized as one of the foremost English instructors in the South, and this is only another recognition of his ability as a college instructor. The degree could not have been conferred upon one who was more deserving than President Snyder.

♣

The Y. M. C. A.

During the past month Rev. R. S. Truesdale, pastor of Green Street Church, Columbia, S. C., conducted a series of meetings in the Wofford Young Men's Christian Association hall.

Mr. Truesdale is a man who is calculated to do much good

by his personal work and also by his example. He is a man of strong charcter and is thoroughly conscientious in all his actions. While in college he was a model student, an upright Christian man, and had the confidence of the entire faculty. Since his graduation at this college he has continued to conduct himself in a manner which causes him to command the respect and admiration of his fellow man. A man of this type cannot fail to be of service to those with whom he comes in contact. In his sermons at the Y. M. C. A. he made strong appeals to the boys, and under this influence, many who were not Christians, no doubt, resolved to do better morally and to look forward to greater things in life.

Mr. Truesdale will always receive a hearty welcome among the students of Wofford College, and we know that when he pays us a visit he leaves behind him the influence of his good work. We hope he will come again.

♣

A 20th Century Genius in the Field of Criticism.

Not being the manager of the exchange department, we do not have the pleasure of reviewing many of our valuable exchanges. Owing to this fact we failed to see the magnificent masterpiece of criticism hurled at us by our friend, the editor of *The University of North Carolina Magazine,* in the November issue of that journal. However, we cannot let it pass unnoticed, even at this late day.

We acknowledge that the mistakes in one of our paragraphs, pointed out by him, occurred. But a man with his knowledge and power of literary interpretation could easily distinguish that they were mistakes of the printer. The quotation marks inclosing the word "Crum" indicate that it was intended to be spelled with a small c instead of the capital C. By examination of our copy we find that the use of the word "have" was an error of the printer also. Doubtless he intended to impress upon us the lesson of carefulness.

After a few remarks of censure for the above named errors, he proceeds to rail upon us for bringing politics into THE JOURNAL and for referring to Mr. Roosevelt as "Teddy." Then

he condemns South Carolina politics in general, and closes a paragraph by suggesting that we try our hand at editing a country weekly. Doubtless our experience in editing a country weekly was in some measure responsible for the crime committed against college journalism, pointed out by our critic, but we must infer from his article that the height of our sinning was not in allowing political matter to be inserted in THE JOURNAL, but rather because it was Democratic instead of Republican politics. He wishes us, if we are not mistaken, to swear off from the party of our fathers, reform and join the ranks of imperialism, protection, and corruption under the leadership of the *Hon. Theodore Roosevelt,* from which rash step we ask to be excused.

THE JOURNAL is open to criticism at all times, by persons who have good suggestions to offer, but we submit that the editor of the North Carolina magazine is not the proper person to criticize us. The majority of his criticism is based upon the error of bringing politics into a college journal. After "thoroughly explaining" this fact to us, he proceeds, deliberately and at great length, to deliver to us a political lecture in the hope of working a reformation in the editor of THE JOURNAL. So we see that he does not state the real objection to our article, and commits the same crime for which he censures us.

The editor of *The Magazine* no doubt prides himself as an ideal editorial writer and a prodigy in the field of criticism, but his department is not so ideal as we would expect from one who is so severe in his criticism of others. We find in his department a considerable amount of street-corner slang, which indeed does *"come at us"* in a *"wouldn't that jar you?"* manner. The editor of *The Magazine* has no doubt in his mind as to the fact that it is not in keeping with the dignity of a college journal to insert a discussion of a national issue, but he upholds the dignity of *The Magazine* by inserting slang, which to us seems more appropriate to street vagabonds than the editor of *The Magazine.* But he knows.

The WOFFORD JOURNAL is not the only one which, in the eyes of this searching critic, needs to be whipped into line.

He pours out all the wrath of his critical soul upon numerous magazines without fear or trembling. We have no doubt that these afflicted brethren will join us in saying that we are glad that we have done the North Carolina editor a service in furnishing him with material to fill up his required space in *The Magazine.*

We would suggest, by way of parenthesis, that the staff change the name of his department from Editorial to Criticism, Clippings, Miscellany and Editorial. In this "ideal" editorial department we find editorials, clippings, and criticisms of various journals, from many States. To show the area which they represent, we quote a sentence from one of his criticisms: *"We have got a publication from California— * * *."*

We have no doubt that when this magnificent, sophomoric criticism was hurled forth upon an innocent public that Thomas Carlyle and all the great critics of literature turned over in their coffins and trembled for the future reputation of their work. They saw it grow pale and fade into insignificance in the light of this overshadowing genius.

"A well balanced individual, not branded from infancy with an insatiable longing for the sensational, would not in a normal state of mind expect less from the land of Senator Tillman."—*U. N. C. Magazine.* Our friend expects less. Draw your own conclusions.

♣

The South Carolina Legislature.

It was our privilege last week to be present at a session of the General Assembly of South Carolina. Here we met with many prominent men from all parts of the State and heard them discuss the measures now before the house for settlement.

There are many questions of importance now before this body of lawmakers. There are questions relating to education, taxes, and many others of extreme interest. Many bills have already been killed and others will be defeated when they come up.

It is a great privilege to visit the State Capitol and, at the same time, should be an inspiration to every Carolinian to stand in the halls of the Capitol of the old Palmetto State—the State of Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie, and other great orators and statesmen who have made themselves famous in the political history of the State and nation.

When the representatives of the people stand in the presence of such honored company it should be an inspiration to them to labor to uphold the honor of the State and reflect credit upon her institutions.

✤

Mrs. Stokes' Gift.

Some time ago the campus received the glad tidings that Mrs. J. William Stokes, of Orangeburg, had placed in the hands of the trustees $1,500, the interest on which was to be loaned to some worthy young man to help him through his college course. There are many young men who are toiling and denying themselves in order to secure a college education, and to them the gift of this noble woman will come as a help and an inspiration. A gift like this is far-reaching in its effect because it places a college education within the grasp of some eminently fitted young men, otherwise doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Stokes has the heartfelt thanks of the trustees, the faculty and the student body; indeed, we might add that all friends of our college feel grateful to this generous friend of struggling young manhood.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

A magazine which has made rapid improvement recently is *The Newberry Styus.* Having been in a position to observe this magazine for the past three years authorizes me to make the statement. It can be said, to the credit of the college, that its present magazine is a decided advance, both as to general get-up and to grade of literary contributions, over the magazine three years ago.

The departments are well arranged, and each department well attended. Possibly the department of *Styloids* is too well attended with certain dry jokes, known to be jokes only in the college circle, on the campus. The masterful address dedicatory of Holland Hall needs no remarks in a place like this. While it is primarily the part of any magazine to represent the stuednt ability, the staff forfeits nothing by publishing this address. "The Purpose of an Education" seems almost a futile attempt following immediately as it does the address on the same subject referred to above. And in fact there is nothing new in it, but that would do, had it any new manner of treatment. "World Benefactors" is an explanation of the duty and ability of world powers through individuals, but on such a small scale. We recommend that the author contribute more extensively on the same or a like subject. "Merely a Story" is a neat little plot, based entirely on comic situation, which, a little more comic, would have made a real comedy in story form. "Respect for Constituted Authority" is a strong appeal for loyalty and order on the part of the individual citizen, explaining how popular sanction makes any custom a law.

The January number of *The Georgian* contains a splendid group of stories, and two historical sketches which hold an

interest for at least every Southern young man. "Knights of the Golden Circle" is a clear sketch of that order, of which we have always heard only vague, fragmentary reports here and there. It is certainly a praiseworthy accomplishment on the part of this Georgia student to collect and record the real life and activities of this now almost forgotten order. "Pirates and Buccaneers of the 18th Century" is another sketch bearing on the lives and actions of our forefathers in their early days on this continent, and explaining how pirates existed then, and why they have ceased to pirate the seas. "The Assassin's Club" is a dream such as few men are able to dream. It is not meant to teach any lesson or moral, but to entertain with the fancies of imagination. "One Thanksgiving" is a story presenting the lesson of the prodigal and applying it to the student. The plot is woven with symmetry and with the student continuously kept in mind, so that the story represents real life as found among students. "A Living Corpse" is one of those old skeleton stories we have heard all our lives. Some young fellow wanted everybody to know that he is a medical student. "The Life of LeConte" is the most valuable article in the magazine because of our interest in that grand scientist, who now teaches so many of us. While the article is not very clear in a few particulars, the majority of students can find something about LeConte that they did not know before reading it. "A Southern Maiden" is a short poem expressing some truth, but is light. "Oconee Cemetery" is blank verse with splendid metre. The author presents a true poetic conception of the utter futility of helping the dead and absolute necessity of helping and serving humanity yet alive. "The Vintage of 1865" is a poetic conception of the reign of desolation and then the dawning of a spring. The rythm and metre are such as few college journals have.

We hear and read much today of "The Simple Life," so we are at once attracted by such an article in the *Monroe College Monthly,* but it was not exactly written by a Wagner. This author chose this popular subject for its popularity and, with

some help, shows what is meant by *the simple life* in this complex and confused age. This article shows how a simple life is possible even now, and points out wherein it is the only life that can mean what is highest and greatest in the midst of complicated and conflicting circumstances. The next article in this magazine is "In the Hay Loft," a reminiscence characteristic of a girls' school magazine, which with some degree of literary touch presents an ideal of girlhood. "On the Train" is a rather ingenious little plot, based on observation of floating humanity. The article on Mozart has no special literary value, but is a valuable addition to the average magazine reader's knowledge of the great musician. "My Youthful Ambiitons" is a second ideal of girlhood, but not as empty as the hay loft scene. It contains real systematic plot and something little short of humor which should be cultivated. "Leaves from the English Room" is an interpretation of one of Tennyson's poems, in which the real poetry and its bearing on human life is pointed out. "Poetry and the Poor" is an explanation of the appeal for higher and nobler things that can reach the poor only in poetry, and also of the part played by the poor in the production of poetry. "Thanatopsis and The Psalm of Life" is a comparison of the poem of death and the poem of life. The special bearing of each poem upon its subject is pointed out by contrasting it with the other. "Little Things" is one of those *little things*. Possibly the author could realize something from writing such articles for children readers. We would suggest that the Monroe girls write some poetry; it would add much to their magazine.

The *Clemson Chronicle* comes to us, a message of prosperity at Clemson, At least, the cadets are prosperous enough to fill the *Chronicle* with readable matter. The staff was very fortunate in securing for publication a valuable article on the life of "Horseshoe Robinson." Of course it is very fitting that the magazine of the college in Oconee Coutny should have the benefit of such an article on the life of such a son of Oconee County as was Robinson. The yellow-jacket story is a rather

ingenious working out of a school-day joke, but is somewhat lacking in literary touch. "A Midnight Peril" shows ingenuity in plottng and system in the working out of it. It is made rather unnatural by too much planning to meet the special occasion. An article on lakes and their life is a geologic treatment on a small scale. It has no special literary value, but contains helpful information for those interested in lakes. "A College Friendship," by an alumnus, presents a real insight into human nature. The idea of friendship is worked out with real literary power. "In 'Lovers' Lane'" is the same little story that we read over and over again in college magazines; but this writer partially redeems himself by the use of a certain amount of originality in manner of treatment. "A Crime" is a treatment of natural human life with remorse for mistreatment of fellow creatures. The crime of the story is committed by the young peoples' parents, and not by their murderers. Of the three poems, only one, "The Twilight," has a real poetic conception. "The Violet" is a fanciful expression. "The Shadows" lacks poetic unity. "The Twilight" is an optimistic concepton of life, the unity of which is brought out in the last two lines.

Some time ago—four or five years perhaps—there appeared in the *Converse Concept* a criticism of our journal, to the effect that we had entirely too much heavy matter and too little fiction. It has afforded us over here much amusement to note with what systematic regularity this comment has appeared in *The Concept*—only this and nothing more. Try as we might, the criticism still remained. Among the first of our exchanges received this month, and one of the most interesting, is *The Concept.* We have found it highly interesting, and noted with some pleasure that out of fourteen efforts, eleven were *thoughtful, weighty* essays. *The Concept* opens with a poem, "Knowing," that is good. This is followed by "Dolly's Letter," a fairly well developed probability of a story. A good review of "The Masquerader" follows this, although we think the space might have been better filled by an essay on a subject of

more benefit. The next in order is a painfully weak effort at something new in the way of a story, "The Mistaken Love." Had the writer used more imaginative power and a better developed plot, the story might have gained consideration; we don't like the way it ends anyway, because we do not believe it to be true to life. "The Yellow Peril" and "Wagner, His Work and Influence," are timely treatments of two important current topics. "The Ideality of Ruskin" does credit to its author. It shows a familiarity with this great spirit that is wholesome. "Some Women Writers of Today" is good in so far as it goes—only it might have mentioned a few important writers incidentally. "A French View of Our Economic Development" shows thought on a great subject and familiarity with a great work. "Old Robin Hood of Merry England" is a delightful piece of work. It is well written, and shows that the writer knows what she's talking about. As a general rule, we dislike to see a "Debate" published in a college journal. But the one on "Burns' Environments" in *The Concept* quite disarms criticism. We think it an unusually good piece of work, with real literary value. Some of its sentences are golden, and worthy of several readings. Last, but among the best things *The Concept* offers us, is a poem, "A Thought." We consider this a gem. While the meter is bad in places, this is entirely redeemed by the genuine poetic sentiment and expression. It has thought, is beautiful in conception, and is well written. We congratulate the writer on a poem that is worth while. The other departments are excellently well edited, and all in all *The Concept* retains the high rank it has always had among college magazines.

We acknowledge receipt of *"The Most Popular College Songs,"* published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. It is a unique collection of those songs which interest every college boy, and may be had from publishers for fifty cents.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

OF THE CLASS OF '97.

W. M. Connor is assistant district attorney in the Philippines. In June he will return on a visit to America and will spend some weeks with his parents in Spartanburg.

J. P. Inabinet was assigned by Bishop Wilson at the Darlington Conference to the Magnolia Street Church, Sumter, S. C.

G. T. Pugh, now a student at Vanderbilt, will take the Ph. D. degree at the approaching commencement, and give his life to the work of teaching.

P. H. Stoll represents Williamsburg County in the lower branch of the Legislature.

H. A. C. Walker is now located in Spartanburg, engaged in the insurance business.

OF 1900.

C. B. (home-run) Burnett is in Texas, engaged in the lumber business.

J. E. Edwards is practicing medicine in Chicago.

P. C. Garris is now studying at Vanderbilt.

E. H. Hall, the strong-armed ball pitcher of the class, is superintendent of the Denmark Graded School.

L. L. Hardin is cashier of a bank at Rocky Mount, N. C.

E. M. Lander is assistant cashier of the Williamston Bank.

W. C. Martin is practicing law at Johnston, S. C.

E. P. Miller is principal of the Bennettsville Graded School.

H. T. Shockley is principal of the West End Graded School, Spartanburg.

OF THE CLASS OF 1876.

Three are in Darlington County: George W. Brown, a successful lawyer, is State Senator from Darlington. C. C. Twitty is president of the Hartsville (Darlington County) Cotton

Mill. R. B .R. C. Wallace is one of the most prominent physicians of his county. He is located at Lydia, the "garden spot" of Darlington.

M. W. Craton, another member of the '76 class, is practicing medicine in Missouri.

Of that class ('76), W. E. Burnett, W. L. Glaze and G. E. Prince each has a son now at Wofford. And Mr. Burnett and Mr. Prince each has a son already numbered among the alumni of this institution.

George C. Bates, of 1901, and Norman L. Prince, of 1902, are now in Southern Arizona, seeking to regain their health.

OF CLASS 1902.

B. H. Brown is wrestling with Blackstone and Kent at the University of Virginia.

F. S. DuPre is connected with a cotton mill in Wilmington, N. C.

A. T. Helms is at the head of the Lykesland Academy, Richland County.

F. H. Hudgens ("Little Dick," the great ball catcher), is buying cotton for the Honea Path Cotton Mill.

Sam Lanham is reading law with his uncle, S. T. McCrary, in Spartanburg.

Of the same class, Miss Ione Littlejohn is teaching in the Union Graded School.

R. I. Manning is practicing law in Sumter.

T. F. Watkins is practicing law in Anderson.

E. A. Montgomery is at the head of the Williamston Graded School.

C. E. Peele, of 1901, takes a good stand as a faithful minister of the gospel. He is near Rock Hill.

Miss May D. Wannamaker, of 1901, is building up her health and enriching her mind at her home near St. Matthews, Orangeburg County. D. D. Wannamaker, her brother, of the same class, is in Texas, keeping books for a large wholesale house.

J. R. Williams, of the same class, is superintendent of education for Marion County.

E. D. Smith, of Lynchburg, S. C., a member of the class of '89, is one of the few scholarly farmers of our State. At the Cotton Growers' Convention recently held, Mr. Smith took a very active part, and was spoken of by the daily papers as "The second John C. Calhoun of South Carolina."

S. A. Nettles, of '82, now a member of the South Carolina Conference, recently gave to the Epworth Orphanage $3,000 for the erection of a building.

Joseph Sprott, cashier of a bank in Manning, was for two years a member of the class of '76.

John W. Craton, of the same class for two sessions, is salesman for a mercantile establishment in Rutherfordton, N. C.

A. R. Fuller, of '75, is practicing medicine in Laurens County.

OF THE CLASS OF 1870.

J. R. Abney is a successful lawyer in New York City; S. N. Holland, a practicing physician in Georgia, and G. W. Sullivan is merchandising at Williamston.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

THE LYCEUM.

On the evening of January the 12th, Prof. Angelo Heilprin, president of the Geological Society of Philadelphia, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Mont Pelee and the Tragedy of Martinique." The fact that Prof. Heilprin visited the scene of the major disaster very soon after its happening, and was a direct observer of the great eruption of August 30, made the narrative describing them one of thrilling interest to his audience. Prof. Heilprin is certainly imbued with the true scientific spirit, and he also possesses great courage. Ths is shown by the many dangers to which he exposed himself in order to make accurate observations. His daring acts far surpassed those of the elder Pliny.

On the following morning, in the college auditorium, with the students and a few friends as an audiecne, Prof. Heilprin delivered an illustrated lecture on another interesting subject, "Alaska and the Klondike." This lecture was full of information concerning our northern territory and its people.

* * *

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Arrangements have been made for a debate between Furman and Wofford. The date has not been fixed definitely, but it will probably be some time in April. The debate will doubtless be entered into with much enthusiasm by both colleges.

Mr. J. G. Stabler, from the Calhoun Society, and Mr. J. C. Harmon, from the Preston Society, have been elected to represent Wofford in this debate.

The following men have been elected for the Junior debate:

Calhoun—M. T. Wharton and W. B. Pierce.

Preston—Roy Webster and J. C. Harmon.

As monthly orator for February the Calhouns have elected L. Shockley; the Prestons, P. E. Sanders.

The contest to select Wofford's representative in the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, which will be held in Greenwood, April 28th, will be held in the college auditorium February 20th.

* * *

THE SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

It is a great occasion in the history of every class when they make their first appearance before the public. Every Sophomore thinks that the "Soph. Ex." is the biggest thing that takes place during the college year. We judge from the men they have selected as speakers that the exhibition will be a success.

Speakers and marshals have been elected as follows:

Speakers.

Calhoun Society—Ingram Wilson, Clyde Bethea, and Ralph Willis.

Preston Society—C. N. Sapp, C. L. McFadden, and Sam Prince.

Marshals.

W. A. McKelvey, Chief; S. W. Taylor, D. E. Turbeville, Ernest Holcombe, W. L. Isom, and John Jordan.

* * *

ATHLETICS.

Considerable interest is being taken by the students in the organization of a ball team for the coming season. Coach Brown understands his business, and we expect Wofford to get out a real good team.

Invitations are now out for the gymnasium exhibition February 13th.

* * *

CAMPUS NOTES.

Dr. Carlisle was unwell for a few days last month. We are glad to see him out again.

The degree of "Learned Doctor of Laws" has been conferred upon President Snyder by the South Carolina College.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell attended the College Lyceum Convention at Greenville, January 20th.

Prof. J. G. Clinkscales has delivered several lectures in the city during the past month. The students of Wofford are always glad of an opportunity of hearing Prof. Clinkscales.

In the place of Mr. J. C. Candler, who did not return to college, Mr. M. A. Connolly has been elected to represent Wofford on the executive committee of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

Mr. J. H. Hamel, of the Senior class, has been off on business for several days.

Mr. F. O. Morgan, of the Freshman class, has gone home for a few days.

Rev. E. O. Watson, pastor of Central Methodist Church, has announced that he will be at the college on Mondays from 12 to 2 o'clock for the purpose of talking with any students who may desire to consult or talk with him.

Rev. Mr. Guess, of Turbeville, S. C., spent a few days on the campus. He came to enter his son in the Fitting School.

Senior O— has been taking violin lessons at Converse. It seemed impossible for him to learn where to move his fingers on the strings. Almost invariably his teacher (a young lady) had to place his fingers for him. We cannot understand why Mr. O— was so dull when it came to a violin lesson, for he is a very apt student in college.

Fresh. W—, when he returned to college after Christmas, complained that he had not received his report. Upon examining the register it was found that in matriculating he had put the postoffice of a certain young lady instead of his own. Sometimes it is inconvenient merely to be a Freshman, but 'tis doubly so to be a Freshman who is in love.

But Freshmen are not the only ones who do Fresh. things, for Junion W— sent a young lady a JOURNAL sealed, and put only two cents postage on it. She had to pay six cents to get THE JOURNAL. How unfortunate for him!

* * *

'Tis bliss in this age to be alive—
  Provided you have your debts all paid.
'Tis a pleasure while young to strive,
  If you are loving a *dear* old maid.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

From January 23d to the 29th, a series of evangelistic services were conducted in the Y. M. C. A. hall by Rev. R. S. Truesdale, of Columbia. Not only were the Christian men of the college uplifted and led to reconsecrate themselves to God, but a number of non-Christian men changed the course of their life, and came to know the fullness of the only life worth living. Brother Truesdale was once a Wofford man himself, and being still a young man, he realizes just the temptations which come to us fellows. He knows how to appeal to college men; and because of his enthusiasm in his work, and the deep love which he has for the souls of young men, he can get close to their hearts. Many men took definite steps, while many others manifsted an interest in the meeting; and the whol student body was made to think seriously.

This meeting, which is held from year to year, always marks the beginning of an epoch in the college life. Up to this point, college work and college enjoyment completely fill the minds of the students. Even the Christian workers seem not to be so enthusiastic, and really definite religious work does not occupy the most conspicuous place in their minds. But when the annual meeting comes, with its broad sweep of mighty influences, with its Spirit-filled leader, and its resulting serious thought, there comes into college life that which is the best thing in it, a deep, fervent feeling and desire for true conscientious living and self-sacrificing service for the Master. Men who formerly conceived of college life as simply the performance of recitation and society duties come to realize that Christian association with their fellow man, and the living of an exemplary and serviceable life is just as important as the acquirement of any amount of knowledge and training. Men who have never given the subject of religion a thought are made to think and feel that the years in college are the most opportune time to begin a Christian life. There is no doubt that a man really does have the best opportunity of his life

while in college to start on the upward way. If a man feels the least inclined to begin a new life, he at once feels that he is surrounded on every side by men who sympathize with him, and instead of being inclined to criticize him they are willing to do anything in their power to help him. A great many more men would become Christians did they not feel that they would be doing something unexpected, something which they would be discounted for, something which would continually put them in an estranged attitude to their fellows. But the impression which comes to a non-Christian man in college is that if he is really to win the sympathy of his fellow students, if he is to have the grandest relation to them, he must become a Christian himself.

For the past twenty-five years the Y. M. C. A. has been a most prominent factor in the life of Wofford College. The popular mind may generally be turned more strongly to other phases of work, but quietly and steadily the Y. M. C. A. wields its mighty influence. There are organizations in college life which stand for development of the mind, the development of worldly accomplishmnts, the development of the physical as well as social part of man. But this organization stands for the grandest thing in man, the well-being of his spiritual nature. Other organizations stand for the external life of man, that which is the creature of time and circumstance, and which passes away, but this organization stands for that internal life of man, which abides and continues to exist, which is the parent of our virtues, and that which alone gives peace and contentment, divests the heart of anxious cares, and bursts upon the mind a flood of joy. Man may live and work against most appalling difficulties, and yet have his darkest hours lighted by this steady light, and all his prospects brightened and the regions of mortality thickened by this angelic grace.

The men who live an unhappy and burdened life, and who are continually murmuring against the treatment of the world, are those men who have put their sole hope of sustenance and pleasure in external things, and who have narrowed the internal source of joy and comfort, and have debased their

powers, corrupted the purity of the mind, and have blunted the sympathy or contracted the affection of the heart, and have thus lost a treasure which was originally absolutely their own.

The Y. M. C. A. stands for the development and creation of this internal and eternal impulse of the heart and mind.

The attitude of the student body as a whole to it has always been the very best. Men with no religious proclivities have often made it an object of criticism and slander, yet deep down in their heart they have had a respect for it. Man was born evil, yet not wholly. Inbred in every man is that reverence for God and his agencies, and no matter how base he may become, he seldom divests himself of every spark of it. What man is there who does not admire a band of young men who have organized themselves in order to be a mutual help in living up high, who are striving to escape the sickly lowlands of sin, and to make an upward path for their feet. They may be destined to live isolated from the great heart of the majority of mankind, yet they cannot be alone, for God and the best strivings of their souls are there.

The greatest function of the Association is to aid men who have recently reversed their way of living. There is only one way to keep a young man in the way, that is to give him work to do. He must enter actively into Christian work, and be brought under the care of other Christian men. This is one advantage which the Young Men's Christian Association has over the Church. It furnishes by its various forms of work ample opportunity for men to do whatever they are best fitted for. There are dozens of earnest Christian men who follow up a fellow and care for him, just as soon as he takes any step or manifests any interest in his soul's welfare.

As the work changes hands let us all realize our opportunity and duty, and strive to perform it. The officers recently elected are: O. M. Mitchell, President; J. C. Anderson, Vice-President; C. R. DuRant, Secretary; H. C. Woodley, Treasurer. By being much in prayer, the Y. M. C. A. may be made even a greater power for good in the college than it has ever been in the past.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

On Reading Van Dyke's New Poems.

Music, hast thou fount thy Love,
Who roams about seeking thee?
He seeks in Life and in Peace,
And would have you walk "A Mile With Me."
A disciple of Work, a singer of song,
A worshipper of all true Poesy—
He seeks thee now, hast sought thee long,
And would gladly walk a mile with thee.
E'en in this age when song is lost
In the humming of bare industry,
He offers praise, thy glory sings,
While he walks a mile with thee.
A tribute he lays at thy feet,
Nor asks for aught of thee,
For a Poet's joy is full complete
When he "sets a captive free."
His spirit as the fiood doth rise,
He yields entire to thee,
And counts it joy, not sacrifice,
To become a slave, yet free.

M. W. BRABHAM, '05.

[Music and other poems, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's, 1905.]

The Voice of the Flute.

"My soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
"Each second I'm new-born from some new grave."

So sang a young man confined in the Federal prison at Point Lookout in the cold and wintry days of 1864. A desire to gaze upon the beauties of nature which everywhere abounded filled his his heart; to feast his mind and eyes upon the swiftly moving Tennessee as it glides serpent-like and curves into a Moccasin Bend seventeen hundred feet below, how much of his life-blood would he have gladly sacrificed and deemed himself victor! To behold once more the beauties of Missionary Ridge as it rises sky-like in the distance; to feel the cool mountain air brush his cheek—these desires were strong within him, for he was beginning to feel the pangs of the deadly disease which was to be the enemy of his life, the tempter towards melancholy. But now the optimist is conqueror, and his sadness is dispelled as he exclaims:

"O, Hunger, Hunger, I will harness thee
And make thee harrow all my spirits glebe.
Of old the blind bard Herve sang so sweet
He made a wolf to plow his land."

It is sunrise, and the quiet Sabbath is begun. The first rays of the new day come dimly through the small windows; restless the youth tosses on his cot, and thoughts of home will not down. Quietly he arises and taking from beneath his pillow a long, black instrument, he goes to the little window, and plays his greeting to the coming day. For four months past his comrades have been awakened each morning by the notes of the old flute, and were it to fail them, the night's rest would be considered incomplete.

Now the old comrade of his life responds in notes full and clear to the mood of the youth, and "Home Sweet Home" brings the sleepers to the land of reality. Lost in rapture, every thought of ill fortune is banished, and he stands back among the old magnolias of his Southern home, and hears the soft sound of the Chattahoochee as it glides

"Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall."

As in that great story of two cities, he is awakened by the touch of a hand and is "recalled to life." He looks about him, and a guard of the prison states that General ——— will see him at his tent. Without a murmur against this interruption he follows.

"God of the open air,"

he cries, as he stands in the free space beneath the skies. The sun is over the horizon, and look, in admiration at the day-herad, he sings:

"Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas, of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of factories hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's pen-politics hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that tried thee
Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend sun, the day being done."

The quarters of the general having been reached, the guard withdraws, and Sydney stands alone before the officer.

"Young man," the general says, "for many days have I listened to your magic notes as they came muffled to me from the prison below. You have made me tc feel that though prison walls may hold the body, the spirit will yet speak beyond them. You have done a service to your fellow man of the North as well as for your fellow prisoners of the South. You have given heart to those men and made them live, you have kept them from being impatient, and served each nobly. Tomorrow you will be exchanged. May yours be a happy life, and may the notes of your old flute, the companion of your sorrow, ever bring you as much joy as it has given me. You may now consider yourself free. You will dine with me today. Can you not return this evening and let me hear you play once more?"

This news of his exchange set Sydney's heart to beating. He could not refrain from telling the good news to his friend,

the flute, and raising it to his lips he sent the soft notes thrilling with a new-born spirit over the camp. His comrades of the prison heard and were glad; the soldiers of the mountains listened and imagined themselves standing at the old fireside in some far distant State. The traveler far below is unseen as he looks upward toward the distant height to find from whence the appeal of a soul comes. The boy is once more in his reverie, istening as in the happy days to the mocking bird, the expression of his fond dreams and hopes:

"Superb and sole, upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summed the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid does when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion—plays that sprinkle dew
At noon in brake or baskng avenue."

That evening he returns to the general's, and as the soft moonlight dances over his splendid features, he ascended the summit of Sunset-rock and plays "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" for the men of the camp and for the men of the prison.

Early next morning he begins the homeward march with a few coins in his pockets, the gift of the general, and with his flute. As he descends from the mountain he sends out his first greeting to Spring:

"Chime out, thou little song of Spring,
Float in the blue skies ravishing,
Thy song-of-life a joy doth bring
That's sweet albeit fleeting.
Float on the Spring-winds e'en to my home:
And when thou to a rose shall come
That hath begun to show her bloom,
Say, I send her greeting!"

And onward he plods until the weary march afoot is over, and he stands again in reality at his old home and hears the never-ceasing song of the Chattahooche, as it—

"Calls out of the hills of Habersham
Down the valleys of Hall."

M. W. BRABHAM, '05.

The "B's."

It was in the late fall of 18—, after a hard campaign, that John C. Duvall, lieutenant U. S. A., had gotten his furlough and was soon to start home for a sixty days' leave of absence. We were stationed near St. Tgnacio, in the southern part of Mexico, to suppress a band of highwaymen, which had been marauding the whole country. It had been an exceedingly hard campaign, and the regiment had lost quite a number of men from sickness. Bill Buck's Band, or, as they were commonly called, the "B's," had given us no end of trouble, for they despised anything that pertained to law, and they had tried to wreak their vengeance upon us, and not without success either. Several times the band had fired into our camp, usually killing or wounding some of our men. Tonight, for the first time, an officer had been killed—Captain Johnstone, of Company H.

Major Allen having fruitlessly searched the whole country, had decided to send for another regiment, and run the murderers to earth. He had ordered Lieutenant Duvall to report at his tent, and upon his arrival, having saluted the major, he demanded his commission. "Be seated, sir," demanded Allen. "Duvall," he continued, "I have some 'papers' to go to Colonel Pearson, and they must be in his hands within twenty-four hours. The danger in crossing La Grande Pass is great, and I have chosen you for this commission. You may choose any three men you wish, and report to me before twelve o'clock tonight."

Having heard this command, Duvall returned to his tent, and upon entering I noticed that he looked disappointed, and said to him:

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," he replied; "but I would like to have you go with me to Colonel Pearson's camp."

"What in the devil's that for?" I asked.

"Major Allen has some 'papers' for the colonel which he says must be in his hands within twenty-four hours," said he.

I was at the time threatened with pneumonia, but told Duvall I would report at his tent at 10:30.

"All right," said he; "I'll depend on you."

At 10:30 we were all ready, and in less than an hour had our commission and had started. Duvall had not told Major Allen that he had expected to start for home the following morning, but took up the trip without a word. It was the 24th of December, with the thermometer at six below zero. In addition to the cold, a strong north wind was sweeping down the valley, blowing sleet and ice in our faces and against our chests.

At four o'clock in the morning we reached the top of the Pass, and it seemed that the four gods of the winds had come together to blow us back to camp, but, as if defying the winds, we marched slowly on. Having crossed the Pass, we gave our horses reins, thinking they knew the trial better than we. The descent was worse than the ascent, if such could be possible, for at times it seemed that the whole mountain was slipping. Had it not been for the excitement, caused by the continual sliding of our horses, we would have frozen. Just before daybreak we arrived at "Jim" Brock's ranch, and found Lieutenant Duvall's horse standing at the rack. He supposed that Duvall had gone in to warm, and so we followed. We hollered "Hello!" for this is the customary salute in the West, and soon "Jim" popped his head out of the window and said, "Hello, boys! Come in an' I'll make up er fire." We went in, and, much to our surprise, found that Duvall was not there. It came over us like a flash that he had either frozen or been waylaid. We asked "Jim" if he had seen him; he said "No," and then demanded:

"Which er way did youn's com'?"

"We came from Major Allen's camp," I responded.

"Well, shor' as ther dev'l, the 'B's' is got 'im," said he; "fer they come er long her' tonight, goin' ter ther Pass."

"It's all up now," said I; "let's start back to the camp."

After warming a litte, in the meantime having gotten a quart of "Ambish," as "Jim" called it, we set out to find Duvall. Taking a good drink, and rolling a cigarette, we mounted our horses. The ride back up the gorge was not so rough: having the wind to our backs, and having been refreshed by food and drink.

The sun was just at the meridian when we again reached the Pass. All the way along the road we had watched for some signs of Duvall, but had seen none. Here at the Pass we saw tracks both of men and animals. Dismounting, we perceived, where the two roads crossed, prints which seemed to indicate a scuffle. Observing more closely, we found tracks which lead, far to the right, to the "Devil's Cave." Following these a few hundred yards, we were confident that we had "treed our game," so decided to return to camp and get enough men to surround the cave, so that there would be no chance of escape. We reached Camp Raleigh—this was the name of our camp—just at sunset, and our arrival seemed to surprse the whole regiment, knowing that we had not had time to have made the trip to Fort Henry and back. But what most surprised the men was the disappearance of Duvall, for they knew that he had charge of the squad. We did not halt until we had reached Major Allen's tent. Alighting, we entered, and, after the customary salute, the Major, seeing we were worn out, demanded us to be seated. He begun, in his usual calm way: "Gentlemen, where is Duvall? And why have you returned so soon?"

I was the highest of the men in rank, being a corporal, and took it upon myself to answer. "We have lost Duvall, Major, but have found the retreat of the 'B's."

"Explain yourself, Corporal Jackson," said he.

"I mean simply this, sir," I replied; "that on our return today we found tracks both of horses and of men, and following

them several hundred yards, we saw that they led to 'Devil's Cave,' and have returned to report to you, sir."

"Very good," he answered; "command the buglers to sound 'Boots and saddle,' and follow it with 'Assembly.'"

In less than ten minutes we were at "Attention," and Major Allen, stationed at the head of the regiment, thus commanded us: "Companies B, C and H to the front." We immediately took our places, and then came the order, "Attention!" "The rest of the regiment," continued he, "may remain in camp until further orders. "Captain Wallace, of Company H, shall be in command till my return, and Corporal Jackson shall fill his vacancy in Company H. Forward, march!"

The snow and sleet now covered the ground to a depth of almost six inches, and the sound of the horses' hoofs could not be heard. When distant from the camp about a half mile, Major Allen commanded, "Double quick, march!" Soon we were dashing forward, and the prospect of a fight, and the slipping and sliding of our horses, made us quite forgetful of the cold, and of the danger we were confronting. Onward and onward we went, and about midnight we reached the top of La Grande Pass. Major Allen, riding forward, commanded, "Companies, halt!" The moon was now up, and we could see quite disticntly the two roads that encircled the cave. "Company H to the left, Company B to the right, Company C to the front, forward, march," commanded he. Then straight in front of Company C, right along the trial, Major Allen rode at "Charge." Here at the entrance of the cave he halted. Having full command of the situation, and seeing the position of each company, he commanded, in a shrill voice, "Companies, halt! Company H, half-left; Company B, half-right, march! Company C, forward, march!" Each company having proceeded about a hundred yards, again he ordered, "Companies, halt!" Having halted, soon rang out the command, "Inspection!" At this command each company spread out, and in a few minutes the cave was entirely surrounded. Major Allen, standing in the middle of the circle, ordered, "Attention!" It was now 1 a. m., and fearing that by some possi-

bility the robbers might escape, Major Allen decided to wait until daybreak to make the attack. After cautioning the soldiers, he commanded, "Companies, rest!"

Some of us guarded, while others built fires. This was the second night that McClellan, Ferguson and I had been on duty, without a wink of sleep, and with almost nothing to eat, but the excitement was so intense that we had thought of neither. It seemed that daybreak would never come, and we were all eager for the command to enter. Soon the buglers broke the stillness of the morning with "Reveille." Immediately we took our places, and once again Major Allen commanded, "Attention! Forward, march!" Having advanced about fifty yards, again we were ordered to "Halt!" We were now, for the first time, almost in the very jaws of death, for no band of desperate men is going to surrender without a fierce struggle, especially when "there is a $1,000 reward for their capture, either dead or alive."

Major Allen, brave man that he was ,was to lead the assault. He knew that he was marching to death. But calmly, as if he were leading a sham-battle, he executed his commands. The path leading into the cave was too narrow for "double-file," so we had to go "double-quick." Having lighted our "torches," we were ready for the signal to march. Soon came the longed-for command, "Single file, march!" Step by step we descended. The "B's," conscious of the fact that they at last had been found, armed to the teeth, were awaiting us. Just before us we saw the reflection of a bright fire, Each man knew that the time had come. So close were we now that we heard "Bill Buck" saying, "We'll kill 'em or die er tryin'." Just then came our general's last command, "Double-quick, march!" Duvall, gagged and bound, and almost starved, was strapped to a box. Hearing the command of Allen's, he tried to cheer, and the robbers seeing this, turned and fired the first shot of the assault straight at him; four shots were fired, and Duvall dropped. Half of Company H was now in the robbers' den, and bullets were flying in every direction. Two of the robbers lay dead. But "Bill Buck" and his son

were struggling with McClellan and Ferguson, to keep from being captured. It was all useless, for now they were overpowered, and disarmed.

General Allen having been killed, I gave the command to fall-back. Our captives, being tied, were led out, and we soon removed the gag and cut the ropes that bound Duvall. He raised his head and, looking up into our faces, muttered, "Thank God!" then fell back unconscious. He was almost dead from the loss of blood, but we soon revived him, and laying him on a cot, he immediately dropped off to sleep. While he was sleeping we searched the cave. Before the fire were lying the "papers" which General Allen had despatched to Colonel Pearsons, and close to them, Duvall's furlough. The "orders" to Colonel Pearson read about as follows:

"Send another regiment, and we will scour the country. Last night the band fired into our camp, killing Captain Johnstone. They are lurking close around here, and we must find them. "Signed J. J. Allen,

"General 44th Regt., U. S. A."

This explains why they put up such a desperate fight. They had seen these "papers" and knew what they meant.

Duvall awoke at midday, and after eating a light dinner, the first for three dys, he told us the following story:

"Boys, you have saved me. They had promised to kill me at sunset today. They would have done it yesterday, but said they wanted the rest of the gang to see me kick. When they saw the 'papers' for Colonel Pearson, they cursed like devils, but when they saw my furough they laughed and said, 'He'll play the devil getting his absence.' 'Bill Buck' turned to me and said, 'If you're livin' in sixty hours from now, Bill Buck's a liar.' "

Here he stopped and looked around, and then fainted. He was not dangerously hurt, but was exhausted. As soon as he regained consciousness, we carried him out of the cave, and being once more in the fresh air and sunlight, he again exclaimed, "Thank God!"

The companies, seeing Duvall, gave three hearty cheers, and

his whole soul went out to them in love. When we returned to camp that night, there was sorrow mixed with joy, but so enraged was the regiment over General Allen's death, had it not been that we were United States Regulars, sent to preserve order, we would have hung "Buck" and his son "as high as Haman."

Duvall during his sickness occupied the tent of Allen's, and after a few weeks of recuperation, he received another furlough for a ninety days' leave of absence, and with it the rank of major.

JAS. R. ATKINS.

The White Ideal.

[TO MY CRITIC, S. T. L.]

I was a traveler, from afar,
Pushing all day to find the light
Of one white, gleaming, far-off star
Whose beams had reached me through the night.
Footsore, I stumbled on life's way
And faint, paused for a look and breath;
On every side stretched blank and gray
A barren, sand-blown heath.
So many shadows crossed my life
Earth was so near when I would rise
Its ceaseless rush of surging strife
Shut out the music from the skies.

I yearned and strove that I might reach
Some dream-spot in life's tangled lane,
Where poet's song and master's speech
Rise o'er earth's noise of loss and gain.
And as I stood, from out the past
I seemed to hear a voice that sang
In accents faint and yet so vast
In thought, as in mine ear it rang:
"Oh, toiler o'er life thorn-strewn path,
Courage, whatever storm beats down,

Look up, strive onward, for life hath
Great spirit witnesses around.

"Let not the world pass with its throng
Of sad, worn men,—help all who come
O'er hill and hill to mount with song
Until all find a crag-bound home.
Sharp winds may sweep about thy frame,
Thorns pierce 'till blood shall start;
But always steadfast, like a flame
Thy White Ideal shall light thy heart,
By thee the battle must be fought.
Shall watchers say when thou art gone,
*'So noble was he that we thought
Him great,'* or will they sneer in scorn?"

* * * * * * * * *

Oh, masters whom I love at passion's height,
Thanks for this message in life's lonely straight;
Thanks for this whisper sent me in the night,
Oh, ye, who dead yet live and make life great!
As morning grows to sunset and time flies,
Whatever ills the future years reveal,
I shall forever keep before mine eyes
Unspotted from the world my White Ideal.

J. M. ARIAIL, '05.

A Poet of Nature.

There are many poets whom we consider great for what they have contributed to literature; but can we cite any author whom we enjoy reading more than the writer of nature? A man who writes not only for the sake of writing, but a man who writes because he has studied nature in all its phases. A man who has an overflowing heart and who writes not for money but in order to give the people a clear insight and conception of nature in all its beauty and grandeur. A man who looks upon nature as a teacher, and who not only receives

knowledge which she has to offer, but also receives the vital influence which flows from her as from a fountain of life. Now let us admit that we have no author in mind whom we enjoy more than the poet of nature. Then if that is true we must have our ideal poet of nature. Not knowing each and every reader will; allow me to advance the name of William Wordsworth as a typical poet of nature.

This poet was only a young man at the time of the French Revolution, but nevertheless we see him sympathizing and taking a great part in it. Why? Because it spoke of nature, of simplicity, of new hopes for the race, of reason, of equality, and of fraternity. "Although finally he turned away from it with permanent disgust, yet it was the trial and the struggle which he went through, amid the hopes and overthrows of the French Revolution, which annealed his mind to its highest temper, which gave largeness to his sympathies and reality and power to his ideas." Afte rwithdrawing from France he wandered around for some time, in company with Coleridge, who was one of his best friends, including trips to London, and visits to Germany and Switzerland, he finally settled down at Grasmere, his home, in the "Lake Country." His marriage, in 1802, to Mary Hutchison, not only to some extent stopped his travels, but caused him to stay in the lake district.

The above is a brief discussion of a poet of nature and Wordsworth as a typical example, but now let us look at the influence that his different localities and associations had upon his poetry.

In his boyhood he associated with people of very simple habits, and was surrounded by a very picturesque mountain and lake scenery. The influence of these conditions can be readily seen when you examine his writings. You find that he very frequently used the hardy, strong dalesman as a representative of man, and used nature as the background or stage of his actions. "The people among whom he lived in his youth were plain folk, unrestrained by conventional fashions, with very slight difference of social standing; and he early imbibed among them that love of liberty and equality and that ready

sympathy with human nature, even in its humblest aspects, which show so conspicuously in his poetry." His life was mainly spent amid the beauties, grandeurs, and solitudes of nature, which were conducive to thought, imagination and mental independence. No doubt then that these qualities, which so early formed a part of his being, were not strengthened by the surroundings of his home at Grasmere. There he was endowed by such a divine gift, situated amid the grandeur of nature, such as surrounded his mountain home, he could not be compelled to stay amid the smaller things of life, as it were, but was lifted up amid the spirits of the air. Then his little cottage, with its extended hills as silent sentinels keeping watch over all, seemed to furnish a place of solitude, solitude which he, in common with other literary men of that time, loved so much. "Of all men who ever wrote, Wordsworth made himself most avowedly the subject of his own thinking."

As I have already said, one, regarding nature as Wordsworth, and as susceptible to the influences of nature, would naturally choose subjects relating to nature or subjects that illustrate nature as he saw it himself. Even in his early boyhood he became aware of that sympathy with external nature, and that powe rof discriminative insight into the characteristic varieties of its beauty and awfulness, which had so great an effect on his writings. He worshipped nature in her calmer moods and eulogizes her so much that he is called the "High Priest of Nature." Nature did more than arouse his senses; she appealed to his heart.

We learn from criticisms on Wordsworth that he was a philosophical thinker, whose purpose it was to think out for himself the things concerning "Man, Nature, and Human Life." It was also hi spurpose not to write merely to please but to teach. From Wordsworth's own standpoint, the purpose of his poetry is: "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous."

Wordsworth says, as to the Lyrical Ballads, "They were

chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society is adapted to the purpose of poetic pleasure. His purpose also was to take the commonplace things of everyday life, and through the imagination, make them above the ordinary. He clings to the truth and strives always at direct expression. Thus, the aim of his writings may be briefly stated—truth and reality.

In examining his writings, we find that he was most successful in the vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects on his own mind, and the effect which his mood and temperament in turn had upon them. He always expresses to you his own sentiments, and feelings. He is indeed fond of particulars in every case. The characteristics of his style are: purity, perfection of language, wideness of range, and above all, his magnificent gift of imagination. A writer says, "For simple, heartfelt, graphic painting from nature, for tender touches of human sympathy, for wise and prophetic utterance of the highest thoughts and aspirations of the soul, what poet has surpassed Wordsworth, when at his best?" Lowell says, "His style is sluggish, and we are forced to do our own rowing, and only when the current is hemmed in by some narrow gorge of the poet's consciousness do we feel ourselves snatch along on the smooth but impetuous rush of unmistakable inspiration." Thus it has been said that Wordsworth is, not only a poet of nature in one phase of his writings, but even in paragraphs. The Edinburgh Review thus describes some of his sonnets about 1815, "A sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, sadly garnished with shreds and phases from Milton and the Bible, but without nature and without passion, and with a plentiful lack of meaning, compensated only by a large allowance of affection and egotism." To be sure this is a very extreme view of his sonnets, and one which will find very few adherents at the present day. Arnold, in criticizing this poet, says, "His poetical merits are threefold, first, they lie in the inexplicable, the ultimate felicity of phrase, which all great poets must have, and which only great poets have; second, in his matchless

power of delineating natural objects; and lastly, more properly, and with most special rarity of all in the half pantheitsic mysticism which always lies behind his observation and which every now and then breaks through it, puts it, as it were, as mere observations, aside, and blazes in unmasked fire of rapture." It has been said that this great poet of nature better utterances have the bare sincerity, the immunity from decoy that belong to the grand simplicities of the Bible.

Nature has an indwelling spirit, and is considered a teacher by Wordsworth. He loved nature, which he approached from a sacred standpoint, and studied it by going out in wise passiveness. He feeds upon and worships nature in her calmer and solitary mood. He not only wrote of nature, but he gave to men eyes to see that simple, natural, and common things were the best. Thus, rightly, he is not only called a poet of nature, but "The High Priest of Nature." Also this poet speaks of man in such a simple and common, though accurate, way that he becomes uncommon or above the ordinary. "He would build a princely throne on humble truth." One of the fine qualities of his character is his beautiful and childlike reverence which he gave to those who were worthy—a certain delicacy and depth of feeling. The poet's idea of the relations of man and nature were the spiritual union or an indwelling spirit in everything, because in returning to ature you also return to man's natural state.

Now, we have seen that many influences have entered into the writings of Wordsworth, but the two most important influences are: In early manhood, the influence of the French Revolution was very great upon him because it spoke of nature, of simplicity, of humanity, of new hopes for the race, of reason, of equality, and of fraternity. Then he also felt the influence of his surroundings, namely, his natural home scenery, and his association with plain country people.

It cannot be denied that this great poet of nature did not possess some of the qualities which go to make up good poetry, viz: force and originality of thought; vividness and richness of imagination, command of language in its purity, its beauty

and its majesty, all of which is essential to good poetry; but more than that these qualities place men very high as a great poet. Also some other qualities, which elevate him much as a poet, are his sincerity, his feeling, his observation, and the power of modifying the things observed; but more than all is his sincerity to his vision or vocation. To be sure Wordsworth lacks some qualities that other poets have, but we can readily see, by comparison, that Wordsworth's place, as a poet of nature, is above the ordinary. It is my belief that our sense of duty, for what is right and just, would prompt up, after comparison and consideration of this poet, as a poet of nature, in placing him nowhere but among the first, if not the first, of the seven great poets of England. J. P .S., '05.

To a Book.

Old friend would I call you
  As I draw you from your shelf:
Just tonight I would pray you
  Draw me wholly to yourself—
As I caress your covers tattered
  Let me feel an impulse given
As if with you and me it mattered
  That we should be the friends of heaven!

This I feel as your leaves
  I with love slowly turn.

M. W. B., '05.

How He Won.

"Are you going to send me away like this, Dorothy?" An eager face looked at the young lady, and a hot hand was stretched forth to clasp her own.

She was very angry; the fringe of dark lashes lifted, and she gave him a withering glance.

"Indeed I do not send you away, Mr. Carr," she exclaimed; "but I have spoken as I feel, and you have heard."

"So you feel, and so you answer?" he said in a half-defiant manner: "you knew I had set my heart on making you my wife, and until you met Ralph Simpson you had given me some encouragement, but you have steadily grown cold—"

"You forget yourself," she interrupted. "What right have you to speak to me like this? Now indeed you have your answer—go!"

"Dorothy," he entreated, "let us not part like this. I was not myself to speak as I have, but I dislike that man more than you imagine; yet won't you give me one reason for not marrying me?"

"I think that not loving a man is a good reason for not marrying him," answered Dorothy.

He raised his head proudly, "I shall never ask again."

She was looking downward, and he could not see the dark eyes as they flashed, nor did he catch the suggestion of tenderness in them.

"I shall say good-bye, then," he said simply.

"Good-bye," she said coolly, as he strode down the steps.

* * * * * * * * *

A week passed; Dorothy did not find things as pleasant as she had imagined. Ralph Simpson had called several times, but somehow the evenings had proved uninteresting. If something would only happen to make *him* come! she thought, and then she remembered that she had been unkind, unnecessarily so, and she had no right to expect him to come back.

One afternoon two weeks later she stood looking toward the "Central." An automobile was approaching. If it was Ralph Simpson she would go inside. He had become so tiresome, and spoke so rudely of everyone else. But she was too late, for Ralph Simpson stopped at the gate, and walked straight to the steps where she stood.

"You are out early this afternoon," she began.

"Yes," he answered; "I wish you to accompany me in a short ride through the country, won't you?"

"Of course; I will be ready directly." Going to her room, Dorothy was soon prepared; then went in to tell her mother.

As they passed through the streets it happened to be the luck of James Carr to find himself glaring at a rapidly receding automobile with a mad desire to follow, and swearing at his senseless anxiety. Following an impulse, he calmly mounted his horse standing near, and disappeared around the corner taken by the automobile. When near the edge of the city he halted, and considered his rather foolish impulse. What excuse was he to offer his offended self-respect? What would *she* think anyway, should they pass on the drive?

For a second he hesitated, but he knew the character of Simpson in a way he could not tell the woman he loved, and he feared for her. Her other friends were afraid for her, and why should he not be? He would follow at a distance anyway; for 'twas good to be near her at any rate.

The automobile had a good start, but he managed to keep it in sight.

After a run of several miles the "auto." left the main road and turned into a side track, so narrow and rutty that Simpson was forced to slacken speed. Ere Carr could come up with them though it had entered the gates of an out-of-the-way country residence, standing deserted in the center of its neglected grounds.

The gate was closed and locked by an old man as soon as the motor passed through. A fairly high fence encircled the garden and house, adding to its sense of desolation. Peering through the gate, James Carr could see the automobile standing in front of the main entrance, unoccupied.

Dorothy was nowhere to be seen; the old man had also vanished among the trees which obscured his view of the house. He stood perplexed; the situation was maddening; uncertain how to act, he knew that he must do something.

Leaving his horse near the fence, he leaped over easily, and walked toward the house, sheltered from sight by the trees, which grew densely all around.

Hearing voices within, he approached a French window,

which stood partly open, and thus was an unseen witness of all that took place.

Standing in the center of the room was Dorothy. Opposite her was Ralph Simpson, pulling nervously at his moustache.

"Why, sir, have you deceived me," demanded Dorothy. "You told me that your sister lived here, and although I did not then want to come, I could scarcely do otherwise. Will you please explain your motive for this rather unpardonable joke?"

"The—er—truth is, my dear Miss Dobson," began Simpson, "I wanted to talk over our marriage uninterrupted, so I could not resist showing you the house of my fathers. And I might add, Dorothy, that I have made it quite impossible for you to refuse to marry me. If you see fit to turn it into a surprise party, we shall marry here—I have so arranged. Otherwise we shall be married immediately upon our return to the city."

Gradually it dawned upon Dorothy what he was. "You must be mad!" she cried. "You are a coward, and a scoundrel! You have entrapped me here; but I would prefer death rather than be your wife, sir! If you have any of the instinct of a gentleman left, you will open that door and let me go."

"You ask too much of me," he said, sullenly, withered by the scorn of her flashing eyes. "You shall be my wife. I have determined upon this!"

A sudden horror of this unscrupulous man seized Dorothy. The room swam before her, and she felt that she would faint. "Will you put an end to this absurd situation?" she exclaimed, grasping the back of a chair for support, "when I tell you that I am the wife of James Carr?"

"What!" he said, recoiling a step or two. "I don't believe you; you've invented this marriage story, but it is too thin to serve your purpose. You would do anything to escape me, but you shall *never* be James Carr's wife."

"And you have planned all this? If you only knew how I loathe and hate you!" And then with a swift movement she was at the window, and a cry pitiful and entreating broke the stillness of the afternoon.

"If you were to call always it would not serve your purpose," said Ralph Simpson, grasping her hand; but she jerked it away from him. "There are only my friends—"

He finished with an ugly exclamation as the French window flew open, and James Carr, with revolver in hand, entered.

"James!" exclaimed Dorothy, "save me from that man! It is not my fault that I am here now! O save—"

"I know," he muttered, as he sprang forward to catch her fainting form, and place her on a sofa, "but that dog—" He looked for Ralph Simpson, but he had vanished.

* * * * * * * *

Two weeks later, looking over the morning paper, one might see the following: "Mr. J. M. Carr, of F. S., and Miss Dorothy Dobson were married here Monday afternoon, the Rev. M. K. M. officiating. Many friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony. Mr. Carr is one of our most popular and progressive young men." EDWARD R. MASON, '07.

The Signifcence of Criminal Anthropology.

The science of Criminal Anthropology, or Criminology, as some prefer to call it, is practically a modern study.

However, the need of investigating criminal phenomena has long been left; and especially during the middle of the nineteenth century, when many observations were recorded, and treatises written on special phases of this subject. But it was not until 1876, when the distinguished Italian scientist Lombroso published his work, "The Criminal," that a systematic study of the subject was really begun. Prior to this publication, the scientists of note who had written concerning the criminal had confined themselves alone to the psychological anomalies, so characteristic in criminals, such as lack of moral sensibility and remorse, and the tendency to cruelty; while Lombroso, probably influenced by Darwin's Origin of Species in 1859, considered also the fact that the criminal was anatomically and physiologically an organic anomaly.

The science of Criminology has for its object the discovery

of the causes, nature, and treatment of crime; with special reference to the individual and his social environments.

The commonly used method to ascertain these facts is, first, to make a scientific investigation of all anomalies noticeable in the individual criminals; and secondly, by tracing the evolution of crime from the primitive races to the present time. In pursuing this study, it is obvious that among the first obstacles that the Criminologist has to face is the difficulty of establishing a criminal type.

A few of the reasons why they have not been able to accomplish that might be mentioned.

Chief among these is the fact that the study of criminals involves also a study of normals; and as yet no normal type has been able to be discovered. Thus, without a normal type as a standard of comparison, we are unable to tell how far the criminal falls short of the normal, and the normal resembles the criminal.

Then the difficulty in obtaining material for investigation, especially normal, prevents accurate statistics.

Next, the racial traits and characteristics have also to be considered; that is to say the typical Italian criminal of Lombroso would not serve as a universal type.

But probably the greatest impediment to the progress of this science is the constant differing of opinions among scientists as to the relative importance of the physical and psysical anomalies. This fact has given rise to two classes of scientists—the materialistic and the classical. The former hold that the common maleformations, and other signs of physical degeneracy, so common among almost all the criminal classes, is in it self enough to establish the required type.

But the classical school deny this, and insist moreover upon the predominance of the psysical element.

Both of these classes of investigators have pushed their conclusions to extremes; which renders it practically impossible to predict what will be the outcome.

Nevertheless, if we consider the incalculable benefit this

science has already been to society, we certainly have reason to expect much from it in the future.

It has pleaded with the law to face the criminal in a different attitude; having proved conclusively the fact that all criminals are not alike, not even those of the same offenses; and consequently they should not be dealt with in the same manner. To illustrate, take the case of a country youth who has come to town to seek employment, and being unable to find any, is driven by hunger and fatigue to steal merely enough for one meal. Compare with him an instinctive, or congenital criminal, who is both a moral and physical wreck; and if these two men are tried by law for the same crime, although they may be equally guilty, should they be dealt with the same?

Perhaps the former had previously been of good character, and had never committed a crime before; and whereas if he was placed in a Reformatory, and given employment, in all probability he would make a good citizen But if he is sent to prison, and has to associate with the element there, his environments would soon lead to hopeless corruption.

Just as a teacher has to treat each of his pupils according to their disposition, so the law should treat the criminal as an individual, and not as the representative of a certain class.

Under the present laws the question of guilt is the only thing involved.

The assumption made is that every criminal is an average, or normal person; and that any crime committed by that person is an abnormal act.

The science of Criminology, however, is endeavoring to prove to the contrary, by showing that the committing of crime is not the abnormal act of a normal person, but the normal act of an abnormal person.

A noted scientist has summed the situation in the following words: "There can be no question of culpability or of justice in the severe sense; the question is of the necessity of society's preventing crime.

The measure of culpability and the measure of punishment

cannot be determined by a study of the illegal act, but only by a study of the individual committing it."

This has become to be considered now as not only the best but the only solution of the problem.

By solving the criminal problem, we would in a large measure terminate the much-discussed "Reign of Lawlessness," which seems so prevelent at the present time.

If this be true, then certainly it is time society should awake to the great responsibility that rests upon her, and manifest a willingness to do her part in helping to cure this social disease which is the greatest menace to humanity.

We should take pride in the fact that it is an American—Dr. Hamilton Ney, of Elmira Reformatory, New York—who has made one of the first decisive steps in that direction.

E. FOSTER BRIGHAM, '05.

Ghosts.

I was on my way home from college and, of course, was in a good humor. And why shouldn't I have been? I had successfully passed my examinations and would have a long vacation of three months. My train was only ninety miles from Corson Station, where I was to get off, and if nothing happended, I would reach my destination by 6:30. Then, after an eight-mile drive through the country, I would be at home. But while I was losing myself in the mystic mazes of pleasant reverie and thinking of the fine times I would have during the cessation of hostilities at college, the train suddenly came to a standstill. I patiently remained in my seat several minutes, thinking the train would start at any moment. But being disappoitned in this, I went out and enquired of the conductor as to what time the train would start.

"Our engine has broken down," he replied; "but we have sent to Crockett for another engine, and I suppose we will be able to proceed by 6:30."

Six thirty! And I thought I would be at my station by that time! But as fretting and fuming would do no good, I phil-

osophically accepted the situation and was thankful that it was no worse. I fell asleep, and when I awoke the train was speeding away at about sixty miles an hour. I had to wait only a few minutes until I herd the porter yell, "Corson Station!" Having got off the train, I found Bob, my servant, awaiting me with the buggy.

"Cap, I sho' thought you won't goin' to git yere tonight," said Bob; "I'se been waitin' a monstrosity long time for you."

"Well, Bob, let's see how quick we can make it home," said I, stepping into the buggy. "It's 9 o'clock now, but we can make it by 10:30."

"Yes, Boss; we can do dat very thing; caze you know we'se got to go through some pretty dark and skeery places, and I'se sho' gwine ter make dis hoss fly."

The first half of our journey passed without any event of importance happening. But the place in the road, which we were rapidly approaching, I noticed to be very dark. The tall willows on either side of the road bent their tops together and formed a natural arch. The moon cast his shadow through the tops of the trees, and the road presented a weird and ghastly appearance. To add to the gloominess and solemnity of the situation, an owl far off in the woods hooted in dreary tones his hair-raising "Too-hoot too-hoo." Everything was so still, except when the owl shrieked his wierd tune, that a trained ear might have heard the bending and cracking of twigs as a squirrel jumped from one bough to another.

"Boss, dat yonder's a skittish place, I tells you," said Bob, his teeth clattering and his whole body shivering as if he were having a heavy chill.

"There must be something bad the matter with you," I repiled, laughing at Bob and making light of his imaginary fears.

"Wait and see," replied Bob, in a tone showing his injured dignity.

We were in the lonely arch formed by the bending together of the trees; but nothing had happened. But what was that I saw on that rotten and decayed fence? Horror of horrors! The figure of a woman, with disheaveled hair and the marks of dis-

sipation deeply impressed on her features. Her teeth clattered, and in her hands she rattled bones. I myself was frightened, but the negro's face was a study. His eyes looked as if they were anxious to jump out of place, and hais hair stood on the beam's end.

"Golly, Boss!" he gasped, giving the horse a lash; "les' git outen dis place!"

But what was that which ran across the road in front of our horses? Two wheels running along without anything visible giving them motion and seeming to cross and recross the road every few yards.

"God-der-mighty, Boss!" yelled Bob; "de sperits is after us! de sperits is after us!"

I myself now began to feel uncomfortable and snatched the reins out of Bob's hands and, giving the horse several sharp taps, we soon passed from under the dark and dreary arch. The negro was so still that he could easily passed as a statue.

"Bob, what's the meaning of those things we saw back yonder as we were passing through the arch?" I enquired.

"You jes' wait till you goes over to your grandpa's in the mornin' and he will tell you all about dem hobgoblinkesy things."

* * * * * * * * *

"Well, son, what time did you get home last night?" enquired grandpa ,when I came over to see him next morning.

"I got home about ten o'clock, grandpa. The train got to the station at nine and we were at home by ten."

"But, son, you must have driven your horse mighty fast?"

"We did, grandpa; and you would have driven as fast as we did if you had seen the things we saw last night."

"And what did you see?"

"Well, in the arch where the trees bend together, we saw a woman, terrible in appearance, sitting on the old rail fence. Then a little farther on we saw two two wheels run across the road, but we could see nothing pulling or pushing them."

"Do you want me to tell you all about the woman and the wheels you saw last night?"

"Yes, grandpa," I replied; "it would be very interesting to me."

"Long years ago, about 1825, when I was a mere boy, a man used to live in a log cabin in the woods you passed through last night. The man's name was Tom Jackson, and he was accounted to be the wealthiest man in all this surrounding country, for he owned nearly five thousand acres of land and a large number of slaves. Although very rich, he was very miserly except in drinking; but he was a very heavy drinker, and would sometimes get on sprees and stay drunk for two or three months. He paid his attentions to Margaret Thompson, who was considered to be the most beautiful girl in the county. The girl could not endure his presence, but her parents, who were in needy circumstances, married her to Jackson. In those times children were married by their parents, and had no power of making their own choice. Well, the girl went to live with Jackson in his old colonial mansion, which has long since been torn down, and her parents went to live with her. But her father soon died, and her mother survived him only a month. Then Margaret was overcome wtih grief and had melancholy spells. This put Tom to drinking heavily, and then his possessions began goin gto rack. Finally he commenced mortgaging his property, and piece by piece it was sold to satisfy his creditors, until he had only a few acres left. These few acres were the deep woods you passed through last night. His wife still continued in melancholia and he continued his drinking. He built a log cabin in the woods and lived in one room and conducted a bar in the other room. Rough pioneers were accustomed to gather here and have drinking carousals and gambling.

Jackson's wife, in order to dispel her melancholy spirits, began to take small doses of whiskey. But the habit grew on her, and when she tried to break off from it she was helpless in its grasp. Finally she became as dissipated as the wild and rough men who frequented the bar, and participated with them in their hellish orgies.

"One night a crowd of rowdies gathered at the cabin to do

honor to Bacchus. The night was very cold and bleak, and a heavy snow was falling. The trees were being tossed and bent by the winds, and every living thing had sought shelter. A quarrel ensued between Tom and Margaret, and the latter was cast into the snowy night. But in a little while, repenting of his inhuman act, he went to the door and called her to come back into the house. Receiving no answer to his calls, he went out behind the cabin and found her lying cold and stiff in a corner of the rail fence. Thompson left the country, and was never again heard of. Since then her spirit comes every night and sits in the place where her body was found."

"A very remarkable story, grandpa; now tell me about the running wheels."

"Well, son. Tarleton, after his defeat at the hands of Morgan at Cowpens, fled down this road, and the Americans were in hot pursuit after him. The pursuit became so hot that the British were compelled to abando nmost of their artillery. Six soldiers were riding on one wagon, on which a cannon was mounted. The Continental soldiers were right behind them, but they stood a good chance of escaping. However, at that moment the rear part of the wagon came uncoupled from the front, and the three soldiers sitting on the rear part were shot down by the Americans, but the three on the front part escaped. Now, whenever any one drives rapidly through the woods, the two rear wheels are seen sunning in front of the vehicle."

"I have enjoyed the recitals evry much," said I, after grandpa had finished.

About that time I saw Bob leisurely sauntering towards us.

"Why do you advance so slowly, Bob?" I enquired.

"Is you done through wid dem sperity tales?" enquired Bob. "If you isn't, I will retire until you is."

ROY WEBSTER.

The Dying Japanese.

'Twas evening time, the sun had gone down,
'Twas cold, 'twas dark and 'twas raining,
A Japanese boy lay dead on the ground,
The blood from his forehead was streaming;
Another lay by him, 'twas his counterpart,
A brother, and they looked like one,
Lay dying that night with a wound near his heart,
Made by a Russian field gun.
The one that was dying looked on the dead,
Then raised one hand to his brow,
And placing his lips on the cold, torpid head,
Whispered softly and low:

"My brother, you've gone, and I'm coming, too;
We were soldiers, we were, in the fight.
To the country we've been loyal and to the flag true,
And for her we're leaving tonight
Our mother at home in a far distant land;
She's feeble, she's old, and she's gray,
And may she ne'er know that we and our band
Were killed in the battle today."

A moment he rested his lips on the face
Of his brother so still, so cold,
Then raising himself, he gazed 'round the place
For another—one lonely and old.
"Oh, mother," he said, "I know that tonight
You're thinking of each of your own,
But brother is dead; he was killed in the fight,
And I, too, am dying alone."
A moment spent thus, then he fell on the ground,
And slowly beat back groans of pain,
Till breathing his last by a friend he was found,
Lying dead in the mud and rain.

ARCHIE WILLIS, '08.

"Love Immortal."

"Kathleen, you leave tomorrow; will you think of me sometimes?" he said.

"How could I forget this happy month we've spent together," she replied softly.

They were sitting upon the grass in a broad, green meadow. The sun had just set behind the western hills, and a yellowish light was shed over the surrounding green. Just at the edge of a solitary white thunder-head in the distant east, the silvery moon sat lazily in the ether. The lad let his dark eyes rest fondly upon the auburn hair and bare neck of the youthful girl beside him.

"We've seen each other almost daily," Howard said earnestly; "but before we part I want to tell you my ambition. I am young, and you may think me foolish, but ever since I first saw and appreciated the beauty of that moon before us, I've determined to become an astronomer, but I's afraid I can't."

"Why? You have only to do your best, and I know you will make a great man—just remember I am thinking of you."

As they arose to part, Howard held her small white hand in his, and took a lalstllll,llltllasld ,vbgkqqj

his, and took a last, deep, longing look into her black, sparkling eyes; for he knew that they parted probably for years, and that before she should come back his father would move to a distant State. As they went in opposite directions to their respective homes, Howard felt as if he were pulling the very dearest and sweetest pleasure from his life. As he reached the opposite side of the meadow, he turned and saw the youthful figure of the girl, standing motionless, looking toward him. As she saw him turn, she kissed her hand at him, and quickly disappeared. Howard's heart beat swiftly, and he said softly, "Does she care for me? I can't be sure—sometimes I think so, but at other times I know not. I love her with all my heart, but she doesn't know it. I cannot tell her. I will not tell her. But love's immortal—some day I may."

Howard Rutledge loved Kathleen Williams from the first moment he saw her. She had come with her mother to this little mountain resort, to spend the hottest month of summer, and she and Howard had roamed over hill and dale together, and had been with each other continually. She was only thirteen, but the signs of the beautiful woman which she would become had already appeared. But she was to leave on the morrow.

As the youth came to his home, he gloomily went to his room, and fondly looked at all of the little flowers she had ever given him, and sat long and silent, musing upon the past and future. At length he took a small pocket notebook and placed the flowers in it, and upon a slip of paper write:

"Kathleen, my love, I *will* do my best and make a great man, and *then* win you. "Howard."

This he placed in the book, and sealed it, and placed it in a pocket. He said to himself, "I'll always keep this nearest my heart, and some day give it to her." Ah! this hope was too fond.

Howard was just ready to enter college. In about one month he was to begin his college course. He eagerly looked forward to this time, for here first he could begin his struggle for greatness. He went goaded on by the thought that some day he would win her. He threw himself into college life with his whole soul. His record was clean and irreproachable. He soon developed into a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young man. No one was his superior in the field or in the classroom. He was soon recognized as a leader, and he gathered around him the very best men in college as associates. Chief among these was his room-mate, Bob Carter, a very handsome young man, the son of a rich merchant of the North. They were together for the four long years in college, and of course had become bosom friends.

It was the evening before their graduation. They sat upon the veranda, talking over old times. Suddenly Howard spoke to Bob.

"Old fellow. we've been together for four years; I've told

you everything except one little secret. You are a very practical fellow, and have no sentiment about you whatever, and I think you can give me some advice. I have thought that I loved your sister Bess, since first I met her, two years ago. And yet there is ever something which condemns me for it. There is in my mind the memory of a little girl whom I've always loved, though I've not seen her or heard of her in four years. You see this notebook? Sealed in it is a declaration on my part never to forget her, but some day to win her. For four years I've kept that near my heart, and when I think of Bess it reproaches me so that I am miserable. What shall I do?"

"Howard, you're a fool," Bob said huskily. "You are known to be the greatest man in college, and yet you still foster in your heart such childish sentimentality. Don't you know that every fellow has cherishe the same foolish sentiment in his youth? Dont be a fool now and throw up all of your fair hopes merely for this girl who has long forgotten you. Bess loves you, and I know you love her."

Howard arose and said, "You may be right, Bob, but I can't believe it. Love is immortal, even when felt in youth." He went to his room and thought the matter over. He said to himself at intervals, "I may be a fool; Bob is probably right. Probably she has forgotten me and loves another. But I don't think I really love Bess, for when I'm not with her I'm forever doubting. But I cant doubt it when I'm near her. She must surely charm me. But I will forget all; I won't be a fool; I'll propose to Bessie tonight." He dressed himself in perfect order and went out.

Howard Rutledge had proven himself an intellectual giant. He had followed up his old ambition, and had made a specialty of astronomy. Even while still a student he was considered one of the first astronomers of his State. Only one month previous to this the national government desired a young man to represent it in one of the largest observatories of Europe, and had sent a very rigid examination to all of the leading colleges and universities of the United States. Rut-

ledge realized his opportunity, and stood the examination, and received the appointment. He was to sail in one week after his graduation. He was successful in his proposal to Bessie Carter. He was to be married the day before he sailed. He returned to his room in high spirits. But before retiring he became thoughtful. He gazed long upon the little notebook, and once there was an mpulse to throw it into the grate. But he said, "No; I'll keep it to remember the dear little girl and the love of my youth by."

That night he dreamed of Kathleen. He seemed to be living over the days before he came to college. He was sitting in the same beautiful meadow, with the same auburn-haired maiden close beside him. His heart seemed to be throbbing with the same emotion. He was telling her that he loved her, and she had her hand in his, and was speaking things through her eyes, too sweet for words.

Rutledge awoke. His fists were clutched, and his countenance was determined. What a change had been wrought in his mind! The little girl whom he had almost forgotten once more became a living person, no longer a mere ideal. He at once saw that he did not love Bessie, but that the love of his youth had always been alone in his bosom. What should he do? He could not be untrue to the girl he was to marry, and to himself. He hastily wrote this note:

My Dear Bess:

I can hardly write you this, but I do not love you as I thought. Do not consider us engaged any longer. I shall play the part of a coward and flee on the pleasure yacht with Bob tomorrow, instead of waiting a week. Sincerely,

Howard.

Bob Carter had not confided in Howard Rutledge fully. Howard knew not that Bob loved anyone. However, Bob had told him that there was a young lady in their party whom he was anxious for him to meet. Howard would not, for the thoughts of the affair with Bessie were weighing heavily upon him. He stayed closely in his stateroom, working hard upon a map of the heavens which he was drawing up. He was ac-

customed to sit late at night upon the deck, making observations. One evening he was sitting in an obscure place. The full moon came up, just as it had done four years ago. He no longer noted the planets and constellations, but was thinking of the past, of the little girl who had once looked at this same silvery moon with him, of his loneliness and helplessness. He knew that he had become a great man,—but was he trying to win her? Did she still think of him? He had not even heard of her.

While he thus mused, he heard the clear noise of Bob, and the soft musical tones of a girl. They came and sat in the moonlight, about twenty feet from him. Howard was about to move, for he could hear them. But he was enchanted as he saw the girl. As the tender moonlight softly covered her, she seemed the very embodyment of health and beauty. Her soft auburn hair, slightly upturned but shapely nose, her white, velvet-like complexion, tinged with pink, seemed to remind him of the young girl of his dreams. He heard Bob say "Kathleen." As this name came to his ears, he sank convulsively into his seat. His heart throbbed. Cold drops of perspiration burst upon his forehead. He almost rushed to her, but he restrained himself. He said, "It is she. It is wrong, but I must listen." He heard Bob softly saying, "Kathleen, you know I love you, love you more than life; I've told you over and over. Won't you say yes now? It will kill me if you refuse me again."

"Oh! Bob, I must. I may love you, but I can't think so, for—"

"For what? I have a right to know why. You must tell me."

"I will tell you, but do not get angry. I know I am foolish, but I cannot help it. Four long years ago I loved a beautiful lad; I promised to think of him as he strove to become great. He does not love me now. He may never have—he never told me. How I longed and waited for him to take my hand in his, and tell me that he loved me, and let me kiss his cheek, and promise to wait for him, but he didn't. He *has* become a great man now. I have always read of him in hopefulness. But he'll never come now. He leaves for Europe in about a

week. Bob, I can never marry. Do not ask me again."

As she spoke those last words, Howard saw her clasp Bob's shoulder, and lay her noble head upon it,—and he heard her softly sobbing. How he longed to run and clasp her to his heart and soothe her, and dry her tears with kisses, as he saw Bob draw away. He heard him say, "Kathleen, I shall not be living when this vessel reaches its journey's end."

"Oh! what do you mean, Bob? You can't be so foolish!"

They left in opposite directions. Howard arose and saw Bob pacing upon the deck. He came to him and said, "Bob, I desire to beg your pardon; I heard your conversation with Kathleen Williams. She is the girl of whom I once told you—but I shall not take her from you now. I want to meet her, but not under my real name—introduce me as Sam Howard."

The next day as they were introduced Kathleen gave a little scream as she saw him, but when she heard his name she said, "Oh, pardon me; you just reminded me of an old friend."

After this Howard and Kathleen were together continually. She seemed to look at all times with longing eyes upon him, but always seemed mystified. A dozen times he was tempted to disclose his name and tell her all. But he desired that he might be sure that the old fire of love was still alive in their bosoms.

As Rutledge was upon the deck one evening, Bob came out, His voice trembled as he spoke, "Howard, I am desperate to-night. I loved you once, but now I cannot, for you have taken the dearest thing from my life. Were it not for you I could be happy. I came very near throwing myself overboard just now, but we must deside which of us shall live by our strength. One of us must go overboard tonight."

"This is foolish, Bob. You who were once so cool and pactical, have you come to this? Although my happiness rests upon her, yet in order that we may both live and be friends, I shall not take her from you. I will not disclose my name."

"No, Howard—she will never love me while she thinks you live. Let's shake hands and say good-bye."

They both wept, as they quietly caught each other as they

were accustomed to do when wrestling at college. They whirled round and round. Howard's foot slipped, and Bob heard him hit the dark waters below. Bob fell upon his face and wept long and bitterly. He had before this decided to commit suicide, but he abhorred that, and knowing Howard Rutledge's superior strength, he decided to clear himself of taking his own life thus. He had had no idea of taking his dearest friend's life. Slowly he went to his state room.

The next morning as Kathleen was strolling upon the deck, she saw a little notebook before her. She broke the seal, and looked long and thought intently, and her face became crimson as she recognized the flowers which she had pinned on the lad's coat so long ago. She read the words he had written a dozen times. She fled to the cabin, and threw herself upon a divan, and wept for joy. Questions passed quickly through her mind.

"Can it be possible that he is trying to carry out the words, *'and then win you'?* And is it possible that the handsome gentleman, Sam Howard, is really Howard? Yes, it must be true, for since first I met him the lad of long ago seemed a dream, and this man the fulfilment of my ideal."

Little did she know what had happened the night before.

That evening she was walking with Bob upon the deck. She had told him how she had found out the secret. Bob was miserable. How could he tell her of his crime and break her heart and shatter her fond hopes! But at last he told her. She screamed and was carried into the cabin. She was soon restored—and just as she came to life she saw the tall form of Howard Rutledge enter the door. When Howard went overboard that night, he of course swam with all his might, and luckily caught the anchor chain and slimped upon it, until he was wholly out of the water. Late at night he heard the steersman singing. He called to him, and was soon hauled up.

When Kathleen saw him enter the door, she uttered a joyful cry, and ran and threw her arms about his neck, and as he placed a kiss upon her soft hair, he heard her sweetly saying, "You love me then? Have you come at last?"

COURTENAY ANDERSON, '06.

After Many Days.

A young girl sat in the gallery of the New Orleans Exchange with her eyes fixed intently upon the scene below.

The stools around the pit were filled, and the brokers shouted their bids in strained voices. Messenger boys rushed hither and thither, their shrill cries mingling with the metallic click of the telegraph instruments.

Some eagerly scanned the bulletin boards, some listened with deep attention to the latest quotations, while others with forced steps and haggard faces passed out to misery.

Among the last was Harry Dudly. His pale features alone betrayed the suffering he was undergoing.

A princely fortune was once at his command, but even now, as he stood irresolute in the midst of the eager throng, he realized that only a remnant remained.

"I'll be a man," he muttered; "I will not risk any more."

He did not pass unobserved from the building. Two bright eyes in the gallery traced each of his movements; an expression of mingled sorrow and pleasure knit the beautiful forehead as she saw him pass out into the street.

With dual speed he reached his hotel—St. Charles. Entering by a side entrance, he was crossing the lobby when a porter handed him several letters. Still flushed and agitated, he reached his rooms, tossing the letters carelessly upon a table. As he did so his eye marked a well-known handwriting. A deeper shadow stole over his handsome face, only to be chased away by a bitter smile. Breaking the seal, he glanced hastily over its contents.

"We expect you at the ball—come," He murmured quoting the lats line. "Yes," he mused, "I will come. One more draught from the spring of my past pleasures. I will be to myself what I seem to others."

The ball-room glistened with show and splendor. The dancers as they glided over the polished floor darkened for an instant the brilliant reflection of the clustered lights, then

moved on, feeling, yet not knowing, the essence of the subtle light of pleasure that beamed on good cheer.

The measured strains of the waltz seemed to take life in the graceful movements of these happy revelers. Trilling with the notes, the merry laughter serving a fitting title for such short-lived enjoyments.

Dudly was here with anguish at his heart, and a smile upon his lips, never dreaming that the beautiful girls on his arm partly knew his secret.

"Only one more turn, Harry," she was saying. They paused near the door of the Conservatory. The odor of the flowers coming from within induced them to enter.

"Where are we going?" she asked, as they advanced.

"To the nook beneath the palms; it is pleasant there, and you must be tired from your dance."

She offered no resistance, and they were soon seated upon a light willow settle which was almost hemmed about with large pot palms.

"Agnes," he began, "I am sad tonight, but happy for your presence. My heart cries out against the step I am about to take, but honor demands it. My whole fortune has been swept away. I am almost penniless; you are a child of wealth and luxury, and now I release you from your vow."

There was almost a tone of reproach in the gentle voice that replied:

"Harry, shall wealth hold the scepter in this drama of our lives? Must our dreams, hopes, and happiness be swept away within its mystic circle? Is it an impelling wand that guides us and defrauds us in the scorn of pride?"

"God forbid!" he cried, pressing her trembling hands between his. A small silver match box dropped through the palms and fell with a tinkle at their feet. His whole aspect changed. He seized the box and held it closer. As he did so the lid flew open, and disclosed a small piece of paper, on which was written six words.

He had arisen and stood with ashen face, his eyes searching the palms.

"Farewell, Agnes! farewell forever!"

The young girl sat mute and motionless, the dark brown eyes fixed upon the retreating form. Deep within her heart phantoms of doubt began to rise. But, like a light seen from without, passing before a window, so these vanished.

No sound escaped the trembling lips; no cry of despair went to mingle in the reliquary of woman's complaints, but a pact in thought and will, to help a friend in need shone in the beautiful face.

She, too, arose, and with hasty steps left the conservatory.

Reaching the street, Dudly sprang into a hack.

"Hotel St. Charles! Be quick!" Sinking back in his seat, he failed to note the progress of the cab till he heard the grating of the wheels against the curb. Rousing from his reverie, he sprang upon the pavement. Flinging the driver a coin, he proceeded hastily toward his apartments. Close behind him came a figure creeping like a shadow.

When Agnes Fairfield quitted the conservatory, she summoned to her a young creole lad of about fourteen years.

"Conrade, folow Mr. Dudly. He has perhaps gone to his hotel. If he leaves the city, report to me. Find out his destination if possible."

Two hours later the youth returned.

"What success, Conrade?"

"I followed him to his hotel, and from there to the cars. His baggage is checked to San Francisco."

"Well done, my lad," as he handed her a letter.

The boy bowed his head, a glow of pleasure suffusing his swarthy cheeks.

Two years ago Agnes Fairfield had taken this youth from the gutter, and placed him in her father's home. So deep was his gratitude that he would have been maimed were it to please or shield his noble benefactress.

* * * * * * * * *

A year had passed since Dudly had left his native State behind. Here, far away in the frozen Alaskan climate, he sought for that which would set him aright with man.

The tall, six-foot miner bore no resemblance to the gay youth of wealth.

Men had long learned to fear the piercing glance of his deep blue eyes, and when the sinewy hand rested upon hilt or revolver, peace reigned. For Dudly was a recognized leader.

Constantly by him was a Creole boy. The rough miners wondered at the singular attachment of the two, and when they saw the footprints of one upon the snowy trail, they looked for the other's close beside it.

Two months after his arrival in the gold fields, Dudly became involved in a bar-room brawl. He had entered the bar by appointment to meet a man who had promised to aid him in the working of his claim. The man was seated at a table playing cards, his back toward the door. Dudley called to him. A half-drunken ruffian seated opposite sprang to his feet and ordered him to leave the bar, at the same time hurling an empty flask at his head.

Dudly knew his assailant to be a desperate character. He dodged and with clinched fist rushed upon the gambler. 'Twas done in an instant. Dudly was upon the floor. The villain, standing over him, raised his glittering knife higher. A pistol shot rang out; the would-be murderer fell lifeless across his intended victim.

Dudly sprang to his feet and glanced about him to find his deliverer. Standing at the door of the bar, the smoking pistol still in his hand, was a dark-skinned youth.

"You have saved my life! how can I ever repay you?" exclaimed Dudly as he approached with an extended hand.

"Sir, let me go with you to your claim, and I will be amply repaid."

Dudly was astonished at this unexpected request, but answered, "This and more, noble youth." With this they had turned, and passed out into the night.

Since this dreadful scene, Dudly had learned to love the lad. His good spirit, his soft, coaxing voice drew him from many a trial of death over in grim austerity by the rugged miners.

And once, when returning to camp, through the blinding

snow and icy blast, he had fallen exhausted. On reviving, he was lying beside the camp fire. As he unclosed his trembling lids he gazed into the swimming eyes of Conrade, who was bending over him. Their soft, dark beauty soothed him. And as he sank again into unconsciousness, he heard a sad cry from the youth, "I left him too long; she will never forgive me!"

Dudly soon recovered, and added each day to his already increasing fortune.

The warm season had come, and the snow began to thaw in the passes. Huge protruding boulders reared their craggy sides devoid of the soft covering that had slipped away to trickle in the snowy rills.,

Dudly and Conrade stood upon one of these crags overlooking the waters of a river that surged and foamed under its icy burden. A flock of eider ducks winged over the cliff to a nearby marsh. As Dudly watched their flight he spoke.

"Conrade, three times we have watched this scene, and today more than ever I long for our Southern clime. In the softness of its wooing, my hearts melts to longing. My life has been like the drifted snows of winter; fortune has smiled upon us, and beneath its beams, hope has come. Nature speaks in me, life is nature."

A glow of pleasure was upon the face of the youth as he replied: "How different from another's life. The gentle winds from the gulf are sweeping over the city. Its balmy breeze stirs her silken tresses. Birds were once her comforters, their loud, sweet strains stole the sense from their carol, but now their sweetest carols faint unheard upon the evening calm. Those dark eyes that leapt into flame at another's glance, are saddened, and in their longing they speak as each heart throb beats a deeper love."

So deep was his astonishment, Dudly had not moved while the youth spoke. When he had turned around, he found himself alone.

The ducks left the marsh and flew toward the coast.

"What can he know? His words were spoken at random. He does not know, although he may be right. I will go."

Picking his way back, he entered their cabin. Upon a rude table lay a scrap of yellow paper, and as he drew nearer his eye caught these words:

"Forgive me. I will meet you in New Orleans. Do not delay. "CONRADE."

Dudly was astounded. What did he mean? Then the strange answer that afternoon. He sank upon a stool with his head upon the table. How long remaining thus he knew not. At length he roused from his trance, threw open the door, and passed out into the night.

He gazed upon the heavenly scene
In silent, childish awe,
Admired the lovely midnight queen
Governed by nature's law.

He saw the flitting clouds that passed
Across her smiling face,
And watched them thicken till at last
They lost themselves in space.

The earth now bathed in silent glow
Responds in mute appeal;
The whispering winds soon cease to blow,
And silence drops the seal.

Dudly, in the calmness of that Northern night, imbibed its secret, and his soul, from its sackwinged shroud felt the voluptiousness of the sweet elixir—peace.

The return journey to New Orleans was necessarily slow, and when he alighted from the cars in his native city, the very pending of his arrivaladded zest to its enjoyment.

Dudly had left the hotel to stroll the streets which he knew so well, and almost unconsciously turned his steps toward the resident portion of the city. Suddenly he came to a halt, and stood before Mr. Fairfield's palatial home. Lights gleamed from every window. He stood rapt in thought. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned suddenly about, and gazed into the dark eyes of Conrade.,

"Conrade!" he exclaimed, "you are true! Why are you here?"

"She is here," the youth answered. "Come with me to the ball." Dudly drew back. The youth continued, "Suitors sue to please, yet the favored Dudly has wronged."

As Conrade spoke in this way, Dudly gazed upon him in amazement.

"Does she know I am here?" he stammered.

"No."

"Then I will go with you."

Together they entered the house, and by a side entrance passed into the conservatory. "She often sits beneath the palms; seek her there."

Before the boy could be detained he was gone. Dudly strode forward toward the palms by the little fountain, passed the trailing ferns and scattered seats, then stepped lightly within the nook.

Agnes Fairfield was there. Her eyes were averted. She had not heard his approach. Dudly drew nearer, and spoke,

"Agnes, forgive me!" She started, but the warm blood rushed to her cheeks, the cry of joy and love died upon her lips. The dark eyes showing forgiveness, he drew her to his breast.

"Agnes, listen; I have wronged you; I have been a coward. You shall know all. Seven years ago a beautiful woman registered at the hotel in which I was stopping. She seemed anxious and worried. Finally, one day she approached me and said, 'Mr. Dudly, your face tells me you are a gentleman. May I impose a trust in you?' Touched by her manner, I gave my word. She put into my possession a large sum of money. I was to keep this until she should demand it for the small boy, her only child. She urged me to accept a per cent. of the interest, to compensate me for my trouble, to which I consented. As we parted I gave her a small silver match box, which she should send to me in case she needed aid or wished the money returned. She left without any explanation of her strange action, and up to that eventful incident, tonight three

years ago, I had not heard from her. The match box that fell at our feet contained a slip of paper, on which was written these words, 'Steamer Elsie. Pier. Bring money.' How my heart smote me. I had that day lost all. When I reached my hotel I wrote to her and sent the letter by a youth who stood without the hotel. That same night I left for Alaska. There I acquired wealth, and with it I will strive to make a reparation—endeavor to repay the trust."

Dudly could not repress a look of surprise as he saw a smile curl the ruby lips.

"Now listen, Harry," she said, the smile having passed away. "Your letter never reached its destination. Conrade brought it to me. I felt that I was doing wrong. I read it, and knew its import. You remember I told you about adopting a street gamin. This was Conrade. Together we went to the outgoing steamer and paid the amount due. The woman gazed for a moment on Conrade, and then ran forward and embraced him repeatedly. In explanation of her strange conduct she told me how she had met you, invoking countless blessings upon your head, how her husband, a Spaniard, had found her, mistreated her again, and stolen away her son. And now she was going back to her father. After my earnest entreaty, she consented for Conrade to remain with me.

"When he knew all he loved you for befriending his mother and keeping her fortune from the avaricious Spaniard. Fortunately, he never knew its resting place. The next day he followed you. Once I heard from him in the far North. Your trials, your hardships, your successes are all known to me. A month ago he came. He had told you nothing at a request. He guarded you. Though young in years, his heart is brave and bold.

"Harry, I thought once you would never return. One beautiful night, some months ago, I was standing upon the lawn. The scent of the magnolias never seemed so sweet before. The balmy breeze fanned my cheeks with their fragrance. The willow toward the north waved its drooping boughs in long, majestic sweeps, and above its surging crest I saw a distant

star that twinkled in beauty. I dreamed that it guided you back."

A soft strain of music drifted from the ball-room and lingered amid the palms. The little fountain trickled gleefully. Dudly drew her closer and whispered, "My life and my love."

C. M. Carroll, '08.

"Running Water's Revenge."

The golden beams of the moon shone through a beautiful grove of water oaks upon an encampment of Chickasaw Indians. These had been encamped in this beautiful grove on the Tallahatchie River for some months, hunting and fishing. All of the tents were arranged in a semi-circle except the tent of the old chief, who had grown old and was living alone with his only daughter. This was set back about fifty yards from the main line of lents. The open space in front of the tents was now occupied by the entire tribe, who were holding a council of war.

The Chocchumas Indians had made frequent inroads into their territory, carrying off their horses and young maidens. They had also killed several of their young men, and the wife of one of their warriors. These they had scalped and placed their scalps on tall poles upon their forts. When the wind blew through these and produced a whistling noise, which their prophets said was the voice of the Great Spirit telling them that the Chickasaws or Choctaws were killing some of their tribe, they would go on the war path and kill or take captive any Chickasaw or Choctaw that they found.

Runners had been sent to the neighboring tribes of Chicasaws and Choctaws asking for help to exterminate the Chocchumas. These runners had returned with the information that all of the neighboring Chickasaws and Choctaws would join them in four moons and help them to get rid of this pest.

All of the tribe had assembled to receive the messages from

the runners and to elect a leader, as the old chief was too old to lead his people in this great war.

The last runner had delivered his message, and the old chief had risen to speak to his people. He brought before their eyes the injuries and wrongs that they had suffered, unrevenged. He described to them the tortures that they would have to go through if captured, and he asked them if they would allow the death of one of their tribe to go unrevenged. He ended by asking the tribe to accept Running Water for their leader, as he had taken more scalps, could run faster, and ride better than any young man in the tribe. He then took his seat amid a general grunt of satisfaction from the old men, and a slight clapping of hands from the young men. Running Water was then called upon to speak to the tribe. As he arose from the edge of the crowd of young men and stepped into the center of the circle, he presented such a perfect, well-developed picture of American Indian as one seldom sees. He was tall, erect and well built, with muscles as hard as steel. The high cheek bone, the dark copper color of his skin, and the scalp lock all went to make up this perfect picture of the American Indian. He had a noble bearing, a light, stealthy tread, and dark, piercing eyes. The upper half of his body was bare, the lower half was covered with a pair of buckskin breeches, and on his feet were a pair of beeded moccasins.

He stepped into the center of the tribe and thanked the old chief and his people for the honor which they had bestowed upon him. He then appealed to their pride, and asked the young braves if they would allow the Chocchumas to exterminate their entire tribe, or would they follow him to the village of the Chocchumas and destroy them. Amid a general murmur of assent he took his seat. Presently he arose and left the assembly. He passed the main line of tents and approached the tent of the old chief. As he came nearer he could hear a female voice singing an Indian love song. He stood still and listened, enraptured. Presently, when it had ceased, he uttered the bark of a squirrel twice in rapid succession. In a few minutes the flap of the wigwam opened, and

a beautiful maiden stood before him Her long black hair fell loose about her shoulders Her beautiful form was covered by a robe of pliable skins, caught together at the waist by a belt of wampum. Her feet was covered with a soft pair of buckskin moccasins, richly embroidered with beeds.

As she saw him standing by a tree looking at her, she sprang toward him with a little cry of delight. He held out both of his hands to her. She placed her hands in his, and they walked to a fallen tree, where they sat down and whispered to each other the same old story that is always new. They were so enraptured in each other's presence that they sat under the shadow of the trees until long after the council had broken up, and the old chief had gone to his tent and was now calling his daughter. As they approached the old chief, a pleased look lit up his face, as he laid his hand upon Running Water's head and said, "My son, I expect you to lead my people on to victory against the Chocchumas, and bring back many scalps. When you return, you may lead Niawassa to your wigwam."

The face of the young warrior was lighted up with a smile as he received the old chief's message. He told him that he would bring back many scalps, and that the young braves would do deeds that would be told around the camp fires for many moons to come. He then took his leave, while the old chief entered his tent.

Running Water went to his tent, threw himself on the ground, wrapped himself in the skins, and dreamed of the sweet day when he would lead Niawassa to his wigwam.

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The day before the tribe was to start on its journey had arrived. Bands of Indians had been coming in all day, until by nightfall there were collected fully five hundred Indians, representing many of the tribes of the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations. The night was spent in dancing and reveling. They built a large bon-fire and danced their war dances around it until late at night.

The next morning, all was bustle and confusion. Horses were caught; arrows, tomahawks, and knives were collected.

Those who had not come adorned in their war paint could be seen squatting on the ground in little groups, either putting these gaudy colors on their face, neck and arms themselves or twisting their faces about while it was being streaked on by some member of their tribe.

The entire company were to go to a village twenty miles southeast of their present encampment, and wait there two or three days, when they would be joined by another band of Chickasaws.

* * * * * * * * *

They had been here three days, when a runner dashed into an assembly of Chickasaws where Running Water stood. He sank to the ground from exhaustion, but finally recovered sufficent to tell them the horrible story of how, the day after they had left, Rising Sun, a chief of the Chocchumas, had broken into their encampment with a party of braves, and had murdered the old chief, Niawassa, and all the balance of the tribe who remained behind except five. These had escaped and were now on their way to join Running Water to fight against Rising Sun, who was now marching with all possible speed to his villages to protect them from the Chickasaws and Choctaws. As he ended his tale, not an Indian uttered a sound. They considered it the place of the pale faces and squaws to sho wtheir grief; but deep in their hearts there burned the desire for revenge.

The face of Running Water became as stone. He neither spoke nor ate the whole day. He longed to bury his tomahawk in the brain of Rising Sun.

The next morning the entire troop set out for the villages of the Chocchumas. Each tribe was to take a different direction and all come together about five miles north of the Chocchumas villages. They were to cut off Rising Sun and his braves if possible.

After marching about eighty miles southeast, Running Water and his tribe came to the place set for the camping ground, and found most of the party already there. They were soon joined by the rest of the band. They then formed

into a semi-circle around the village. At a given signal they made a rush on the village from all sides. The Chocchumas were prepared for them, and then came some fierce fighting. The battle raged all the afternoon and long into the night. The next day it was resumed, and after some hard fighting they succeeded in getting into the village. The Chocchumas stood their ground and fought bravely; but nothing could stop these warriors bent on revenge. They killed everying before them—men, women, horses, dogs, everything that belonged to a Chocchumas.

During all of this fighting, Running Water was urging his men on, but still he kept looking for the Indian with the scalp of Niawassa in his belt.

At last, when most of the Chocchumas had been slain, he saw the form of Rising Sun sneaking away into a bunch of trees. And what was that he had in his belt at his side? Did he not recognize the long black hair of Niawassa? Had she not lain her head, which once contained that beautiful hair, on his shoulder many a moonlight night? With a wild cry, half of joy and half of hatred, he sprang after the retreating form of Rising Sun. He dropped his tomahawk as he ran, but did not stop to pick it up. He entered the bunch of trees with a leap. Rising Sun turned and saw him. He threw his tomahawk at Running Water, but the hatchet missed its mark and stuck in a tree some distance away. In another instant Running Water was on him and had clutched him by the throat. The two antagonists rolled together on the ground, the one attempting to draw his dagger, the other trying to tighten the grasp on his opponent's throat. Slowly the fingers of Running Water tightened around the throat of Rising Sun, untli his tongue was forced out of his mouth, and still they became tighter and tighter. In his death struggles, Rising Sun drew his dagger and stabbed Running Water just above the heart. This did not loosen his grasp, but rather made it grow tighter. Soon Rising Sun ceased to struggle, and Running Water slowly relaxed his fingers from his throat. He arose, staggered a few steps, and fell over dead into the arms

of one of the young braves of his tribe, who had seen him follow Rising Sun and had followed Running Water to see if he would kill him. J. L. ADDINGTON, '08.

The Negro—A Problem.

The South is the home of the negro in America. Let our Northern brethren talk, write, and do what they please, the negro has always received better treatment below the Mason and Dixon line.

Though the negro is a subject of vital and national importance, yet it is for us, the people of the South, to settle what has for forty years been harped upon as "The Negro Problem." What makes the negro a problem? This is a question to be answered by the careful, intelligent, right judgment of serious, sober-thinking men.

One of the great influences tending to make the negro a "black peril" is the attitude of certain individuals throughout the North, who are continually agitating the dangerous subject of "political and commercial equality." These men inflame the negro's sensitive imagination with wild dreams of that "true democracy," that absurd and unnatural "universal equality and brotherhood of man" of which Whittier, in his morbid, insane fanaticism, wrote.

Now, while a great deal of the trouble is the outcome of Northern influences, we cannot get around the fact that we have home agents also. There is among the whites in the South an element that has always been a menace to society. This is the class that even before the war, looked upon scornfully by the negro of "quality" as "de poor white trash." In consequence of this there was a bitter and antagonistic feeling between them, that after the war took the form—on the part of the whites—of mob fury. And instead of decreasing, the morbid hatred between the two races is growing more intense. When the negro was turned loose upon the country as a "free nigger," he became the rival of the white laborer in nearly every branch of manual labor; that is, in the "trades." As a

result of this, these white men have been slowly driven from the only livelihood they have known. This existing condition of affairs is what appeals so to the brute instinct of men who form a mob. In a careful analysis of a lynching mob you will find, in the vast majority of cases, that the "poor white trash" predominates.

On the other hand, you will find throughout the entire South the true Southerner, who is the only friend of the negro. He has either been a slave-owner, or his father before him has. And it is to him that he must, and does, look for that encouragement and direction that alone can raise him in the scale of humanity. However, there is one gift that the negro can never receive from the hands of his old masters. This is the power which would in time elad to equality and even supremacy, not only politically, but socially as well—this power is the ballot.

Now, as has been said, this question is of the South, and must be settled by the South. All we ask is to be let alone, and all will be well. It will of course take years, perhaps generations, to restore harmony between the races, but if we are just given time, we will fit the negro for the making of an industrial and *"silent"* people.

We wish the negro well. We would help him, even though he seems unwilling to help himself—except to another's property. But we cannot and will not place in his hands the only weapon with which he can injure us—political power.

If these crack-brained philanthropic "modern-day abolitionists" will cease in their loving advances, and leave the South to herself, the disregard for law now prevalent among us will be put down by the better element of society; the negro will be appeased; he will be brought to a realization of his inferiority; he will be humbled, and all things that have hitherto been turmoil will be in tranquil order.

INGRAM WILSON, '07.

Wofford College Journal

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JAS. H. HAMEL, *Editor-in-Chief*

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ALUMNI EDITOR . . . . . E. C. Dye
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Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Mail Matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

Baseball.

The baseball season at Wofford opens April 8. The first game is with Newberry College. This is a season of much interest and pleasure at every college, and especially so at Wofford, as this is the only phase of athletics in which we are permitted to indulge, consequently the boys are very much elated over the fact that the season is so near.

We expect to have a successful team this year, as there is a large supply of good material to select from, and the men are receiving excellent training under an experienced coach. Mr. Brown is the first coach Wofford has employed in some years, and our team will, of course, be benefited by his work. Naturally, with his experience in this line, he is expected to put out a winning team. He is taking great interest in the work of training the men, and we have no doubt as to the result of the season's playing.

Several of last year's team are on the diamond again this

year and will do better work than ever before. There are several contestants for each place made vacant by the outgoing players. The new men are experienced ball players, and will work well together.

In former years Wofford's ball teams have made records as good ball players and also an enviable reputation as gentlemanly, sportsmanlike fellows, who knew how to play a clean, fair game. Boys, sustain this record and reputation as Wofford's representatives on the diamond.

Men of Wofford College, give your hearty encouragement and support to the team. It will be a great help.

✤

Wofford's Alumni. At the last session of the South Carolina Legislature, Hon. D. E. Hydrick, of Spartanburg, and Hon. Geo. E. Prince, of Anderson, were elected as judges for the two new circuits created by that body. Both of these men are graduates of Wofford College, and of course we rejoice to know that the sons of the institution continue to fill positions of honor and trust and keep alive the glory of Wofford as a college where men are equipped to do great things in life.

Wofford's past history is one of which she may well be proud. She has sent forth men who have filled high positions in many of the professions—in law, poltiics, and in the pulpit.

May the graduates of the institution ever conduct themselves in a manner which will reflect credit and honor upon the institution and the men who are sacrificing in order that they may help others to become better fitted for the great work of life!

✤

The Reformatory. The need of a reform school in this State is becoming more urgent each year, because there are a class of younger, petty criminals whom the State should, as its duty, take under its control. A bill to this effect was before the State Legislature in February, but it was killed. Why? We

do not know. It seems to us that there is every good reason why it should have been passed.

There are many young criminals, who become so because of environment; in some instances they are actually forced by heartless wretches, sometimes by their paernts, to steal or do acts of violence; they are often thieves from necessity—lack of food or clothing. Some are idiots and are not morally responsible. We dare say that a majority of criminals below the age of eighteen years are occasional criminals—led on into vice and law-breaking by associates from whose clutches they seem powerless to escape. There may be a few who have instinctive tendencies toward a life of crime and debauchery, but this is by no means the general rule.

Experience has proven that where the criminal tendency is not instinctive that a goodly number of the inmates of the Elmira Reformatory, which we use merely as an example, are cured of crime, and when freed tend to make the very best of citizens. Numbers of men, who are today first-class citizens, owe their social and moral position to the training received in a reformatory. This is not idle ficton, but facts.

Now, can a State fail to perform the duty which it owes to these poor, misled creatures with such facts before them? The object of all legislation should be to promote the best interests of its citizens and its institutions. If there is a possibility of making good citizens of these fallen chldren, no more pressing obligation rests upon the State than to perform its duty in this respect.

It is impossible to work a change of life in a young criminal if you cast him into a jail or penitentiary to serve a sentence in contact with hardened, depraved and vile criminals. In such an atmosphere his mind will be poisoned and his moral nature blotted from existence. It cannot be otherwise. They begin a career of crime, in nine out of ten cases, on account of conditions and surroundings, and if they are surrounded by influences and beings far more degrading, how will they ever be reformed? You simply make of him the bold, daring, habitual criminal and wreck his life. Whereas, if he were placed

in a reformatory, surrounded by wholesome influences, he would, in many instances, make a substantial citizen. This is no mere guesswork—the practicability of the reformatory has been tested. Anyone may examine into the facts at any time he so desires, and if he does so, the good results of the work, as brought out by statistics, will make of that man, if he has the interest of humanity and the safety of his State at heart, an everlasting supporter of the movement to establish a reformatory in the State of South Carolina, or whatever State he may happen to live in.

We hope that the time will come, before the next meeting of the General Assembly, when the people will inform themselves thoroughly of the good results obtained from such institutions and put such a strong moral sentiment behind the movement as will force the passage of a bill to establish a reformatory.

✤

The Journal.

There will be only two more issues of this magazine—the April and May-June numbers. In these two issues we hope to have a large number of good essays, poems and stories. You *must* furnish them. So get busy at your desk and make yourself famous as an author and also win one of the medals offered by THE JOURNAL. Write some of your thrillng love experences, make yourself the hero, if you cannot find a better one; the heroine is, of course, a "dazzling vision of beauty." The moon must also cast its pale light around—even if there is a total eclipse. All these allusions to beauty and the pale moon are borrowed expressions. We would shrink from the task of writing a love story, as we have never tried it, but there are those of our readers who can do so, and we ask them now to come to the rescue.

Seriously, boys, furnish us with some good material for these numbers and the staff will appreciate it. You have kept us supplied with good, readable material, and we are thankful for it. The May-June number will require a double portion, and that fact is the reason for this appeal.

Joint Debate.

On May 10, Wofford and Furman will meet in joint debate at Greenville, S. C. The query: "Resolved, That the time has now come when the textile workers of the South should organize themselves into trades unions," will be discussed.

We think this movement on the part of the two colleges is very commendable, and will prove of much benefit. It should not be discontinued in future years without a very good reason for doing so. There is nothing more stimulating to the mind than to exercise it in a contest of this kind. Much good study will be done upon the subject, and along with the experience in debate there will be a good store of knowledge and facts gathered upon a subject which will sooner or later be one of importance.

Wofford's representatives in this contest are Messrs. J. C. Harmon, of the Preston Society, and J. G. Stabler, of the Calhoun Society. Both are men of experience in this field of work, and are thoroughly capable of doing credit to themselves and those whom they represent.

✤

Examinations.

The March examinations begin today, and as a result comparative quiet will reign on the campus for the next ten days, as the boys will be occupied in trying to find out what some critic has said about Carlyle, Shakspere, and Tennyson, why the square on the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides, why Goethe wasn't an Englishman instead of a German, how long it takes to load a one-horse wagon with Greek roots and whether it isn't after all an economic loss to spend time on theories of earth formation, and numerous other matters which necessity compels them to inquire into.

The examination period is one which is much dreaded, because with it comes hard work, sleepless nights, suspense and "flunks." It seems hard to be forced to endure such "evils." But it is for the best interest of the student. It gives him just a slight idea of the more complex problems of life; it

teaches him self-reliance, and at the same time he learns to concentrate his mind upon a subject and hold it there, which is, after all, the greatest lesson of college life. The student by this means is required to call forth his power of thought and accuracy, and in many instances impresses very forcibly upon his mind the fact that it is possible for a man to think that he knows more about a subject than he really does. The examinations are the most trying and also the most beneficial periods of the college year. We may add that, to the man who has done hard, honest work and mastered his books, it is a time of peasure.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

Any university is expected to send out a monthly publication at least worthy to be called a magazine. Of course it is a disappointment to find a State university sending out a mere pamphlet of some thirty-five pages. But such is the *University of Mississippi Magaine.* It reminds one of a journal gotten out by some would-be girls' college. The different departments are thrown together regardless of importance or lines of demarcation. Exchanges are dashed here and there through-literary department, alumni department, athletic department, and exchange department. Among the editorials we find something like an *ad* "Wanted, water," which proves to be a plea for water needful for the university students. We think the young fellow could have gotten a great deal more water by privately approaching the proper authorities on the subject than by blazing out in an editorial. The exchange department is painfully weak, only pointing out a few things as good or bad, but failing entirely to show wherein the goodness or badness lies.

"King Arthur" is an attempt to show the value of a purpose as exemplified in the being of Arthur; but it is scarcely more than a collection of facts. The author doubtless had a real literary conception, but the manner of expressing it is scarcely literary. By practice in writing this author can be a valuable supporter of the magazine. "A Knight of the Fifteenth of August" is an excellent translation of a description of Arabian life and customs in story form. "The End of the Feud" is a well written story, but lacking in theme. The end is rather abrupt. More time and care will enable the writer of it to write good stories. The most valuable contribution is "Mississippi Literature," which is the beginning of historical sketches

of the men who have done the writing for that State. The poet William Ward is described, by use of some of his utterances, as a true poetic spirit. "Cindy's Band" is a somewhat humorous description of certain phases of negro superstitions. An article on radium has no special literary value, but to most readers is valuable information. "Friendship" is a little poem which expresses tersely the value of friendship to life. "That Scrawny Man," another poem, expresses in a half-humorous, yet clear style, the true nature of a drunkard. "To My Valentine" is another one of those common treatments of that ever important subject—love; and in that common way of running two streams together.

A few suggestions, if heeded, may be of benefit to *The Erskinian.* The staff surely could make some better arrangement of departments, which are in a very confused disorder. For instance, we find a few facts about Y. M. C. A. in the athletic department, and two editorials on the fall of Port Arthur, one in the editorial department and one in a department of current events. The local department contains entirely too many campus jokes, which are devoid of interest for anybody except a dozen or two of the students who know the situation.

"This Noble Land of Ours" is an attempt by a patrotic mind to explain our loyalty to America. Entirely forgetful of the fact that we love our counrty because it is ours, the author proceeds to show that America is the most religious and the most highly intellectual country of the world. While the author states his position very clearly, a close examination into facts would show him a few things that he does not know. "The Way of a Brook" is a very clever little allegorical treatment, using true analogies. "In Spite of Foes" is a mediaeval story, carrying with it a deal of interest. A little more familiarity with the subject would have enabled the author to write a clearer, more impressive story. Closer attention to spelling would have kept out such mistakes at these: confidense and reverensed. "Politeness" is a good short lecture, in which gentele politeness is held up as always beneficial, even from a sel-

fish standpoint. "We Have a Right to Try" is a rather humorous than poetic presentation of the idea of preseverance. "To My Hoodooed Friend," as the name suggests, is rather light in the main, but ends with a tribute to friendship as a reconciler.

It is very commendable, and shows fine spirit in a small college to issue such a magazine as the *Collegian,* of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, which is enthusiastically kept up even when bi-monthly issues are necessary. The several departments are well edited. The editorials are especially good, on vital as well as live subjects bearing on student life. "Each in All" is a scientific study of the relation of society at large to the individual. Taking the child labor question as an exemplification of the principle, the author shows how the duty is primarily of society to individual rather than the individual to society. An Indian story—Tohasse—is a vivid representation of Indian life. The theme is superior to the manner of treatment. The old subject of "Education" is discussed in an article showing personal benefits to be derived from education, preparatory to life-work, whatever it may be. "The Fool and His Money" is a story showing how soon the two "are parted." It is a true representation of many a thoughtless youth who inherits wealth only to squander it foolishly. Of the two poems, "The Song of the Laboring Man" is the true poem. This presents the poet's beauty and worth of work in a song in which the meter is splendid. The second, "A Flirtation," has a central idea towards which all is directed, but is devoid of poetical expression.

The Observer, from Vanderbilt University, is one of the breeziest magazines that comes to our table. The editorial department is alive with timely comments on affairs material to student life. The magazine has not as many and varied deprtments as most magazines have; but it makes up in literature for the local *rot* characteristic of so many of our college magazines. In the matter of impact, many a journal staff might profit by examining *The Observer.* "A Domesticated Tiger"

is a very striking toast, proposed at a football banquet. Its humor in regard to the origin of football and the football man of fifteen years ago is rich. "Apple Blossoms" is a story written with literary touch; but the theme is extravagant, running the light and ridiculous into seriousness with tragedy. By founding stories on sounder and more material bases, the author may be enabled to write splendid stories, but we should like for him to write some poetry for us. "Three Kinds of Monopolies" is a concise presentation of three great evils which are sapping the wealth of the country in the beings of patent, municipal, and transportation monopolies, offering as a remedy thorough government control over these privileges. "A Stray Scrap of Paper" is an ingeniously worked out story, but, like the other story, "Apple Blossoms," it presents some extravagant ideas. Stories like these are easily carried too far, and then become the common love story. The style and manner of presentation in both of these stories are exceptionally pleasing to the reader. "Dr. Scwartz" is a rather humorous satire on small politics. The dialectic representation of the politician is truly typical, so far as is necessary for a satirical purpose. "Lemons and Kisses" is a jolly, light treatment of misconceived love, written in such a way as to make it thoroughly entertaining as a story. Of the two poems, "The Empty Nest" is decidedly the most poetic. This is a true poetic conception of life and its inevitable end put in rythmic verse. "The Game We All Play" is a philosophic treatment of life with its chances and irresponsibilities. Its method is that of poetry.

CLIPPINGS.

Oh, these clippings,
Oh, these clippings,
And these everasting rippings
Of Dame Wit and Fancy's trippings

O'er the haunts of sacred knowledge!
How they bore us,
How they gore us,
Till we rise in wrath uproarous,
And sing out in mighty chorus,
With the flippings and the snippings
Of the clippings, clippings, clippings,
Of the clippings from the pages
Published everywhere in college!

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

SENTIMENTAL.

We stand at the gate, Lucile and I,
And silently watch the clouds roll by;
The hour is late, but what care we?
For love in each other's eyes we see—
Nor can I express the joys we feel
As softly I whisper to her, "Lucile."

And as we stand so peacefully there,
Tho' strange it seems she doesn't care
If *my am around her neck is thrown,*
And once again I say, *"My own!"*
Those soft, deep eyes, so big and brown!
I know her the prettiest in all the town.

Oh! that, for those who are fond of love,
'Twere possible for me to tell you more!
But my heart grows faint and my eyes do blur
As in rhyme I try to honor her—
We parted:—alas! 'twas all for money,
For my Lucile was a —*Texas pony.*

—*University of North Carolina Magazine.*

I sought my bed at daybreak,
After a night in town;
It dodged when I approached it,
Side-stepped and knocked me down.

Enraged, I grew strategic,
  But it slipped through the open door
Just when I tried to grab it,
  So I slumbered upon the floor.

—*Ex.*

A QUIZ IN PHILOSOPHY.

  Can a cat in a box
  Learn to work patent locks?
Can consciousness dwell in a tree?
  If you stepped on a pin
  In the dark, would you grin?
Please define the *pure ego* and me.

—*Ex.*

Flo was loving Ebenezer,
  Eb was what was called her beau;
Talk about your tides—Great Cæsar!
  You should see this Eb and Flo!

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

They say that opposites should wed:
  Too much alike you'll clash;
And so I'm looking for a girl
  Possessing lots of cash.

—*Ex.*

There was a boy in Tmbuctoo,
A man of remarkable luck too;
  He married a wife
  Every day of his life,
But "*narry*" a one has he stuck to.

—*University of Mississippi Magazine.*

Silently over the garden wall,
  In shadowy light of the moon,
A sentimental lover stole;

But he reached there just too soon,
For around the edge of the evergreen hedge,
The vigilant Rover came,—
Now the lover may get over it,
"But he'll never look the same."

—*Ex.*

If thirty-two
Is required for freezing,
Isn't "two in the shade"
Sufficient for squeezing?

—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

"La Vie N'est qu'un travaiet une occupation continuelle—"

TEACHING.

H. G. Sheridan attended this college. Founded the Holly Springs Classical Institute in '90, and remained in charge several years. Son of a famous teacher, H. G. Sheridan, who was headmaster of the Carlisle Fitting School.

D. W. Daniel graduated '92; was one of the best speakers and debators in college; was president Preston Literary Society; also editor WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL; took a special course at the University of Chicago; has been principal of Batesburg and other graded schools; is now assistant professor of English at Clemson College.

Samuel Reynold Pritchard was professor of mathematics in this college for a number of years. He then accepted the professorship of electrical engineering in A. and M. College at Blacksburg, Va.

PHARMACY.

Frank Stacy Smith attended this college; took a business course at Bryant & Stratton Business College; two years' course at Maryland College of Pharmacy; graduated in New York College of Pharmacy. Now a pharmacist at Asheville, N. C.

COTTON MILLING.

Washington Gaillard Smith attended this college; was president and treasurer of Bamberg Cotton Mills for several years; is now president Enterprise Cotton Mills, Orangeburg, S. C.

MERCANTILE AND BANKING.

T. B. Stackhouse graduated '80; was a merchant for several years; cashier of the American National Bank, of this city; president of the bank of Dillon. During his administrtaion the bank never lost a cent by bad loans.

LAWYER.

Walter Fore Stackhouse graduated '95; he is also a graduate of the South Carolina Law School; took special law course at Harvard; admitted to bar in '97. He is attorney for the town of Marion.

Abert Brooks Stuckey graduated '77. He was admitted to bar in '85; was trial justice several years; elected mayor of Sumter; director of Peoples' Building and Loan Association.

JOURNALISM.

Edward Owen Dean attended this college. Went to Alaska; has been on staff of different newspapers of this city; he is now night editor of *Virginia Pilot,* Norfolk, Va.

P. B. Hamer graduated '82; was editor WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. He is now journalist and insurance agent at Marion, S. C.

Wm. Montague Jones graduated '78 with special distinction; took A .M. in '80; was admitted to bar in '82, and practiced a number of years, and then edited Spartanburg Daily Herald, making a brilliant success; was made president of Morgan Iron Works, of this city, after its reorganization.

PLANTER AND MERCHANT.

Jno. Francis Folk, planter and merchant at Bamberg, S. C.; county treasurer of Bamberg; eng. in chief with rank of colonel Gov. McSweeney's staff; was reappointed by Governor Heyward to same position.

AUTHOR.

Geo. Conner Hodges graduated '74; took A. M. '86; taught for twelve years; school commissioner of Abbeville county; life insurance agent; author of a book known as the "Short Quotations"; superintendent Methodist Sunday school in Greenwood for many years.

THEOLOGY.

W. I. Herbert graduated '85; joined South Carolina Conference in '88, and served at Abbeville, Newberry, and Main Street, Columbia, and other important stations. He is one of the most active officials in the State Sunday School Association, and in all organized Sunady school work.

J. Thos. Pate attended this college; joined the South Carolina Conference in '77; was elected as one of the speakers at the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education in '95; traveled over the United States, Canada and Europe; died in May, 1902; left a valuable library to Wofford College.

LAW AND POLITICS.

Hope Hull Newton graduated '69; afterwards took A. M. degree; was a member of House of Representatives from '80-'81. He is now a lawyer at Bennettsville, S. C.

Chas. Albret Woods graduated '72; was one of the most prominent and trusted attorneys in his section; was elected associate justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina in '03; was given degree of LL. D. by this college in same year; has one of the finest libraries in the State.

Jas. Wright Nash graduated '90; took A. M. in '99; was first editor-in-chief of WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL; stewart in Central Methodist Church; was elected member House of Representatives from this county in '04; practicing law in this city; took degee of Bachelor of Laws in '93 at South Carolina College.

MEDICINE.

Jas. Littlejohn Jeffries graduated '87; studied at University of Virginia one year, and took degree of M. D. in '89; also studied at University of New York one year ;practiced medicine at Pacolet Mills '92-'98. He is now practicing in this city.

CENSUS DEPARTMENT.

Julian Orando Norton graduated '95; won the Calhoun essay medal as a Sophomore; private secretary to Hon. Jas. Norton, and clerk in census department, Washington, D. C.

BANKING.

Julius Henry DuPre attended this college; was alderman in Abbeville several years; in fire insurance business; cashier Farmers' Bank, of Abbeville.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

The Lyceum.

On the evening of February 17th, the Lotus Glee Club, of New York, furnished entertainment for an unusually large audience in the college auditorium. The concert was of a high order, and was enjoyed by all.

* * *

Literary Societies.

The annual oratorical contest to select Wofford's representative in State inter-collegiate contest was held in the college auditorium Monday evening, February 20th. The following was the program of the evening:

Presiding Officers.

M. A. Connolly, Calhoun; W. D. Roberts, Preston.

Opening Prayer—Rev. J. W. Kilgo.

Speakers.

J. C. Guilds, Jr. (Preston), Berkeley county, S. C.—"A Nation's True Power."

C. P. Wofford (Calhoun), Spartanburg county, S. C.—"The Problems of the City."

J. H. Hamel (Preston), Lancaster county, S. C.—"The Never-Ceasing Struggle."

M. B. Pierce (Calhoun), Hancock county, Ga.—"A Leader From the South."

J. P. Kilgo (Preston), Spartanburg county, S. C.—"The Mission of Democracy."

The judges, Messrs. H. E. Ravenel, E. O. Watson, C. H. Henry, and J. W. Nash, decided in favor of Mr. M. B. Pierce.

On account of the unfavorable weather, the attendance was small. Therefore, the usual reception was not given.

Saturday evening, February 25th, the two literary societies elected officers for the ensuing two months as follows:

Calhoun—C. P. Wofford, President; L. A. Manning, Vice-President; M. W. Brabham, First Critic; E. F. Brigham, Second Critic; F. B. Moore, Third Critic; V. Cleveland, First Censor; J. C. Townsend, Second Censor; P. Brown, Recording Secretary; John Jordan, Corresponding Secretary.

Prestons.—W. B Carnes, President; J. A. Roland, Vice-President; J. P. Stockman, First Critic; L. A. Duncan, Second Critic; J. C. Anderson, Recording Secretary; W. D. Roberts, First Censor; J. B. Koon, Second Censor; Sam Prince, Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. J. C. Harmon resigned his position as Junior debator, and Mr. J. C. Guilds, Jr., was elected to the position.

The Calhouns have elected C. Watson monthly orator for March, and the Prestons, T. E. Dukes.

* * *

ATHLETICS.

The annual gymnasium exhibition was given Monday evening, February 13th. The exhibition was quite a success. Instructor Daniel introduced several new features, and consequently the exhibition was enjoyed by all.

The following constitute the team: A. C. Daniel. Jr., instructor; R. C. Oliver, captain of apparatus work; W. C. Stallworth, captain of floor work; J. L. Addington, S. L. Allen, J. S. Burnett, Jas. Dillard, E. M. Fripp, O. L. Herring, R. E. Holroyd, J. B. Hutchison, A. L. Klein, L. A. Manning, M. F. McLeod, S. W. Taylor.

The ball team is taking advantage of the good weather for practice. The prospect is that we will get out an excellent team.

The results of the tennis games played to date are as follows:

Glaze defeated Martin and Candler; Wofford defeated

Stockman and Coffin; Martin defeated Coffin; Robertson defeated Moore.

* * *

CAMPUS NOTES.

Wednesday evening, February 22d, Dr. A. B. Cooke entertained at his home his fellow members of the faculty. The evening was a very enjoyable one.

President H. N. Snyder delivered an address before the congregation of the First Baptist Church, Sunday, February 26th. The people of Spartanburg and students of the college are always glad of an opportunity of hearing President Snyder.

Mr. B. F. Crouch, of the Junior class, has been forced to give up his work and go home on account of failure of health.

Students have had many very strange experiences in reading Browning, but one of our Seniors has had an experience that differs from all others we have ever heard of. He was reading along towards the end of one of Browning's *obscure* poems and happened to turn two leaves at once—and got into another poem. He read very near two pages before he discovered his mistake, and then only by glancing at the title at the top of the page.

Dr. W.—Mr. M., who elected the emperor of the German Empire?

F. M.—Doctor, I think it was the archbishop of Mayence and —and—[a whisper from behind archbishop of "Perfume" (Cologne)] and the archbishop of Perfume, Doctor.

* * *

BASEBALL SCHEDULE '05.

April 8, in Spartanburg, Newberry College.
April 13, in Spartanburg, Trinity College.
April 14, in Spartanburg, Trinity College.
April 20, in Greenvile, Furman University.
April 21, in Macon, Mercer University.
April 22, in Macon, Mercer University.
April 24, in Gainesville, University of Georgia.

April 25, in Gainesville, University of Georgia.
April 26, in Clemson, Clemson College.
April 29, in Spartanburg, Furman University.
May 1, in Spartanburg, Charleston College.
May 3, in Spartanburg, Clemson College.
May 5, in Spartanburg, University of Tennessee.
May 10, in Spartanburg, South Carolina Military Academy.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

The Students' Summer Conference of the South.

The Southern Students' Conference which met at Waynesville, N. C., June 10-19 last, was one among the ten which met in all quarters of the world during the summer of 1904. These conferences, which meet from year to year, are made up of student delegates who come together for the sake of consulting with each other concerning all forms of Christian work among students. They are led and instructed by men who have devoted themselves exclusively to such work, and who, from experience, know how to meet every difficulty either concerning the individual spiritual life, or the methods of work, which might arise in the minds of students. The purpose of such summer councils is twofold: First, to deepen the spiritual life of stuednts and inspire them to undertake greater things for Christ in their colleges; and second, to furnish such information as to principles and methods of organized Christian work among students as will enable them to put into effect these enlarged plans. Consequently they mean much to the Christian work in colleges. This has become more and more realized, so that now, few and isolated are those colleges which fail to be represented.

The detailed work at the Waynesville Conference was wide in its scope and great in its intensity. The man who anticipates an easy and restful time at a conference is doomed to disappointment. The mental strain upon the regular attendant is greater than that caused by regular college duties. There are about seven or eight hours of steady work carried on daily. Every phase of work is touched. An hour each day was given to Missionary Conferences, Bible classes, conference upon stu-

dent Association work, life work meeting and conferences upon the social problems of the day as worked out by the Association Movement. Platform meetings were held each forenoon. Personal interviews with speakers, teachers and other leaders were most valuable privileges of the conference.

Six Bible classes were held simultaneously each morning, which were designed both to train students to become group leaders in their institutions and to help them to form the habit of bringing the truths of God's Word to bear directly upon their own lives. The classes were led by prominent educators of our States, whose scholarly ability and depth of spirituality fitted them especially to solve any problem appertaining to young men. An hour each day was given to Association Conferences and also to a president's conference, in which the problems which confront an Association in general were discussed in the light of the experience of student secretaries and of those Associations which have been most successful.

A Missionary Institute was held each morning, in which the methods which have been most generally successful in building up the missionary life of the various institutions were presented and discussed. Also an hour was devoted to a meeting of those who have volunteered in the different colleges to become foreign missionaries. An hour was given to a normal mission study class. This class consisted of the chairmen of the missionary departments and the men who were to lead group classes in the colleges. The work for the coming year was outlined and explained.

One of the most interesting departments of the work was the platform meetings held every morning. Addresses were made upon spiritual and general subjects which were of very special benefit to every man attending the conference. Among those men who made the platform meetings interesting was Mr. John R. Mott, whose international reputation and deep spirituality made his addresses of very special interest; and Mr. F. S. Brockman, who was an inspiration and example to

every man, because of his beautiful Christian life and deep self-sacrificing love for the people of China. To sit at the feet of such a highly intellectual and spiritual man as Dean E. I. Bosworth, of the Oberlin Theological Seminary, was an experience never to be forgotten, and to feast upon the deep truths falling from the lips of Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt, could not fail to have a great and lasting effect upon the hearts and lives of men. To come under the influence of and to be in the presence of such a powerful and striking personality as that of Robert E. Speer, whose life as a student was so impressive, and who being still a young man, suffered the same temptations as every young man does, and could speak from the depths of his own soul, into the innermost recesses of the heart of every student present, could not help but have its effect upon the vision which every young man has of his relation to himself, to his fellow man, and to God.

The whole of the afternoons were devoted to recreation. Various outdoor sports were indulged in very extensively. Chief among these sports, and probably the most popular, was mountain climbing. Waynesville is situated in Western North Carolina, twenty-eight miles from Asheville, in the heart of a very beautful mountain district. On all sides it is surrounded by ranges of mountains, whose peaks tower high into the heavens, enclosing the little town in a beautiful, quiet, and picturesque valley. In easy reach of Wayensville are a great many points of special interest. It is only five miles to the top of "Eagle's Nest," 5,000 feet elevation; only eighteen miles to Mt. Pisgah, 5,757 feet elevation; only six miles to the top of "Plott Balsom," which rises in a very abrupt peak to the height of 6,225 feet. The favorite climb was to "Eagle's Nest." From this elevation an excellent view could be had of all of the mountains in Western North Carolina. How grand it was to stand upon this height and look upon the beautiful and marvelous works of nature! Many a man doubtless for the first time was struck with the greatness of nature as he gazed upon it from this height, and was filled with an awe for the infinite and eternal Power.

Baseball was also a favorite form of recreation. Many games were played between State delegations, and also college delegations.

For once we were permitted to see athletics in almost its ideal state. Every player was known to be a Christian, and no wrangling was seen, and not an oath heard. Seldom do we have eighteen men upon the diamond under such conditions. Every man played for the enjoyment, with no over-zealous desire for victory over an opponent. There was no such thing as "rotten" ball, and every individual player was sure that he would be dealt fairly with.

There were also many interesting tennis tournaments, both in doubles and singles. There was on an afternoon a track meet, in which there were running, jumping, disk and hammer contests.

The unique feature of all the inter-state and inter-collegiate athletics was the entirely friendly and Christian spirit which characterized every event.

The most amusing and probably most enjoyable occasion during the whole conference was the "Blow Out." One whole night was given to fun. Each State delegation was allowed to have a stunt, and each college with a delegation numbering six. Each stunt was made as humorous as possible. The delegates were dressed in all kinds of queer styles, every joke in reach was utilized, every wit was developed, every foolish thought and sound was put into use—in fact, the "Blow Out" was a night in which every serious thought was dispelled and innocent fun and foolishness had the right of way. Even the leaders did away with their dignity, and could not be distinguished from the average delegate, except probably by the superior intellectuality of their humor. While all were in the assembly hall, a bon-fire was announced. Each delegation got together, and a swiftly moving procession was formed around the bon-fire, ofttimes in opposite directions, which occasioned many a painful collision between delegations. Finally, when every man was weary, the whole conference joined

hands and surrounded the bon-fire with one vast unbroken circle, and the flames leapt softly into the dark heavens, and everything grew quiet and thoughtful, every man was brought back to serious thought, and was made to realize his real surroundings by the singing of that grand old Association hymn, "Blest be the Tie That Binds." Each man repaired to his room, deeply impressed with the fact that the finest and most wholesome fun is that which can be enjoyed the most conscientiously.

There were nine States represented at the conference, sixty-four colleges, two hundred and nineteen students. Tennessee had the largest representation consisting of delegates from nineteen colleges, to the number of sixty-two. South Carolina did exceedingly well. She was represented by seven colleges and twenty-five delegates. Wofford had the largest representation of any of the colleges of the State. She, together with the Fitting School, had only six, however.

The attendance upon one of these conferences is one of the greatest things that can come into a college man's life. Never can a man have a better opportunity to have the realities and responsibilities of life presented to him in their proper light, never can a man have a better opportunity of seeing his own relation to the different occupations of life. As a fellow would sit in the late evening upon a hillside, with the beautiful meadows stretched before him, and just on the other side the mountains rising up, and hear eloquent speeches upon "Life Work," he could not help but have his heart touched, and he could not avoid asking himself the question, "What am I doing for the benefiting of humanity, and what shall I do?"

It means something for a fellow to come into contact with the choicest spirits of our country, and sit at their feet and be taught the great truths of life. It is an epoch in a man's life to come into an assembly of the picked men from the States, and to realize that in all parts of the country, men are striving for the same noble end: the deepening of their own spiritual life, and the pulling of mankind from a low and sinful state of life.

Wofford must have at least ten delegates at the Conference in June next. Let every man who is connected in any wise as a leader in the Association begin now to plan to this end, realizing that apart from personal good to be derived he owes it to his Association to place himself so as to be fitted for the greatest and most efficient service.

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Number Seven

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

In the Philippines.

[The following letter was written to friends on the campus by Mr. O. D. Wannamaker, of the class of 1896. Mr. Wannamaker spent a year in graduate work at Vanderbilt University after finishing at Wofford, supplied Professor Snyder's place in English during his absence in Europe, afterwards took his M. A. at Harvard, and since 1903 has been teaching in the Christian College at Canton, China. Mr. Wannamaker is among the most scholarly men of the younger generation of Wofford men, and one may be sure that in that far-off land he is reflecting credit on his alma mater. The following letter is an interesting and illuminating record of a journey of observation which he made to the Philippines]:

Honglok, Canton, China, March 2, 1905.

On the 31st of January, Dr. Edmunds of the college faculty and I went aboard the steamship Taming, bound for Manila. That night I was seasick, which is a pleasure one can never enjoy so perfectly as on the sea. Our little steamer had a name —I have given above only the English spelling of the sound— which seemed to mean "Great Name," and it was an appropriate name for a little ship. The deck space was very small indeed, and yet the vessel did very well, after all, and made one as seasick as almost any ship could be asked to do. It was new and clean, though, and seemed strong enough to stand up under it name, and so we enjoyed the sea trip, which took from about five Tuesday afternoon to about five Friday morning. Traveling about, one feels a longing for some of the romance of those who have found new lands and gone through all manner f dangers among savages, but unfortunately ninety-nine hundredths of us are very commonplace mortals and are not counted worthy to be adventurers, and so it was with me this

time. There is not much new under the sun. No doubt if I had gone through the islands from end to end, I should have got to few places where there had not been white men before, and many of the places to which one is able to go in the little bit of travel allowed to us commonpaces have long been the hunting ground of the professional tourist.

So you need not expect to read o fany adventures, for I am only a school teacher, and by no means a Magellan or other traveler and searcher out of new lands. Dr. Edmunds and I went to see the schools of Manila and whatever other place our time would allow, and to look for what had been done by America in the way of improvements in the islands as far as we could get from the metropolis. We were fully repaid in the matter of our inspection of schools, and as a sort of reward for our faithful sticking to our last fortune threw a little better relish into the latter end of the trip.

I was greatly pleased with what I saw of the work of the American administration, if what I saw can be supposed a fair sample of the conditions in all parts of the Christian provinces of the islands. Manila is full of the bustle of an American city, and the bustle goes on to some purpose, certainly as far as concerns the administration of the city's government. It will some day be a truly beautiful city. There is all the room in the world, which is just wha tcannot be said of Hongkong, and the city government is taking steady and rapid advantage of the opportunity. The old walled city is picturesque, and probably the wall will be allowed to remain intact except where traffic demands wider gates. But the contrast between the narrow streets of this inner city and the wide driveways that are stretching out through the outer city is the contrast between restricted life of the mediaevals and the breadth of modern life and opportunity. A drive through the streets of Manila at night at this season of the year is a delightful experience. One feels the pleasure of the modern, well-kept city mingled with some of the poetry and mystery of the middle ages. The Spanish is peasant to hear, too, with its musical broad *a* and long *o*. One gets a bit tired of one combination of these delightful

sounds when one has been trudging long in the baking sun for half an hour asking every public cab, or caramata, that one meets, "Occupado?" only to get an indifferent nod of the head of the sleepy Filipino driver. One feels inclined to occupy both the caramata and the driver for a few minutes, but anger is not good in the trops. It does not do to try to hustle the East. If one has plenty of money it is good to get vehicles from livery stables. One can get nice, rubber-tired rigs, drawn by fine, fat little ponies, and then it is delightful to drive through the streets, as I said, late in the afternoon or at night. There are two beautiful drives, called the Malacon and the Luneta, near the bay. Along the Luneta is a green lawn with two bandstands, and there is good music, I do not know how frequently, either the constabulary band of Filipinos, led, I think, by an American negro, or one of the military bands. The population of Manila is about 220,000, if I happen to remember correctly. The number of Americans, compared with the Filipinos, is, of course, small, but the impression that one gets when going from China to Manila is that one has got home again. The Americans are much in evidence, and it is good for the sore eyes to see them. They are a good looking lot of men—of course I did not observe the women. You are apt to find on the ships going across some Americans that will make you hang your head in shame, for there are a good many such out here, more in proportion than of Englishmen, I feel. Indeed, if you converse with the American passengers from Hongkong, you may get the feeling that there are only very few good people in Manila to save it from brimstone and sulphur, for people naturally talk about those things with which they are personally afmiliar; but after getting acquainted in Manila you will veer around and come away with the feeling that the government of the city must be one of the best intentioned and one of the most efficient, considering the difficulties, in the whole world, and that this is true to a large extent of the government of the archipelago. I got little glimpses of some of the work of improvement and building up. The fine new government laboratory, for the use of the Bureau of Lab-

oratories, was extremely interesting to me. I went through the Manila observatory, a great institution here in the east, upon which shipping largely depends for accurate information in reference to typhoons. This is a Jesuit institution, and the American authorities have had the wisdom to take it over, continuing it in the hands of the efficient scientists who have been runnng it, and increasing its equipment. The Spanish friar (or priest?) who conducted us during part of our visit certainly made the impression on me that he felt as kindly toward the American adminstration as one could ask of a man whose nation had lately been overcome in war by the government establishing this very administration.

Speaking of American improvements—it was good to see a big, handsome brick building, very big indeed, with the name "Government Cold Storage" and to know that from this institution the residents of the city, all of any race, no doubt, could buy ice, distilled water, and fresh meats. The home where we boarded used exclusively the distilled water thus sold by the government, and it is a great thing for those foreigners who are to live in the trying conditions of the tropics. Here at Canton, we boil every bit of water that we drink, and we of the college expect soon to have a bored well of about a thousand feet depth, but there is no government of this huge, filthy city that looks out for the health of the millions in its walls. We visited the hospital for lepers, persons with other contagious diseases, and the insane. We were in the leper wards with our friend, who goes there once a week to preach to the miserable inmates. It was the most terrible sight that my eyes have ever rested on, and I hope never to see anything more distressing.

The Presbyterian missionary with whom we went to the hospital commissioned us to buy for him, upon our return to Hongkong, a small organ, for use in the services he holds with the poor lepers. He is a fine fellow, a young minister from Chicago, who left a church where he was extremely popular, I doubt not, to come to the work in the Philippines. I have considerable reason to think that the physician in charge

of this hospital is a friend of mine, a man with whom I roomed for one year at Wofford College, but unfortunately he had just left on furlough, and I could neither see him nor completely assure myself that he was really my friend from whom I had heard nothing for years. I found in Manila a friend from Harvard, now in the service there as examiner in the civil service department. His name is Homer James Carleton.

The Americans in Manila are making a fine suburb out to one side, away from the old walled city. The Spaniards, it seems, did not venture to live far from the walled city, but the Americans do not seem at all uneasy, and the city they are making will some day remind the visitor from Massachusetts of the beautiful towns of that State.

But the part of the government and of what may be called Americanism in the city that interested us most, the thing that we went to see, was the schools and the educational department. I have never been so kindly treated by any officials in my life as we were by all those connected with the educational department of the Philippines government. Dr. Barrows I did not have the good fortune to talk at any length with, having simply met him once, but he seems from all accounts, and from his reports in the volumes of reports of the Philippine Commission, to be a man of large mould and one who has gone with deep enthusiasm into the great work committed to him. The first assistant to the superintendent—I have failed to say that the Dr. Barrows of whom I was speaking is the superintendent of education for the whole archipelago—is a fine young man, of ability and of most attractive personality, who did all in hs power to give us every opportunity to see just what is being done, not only in Manila, but in another town we were able to visit. He showed us the best, no doubt, which is very natural, but he told us frankly that the town we were visiting was exceptional, and that the whole archipelago would not compare favorably with the people and the work being done there.

In Manila we visited the Normal School, which is at the present stage in the development of education the highest in-

stitution of learning in the archipelago. At present the work being done in this school would compare favorably with that of a good school in America, I think, with the exception of the classics taught in the American schools. This normal school will no doubt develop into a higher grade institution, as the number of students applying for admission from the high schools in all parts of the Christian provinces to this metropolis school increases. At present it is doing work but little different from that done in the best high schools, but when these same high schools send up to the normal school a large number of students who desire to take normal courses, then the standard will naturally be elevated to accommodate the courses of instruction to the superior preparation of the students applying for entrance. For the young men and women certainly appear to have minds capable of profiting by advanced courses of instruction. I was astonished at the rapidity with which they learn the English language. Students who had studied English for only three years were reciting on ten pages of American history at a lesson, and doing it in fine style. A young lady in this class stood up to reply to a question in regard to the Abolitionists, and she spoke for about three minutes in excellent English and with knowledge of the facts. I felt really disappointed at first at finding how much faster the students of this school were progressing in the study of the language than those of our school. There seems evidence that in a few years there will be students for classes in a real college, and that it will be not very long before the University of the Philippines will be a reality, if it depends upon the ability of the students to take the courses to be offered in such an institution. The teaching in the normal school seemed to me to be excellent. We spent considerable time in the classes there studying the methods in use, and I got some valuable suggestions for my own work.

One of the interesting things we saw was a dormitory for girls from the provinces, who came up to Manila for study in the Normal. This dormitory was in charge of an American lady, a woman seemingly of fine culture, and of plenty of good,

common sense. We were invited to take dinner one evening in the dining room of this dormitory, with the teacher in charge and a few other friends. We saw the girls at their dinner. This dormitory, with this fine American woman in charge, will be a great thing for these girls, who come, many of them, from homes where the diet and conveniences are not such as they get here and where the influences are not so bracing and refining.

We saw also the trade school, well equipped for a start, and with a competent man in charge. The students of this school are actually preparing to follow one of the trades taught. At present, drawing, woodworking, and metal working are taught, together with shorthand and telegraphy.

From Manila we went by river steamer to a town called Pagsangan (pronounced Pahg-sun-hahn). After passing through the Pasig river for some miles we emerged into a wide lake called Laguna de Bay, and up this lake we sailed for a good many hours. It was interesting to a newcomer—in the first place the ferry which we had to take to board the steamer at Manila. We drove from our boarding house to a suburb about three miles away, and there we took little canoes, called *boncas*. One has to sit flat on the bottom of the canoe, which is not more than a foot and a half or two feet wide. These particular bneas were large enough to carry as many as four or five men. The boatman sits in the stern and paddles the boat with a long wooden spoon, whose bowl is, not a bowl, but a disc. It is difficult, to say the least, to make the little feathery craft ride in safety the swells of the passing steamer, though one feels a sort of thumping of the heart if one is not accustomed to such traveling and is not web-footed. The boat has bamboo outriggers. We sat in this little canoe for some time. At last the right steamer came, as our friend thought. We paddled alongside, and he asked carefully whether this boat went to Pagsanjan. He seemed satisfied, and we climbed aboard. We had scarcely got under way when we found that the steamer we were on would not go all the way to the town we wished to visit, and that a lady, gentleman, and little child

had just been on this boat and had got off when they found out their mistake. They were undoubtedly the very friends we were looking for, and now we should miss them. But we thought it best to let well enough alone, and so we determined to stay on the ship, and to take the other ship farther up the river, since we found out we could do this. Besides, we had with us two other friends whom we had not expected to have, and one of them was acquainted with the trip and could help us to get along. So we went to the town of Santa Cruz, and from there we took vehicles for the other place. But I am getting too fast, faster even than the people of whom I wish to tell you can get along in and out of boats. The ferry system of the lake is wonderful and fearful. It is all of the kind I have described, but as you get far out into the wide and wind-whipped waters of the laguna, it is a bit interesting, to say the least, to sit or stand in one of the long, narrow ferry boats, with its outriggers of bamboo to keep it topside up, while it is rwed out to the ship, and lashed alongside while the ship is actually going right along. The passengers and the freight are transferred while the ship moves along at a good speed, and then the ferry, having got a return load for the little town from which it came, cuts loose and goes prancing out across the rolling waters. Of course these boats that do the ferry business on the rough waters of the lake are much larger than the ones of which I spoke in the beginning, but they are of long, slender build, and look anything but steady as the waters roll up under the outriggers. When we got to the town of Santa Cruz, we got into one of these ferries, and were paddled ashore, where we took caratellas (a sort of two-wheeled spring wagon, very rough) for the town of Pagsanjan. It was in the afternoon, and pretty warm, but the ride through the country was one of the experiences of my life. Soon after passing through the town we reached a great cocoanut forest. I can give you no description of this forest of palms, beautiful and full of the ancient mystery of the earth. I think it would be good to get lost in such a forest—if one had a sort of certain sense that one would soon find one's way out. It was not an

impenetrable and wild wood, but was shot through with vistas in every direction, that called you with almost audible voices to come and get astray in the silence of the strange, new world. But I must not get too pastoral here, for I have a different sort of pastoral to tell you about these cocoanuts. The milk is them is good to drink!

We reached soon the pretty little town of Pagsanjan, where we were ushered out of the strangeness of the tropics straight into the wide-awake reality of an American school quite up to date, existing here in a stone's throw of a magnficent cocoanut forest, and wrapped up in the romance of three hundred years of mediaeval Spain. There was not much of the same sort of romance in the school itself, though any one of fifteen pretty Tagalog girls would have been enough to set me to writing poetry. You never saw such girls! Yiu look first at one and think, "She's the pick of the school!" and the next moment you find another whose dreamy eyes send you roving through the clouds or the cocoanut woods. I came back to China single.

This, too, like the Normal School in Manila, impressed me as a fine institution, well organized and well taught. There were, I believe, seven Americans working in the school, though there had earlier been ten. The number of students I think was about four hundred, perhaps not so many. One of the most striking things to one suddenly transported from China to the islands is the remarkable neatness of the students there. The boys and young men wear spotless white clothes, and they fit well, American cut to all appearances, and the native costume of the women is tasteful and beautiful, and all are clean. The women wear low-necked dresses all the time, and short sleeves. I will not tire you further by telling the details of what we saw in this school. It did not differ much from the work of the narmal institution.

The Tagalog (Ta-go-log) boy is as fitted for playing baseball as the gosling is for the pond. I saw some of the normal students in Manila practicing, with an American batting for them, and they astonished me. They throw swiftly and accurately, and are not afraid of the hottest balls that can be

thrown. They catch well. I did not see them play a game, but in Pagsanjan, Edmunds and I played together with some of the students who were beginners in the game, and they showed the same fitness for learning as those in Manila. Nearly all the students we saw were of this race, the Tagalog, which is one of the highest races in the islands. They are Malays—I think this is an accepted fact. They are probably less sensitive to pain than an Anglo-Saxon, at least this is one explanation of the way in which the new players in the game would let the hardest ball bounce against their shnis. I understand they have extremely cruel ways of killing the animals that they eat, and their besetting sin is gambling on the result of a cock fight, the cocks being armed with the keenest gafts, one thrust of which stabs to the death. These cocks have been petted by heir owners till they are tame as a pup. The men carry them around in their arms, stroking their feathers smooth, while the bird simply submits with an occasional cluck.

But I am spinning this out to an intolerable length, and three of the best things remain to be told, or four, if I confess to all: a canoe (bonca) trip to the Pagsanjan gorge, a horseback visit to barrio (village) schools, a horseback trip to San Antonio, on the top of a mountain, and a *bile* (bi-li-ball) which I attended!

The canoe trip was delectable. You see I am rapidly losing my head and falling into the excessive use of adjectives. Imagine yourself stepping into the most graceful little canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a hardwood tree, and almost as long and slender as a racing shell. Sit down in the middle of the boat, on a bamboo chair without egs. Cross your feet while the two paddlers get in. Now remember that there are seven of these boncas, and that you have six grown friends, ladies and gentlemen, and two little children, going with you up the greenest, smoothest little river, flowing between steep banks grown over with the feathery bamboo at the water's edge, and the beautiful cocoa and other palms standing erect along the steep hillsides bordering the stream. It is hard to find the proper adjectives to give expression to your feelings.

We glided up the stream. In about half an hour we reached the first rapids, where the two boatman leaped skillfully out of the tiny boat, and walking through the shallow water, dragged it, with you, regal personage, in it, up between the water-swept boulders to the edge of the next clear pool. There they leap lightly in again, and this they have to repeat a number of times before the gorge is reached. Some of the rapids are just a little dangerous, enough so to make it more enjoyable. I took off my shoes when we started, determined to do my duty in trying to save the world from the loss of so useful a citizen if I should be capsized, but the trouble was needless, though the lady who was carrying one of the little children shipped enough water at one point to get thoroughly wet. I never have a chance to show my hreoism. The boatmen get all the glory. We saw the gorge, a stream of about forty feet in width, flowing over boulders between perpendicular walls about two hundred feet high, I judged, with a long, white fall of water sweeping down o none side, only a scarf of white water.

If discretion is the better half of valor, then truly I may be described as the wife of valor, for I possess that true discretion, am very discretion personified. I never was a rider, so when a plan was made for going on horseback to visit the barrio schools, I felt as I did the first time I "took a girl out," at the same moment in delight and terror. Iwish very much to learn to ride, and so I was glad for a chance, but I thought it likely that I should be thrown into the mud of the trail. I humbly confessed that I was a poor rider, and asked that a horse be provided for me. My companion, Edmunds, being less honest than I, got his full reward therefor. When we went out to mount the next morning, I seized the most hopeless-looking of the ponies, and climbed up on him. We had soon dismount and take a ferry, and soon after to cross a stream over a very high bamboo bridge, just wide enough for one horse to walk between the rails, and apparently not strong enough for a horse. As we got to the middle of the stream, I looked down to the water, twenty feet or more below, while

the hand rail was only as high as my feet, my heart misgave me, and at the same moment my horse, who had been protesting against the useless destruction of man and horse by crossing such a hammock of a bridge, determined to act as regent during my temporary insanity, and refused to budge. He gave indications of intending to retrace his steps, and as Edmunds was just behind me on a spirited horse, I really thought that the next footing I should be standing on my head, broken like the other famous egg of Columbus. I accordingly displayed the white flag of dscretion, and dismounted successfully in the extremely narrow space between the horse and the rail, and led my faithful steed across the rock-a-bye bridge in safety. We had not proceeded much further on our victorious progress through the dominions of the great American eagle when I heard Edmunds behind me crying, "Whoa, boy! Whoa, boy! Come now, boy!" and other like remonstrances in all the thirteen tones of the Cantonese dialect. These sounds were accompanied by the sound of galloping, and my companion was just flying past me in wild career when he suddenly decided to stop, which he accomplished by dropping gracefully on one hip, falling upon nothing harder than packed mud. The horse, having had his little joke, stopped, and was easily caught. We then adjusted the saddle better, and made a transfer, by which Edmunds got the horse next to mine in slowness, the American supervising teacher taking the vicious brute in hand. The ride was really delightful, through cocoanut woods all the way practically. We saw two of the lowest grade schools of the American system, and were pleased with them, tiny little bamboo shacks, filled to packing with bright-faced ltitle yellow children, taught by a Filipino in each case, supervised by the teacher who conducted us, who was an M. A. of Harvard. As we were leaving the second of these schools, having, by the way, forded a little river to get to it, the children were going home. Some of them trudged along near us, and one little chap about eight years old called out, "Are you coming to school tomorrow?" We told him no, and he seemed disappointed. Just before we got away from him he

pointed out a tiny shack in the woods, and called after us, "That's my home you're going by," to which I answered by telling him to tell his father good morning for me.

The American school system as it is being established in these islands is bound to succeed, if it has the support of proper legislation making an opening for the commerce that ought to grow between the islands and America. The region in which we were was a great cocoanut producing part of the islands. This is one of the chief industries, and American capital and inventions for the more rapid handling of the cocoanuts in preparing them for the manufacture of the products which the hut yields, will add greatly to the wealth of the people. But about the cocoanut milk! we were tired and hot, and we had a cocoanut, not quite ripe, brought for each of us. The man whacked off the end of the thick, soft, green shell, making with his bolo a hole just large enough to drink the milk through, and it was a drink fit for Cæsar. I am sure if Cæsar had ever run across such a thing in his campaigns he would have left a record of it. I drank about one pint, the contents of one nut, and then ate some of the soft pulp.

I remained in the town a day longer than Edmunds, and took a long ride, a rough country trip that the Americans call a *hike*. We rode about six miles out to the foot of a considerable mountain. There we had to dismount, and leading our ponies, to climb over a rough, rocky, muddy trial to the top of the mountain. It was a pretty tough climb, and I was as wet as a fish when I got to the first resting place. After we succeeded in getting ourselves and the ponies to the top of the mountain, we rode and walked about a mile across to the little village of San Antonio. My horse fell on his knees at one place, but we had as yet seen really nothing of the real joys of hiking. After talking with the white-suited Filipino teacher of this town, and drinking cocoanut milk, we mounted and started out on the return by a different road. It was a wonderful trip. After riding a short way we got to the first steep descent. There McDermott, one of the teachers, who was a good rider, attempted to get down the slope without dismount-

ing from his pony. At the very middle of the sliding descent, the beast stopped to keep from slipping down, and McDermott landed clear over his head in the thick mud. The rest of us dismounted. From this point we were walking nearly every foot of the way to the bottom, and it was the most wonderful road I have ever dreamed of. We and our horses floundered over slippery rocks, through mud, along slick edges of slush pits, the horses sometimes just bracing their front feet and sliding for a step. I can by no means describe the trip. My nag refused a number of times to try a bad place. At length, in my zeal to get him along, I broke the bridle. One of the mencame to my rescue, and helped me across the nasty place. We repaired the bridle, only to have it broken soon again, after which I took the halter and jerked the pony down the mountain—not all at one jerk. At last we got to the bottom. We mounted. It was getting dark, and we had six miles to make. My steed being the slowest ship in the fleet, I found myself delaying the advance, so I belabored him to the best of my ability, in spite of my poor horsemanship and my small rope girth and loose saddle and stirrupts too small to get my feet into. As often as I could ge tthe nag into a lope my feet would slip clear of the stirrup and I would have to haul up and squeeze my toes into the things again. After a while I got reckless for me, and let two of the men ride behind and flog my nag most unmercifully, while I did my full share to admonish him of the delights of rapid locomotion, the admonition being the more needed now because of the indscreet excess of his owner in applying the rod of correction to him. But we got up some pretty good gallops, and I became really expert in sticking to the back of the pegasus while in a full trot, which made me so proud that when we got to the town without my having once fallen, I considered myself in a fair way to become a good horseman.

Having eaten dnner, I donned my only remaining pair of white duck trousers, and a pair of McDermott's white shoes, a full size too large for me, and went to a reception given by one of the wealthiest men in town to the vice governor, Mr.

Ide, and his daughters. There I met a number of pretty Filipino girls, and had a great time renewing my youth. One of the pretty girls asked me, "Why in the world are you going back to China to teach? Why don't you stay here and teach us?" Some kind fairy helped me, and I made a speech that I doubt not won her little cocoanut maiden's heart "That would be very pleasant," I replied, "but it is not so necessary."

Now, really, I can't continue forever, and this is a pleasant place to stop, before all of you forget that you are Sunday school scholars. So good-bye. When you write me as long a letter as this I will as fully excuse you as you do me now.

Thomas Hood, the Man and the Poet.

In the first part of the nineteenth century there lived in England two men to whom life offered strange gifts. Rare spirits they were, who trod the lowly paths of earth, and made more beautiful than ever before the dignity of human sorrow and suffering. Both were men of infinite laughter and sunshine; and both loved all things that God hath made in heaven and in earth. The life of one is the saddest recorded of any English man of letters, and to the other was given to meet and struggle with tragedy, and to fall exhausted just at that moment when honor and fame drew near to crown him. They were fellow-soldiers in bearing up under the pitiless tragedies that crossed their lives, and in beating back the forces that combined against them. They were freinds and comrades in sunshine, and they called out to each other through the dark night of sorrow. They were alike too, in that despite all of their anguish of body and soul, they would not cease their upward climb, nor hush their singing on the way. The great heart of the world, forgetting whatever weaknesses they had, and remembering rather the deep-hidden struggles of their beautiful lives, has opened itself and enshrined them forever. These men were Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood, and as long as men hunger for divine pity and passionate sympathy, and hold sacred perseverance and nobility of character, so long shall

their care-worn faces, with their sad, sweet smiles, hang in golden frames in the gallery of Human Hearts.

The younger of these two men—Hood—was born in London, May 23, 1799. His father, a Scotchman by birth, was a bookseller and a man of genuine literary aspirations. He was the author of two novels. His mother was of a family of good, solid, English merchants. It was the misfortune of this bookseller to be a poor financier, and his financial entanglements lost for his son Thomas the advantage of an education. The elder Hood died when the future poet was a lad of twelve years, and as a result the boy saw nothing ahead for him but the hard life of a counting room, placed, as he said, "on a lofty stool at a lofty desk." But with the true nobility of his nature, so marked in after years, he did not flinch in the face of bare drudgery and went manfully to work to support his mother. Fortunately, his health, never robust, gave way, and he was sent into Scotland to rest. Here for two years he tramped over this splendid scenery, made sacred by Scott and Burns, and suggestive of a thousand old romances and tragedies. Here, in the quiet, his slumbering ideal awoke, the vision of the fullness of life came to him, the mountains whispered strange secrets to his soul, and thenceforward there was neither counting-room nor lofty desk for Thomas Hood.

On his return to London, under influence of his family, he became an engraver—a knowledge which afterwards proved very valuable to him. In 1821, by efforts at poetic expression, Hood had attracted sufficient attention to be made sub-editor of the London Magazine. The chief value of this position lay in the fact that it gave him place and opportunity to develop his powers and brought him into prominence in the world of letters. By this means he was also brought into direct communication with Lamb, Hazlett, Proctor, the brilliant Hartley Coleridge, and the gentle Talfourd—who strove to let some "simple phrase fall like perfect music on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned." At this post, Hood's powers ripened quickly, and here began that unending flow of delicate, inimicable humor that afterwards developed into the pathetic

means of sustaining life—when in truth Hood became a "lively Hood for a livelihood."

In 1824 he married Jane Reynolds, a woman of unusual ability, accomplished and devoted. But to Hood this happy marriage was in a way the entering upon the path of sorrow. It was the life period with which began a mighty fight in which he was to yield step by step. For twenty years the fight waxed hot, and always at his side, watching o'er his wasting form through the lonely night, fleeing the wolf from house to house, was this heroic woman cheering him ever. Patiently enduring, fearfully suffering, smiling and singing, they two fought onward, until he was left fallen upon the field.

In 1827 "Whims and Oddities" appeared and was appreciatingly received. A little later Hood published another volume just a bit more serious in tone. Although this volume included "Eugene Aram," his place as a poet was by no means assured. This assurance was to come later, and as a rushing, mighty wind. In 1835 strenuous efforts to pay debts by unceasing toil had so ravaged health that a trip abroad was recommended. From this trip, Hood sent home that sparkling wit that kept all England laughing. In about 1844 he established a magazine, "Hood's Own," through which the world was enriched by the "Song of the Shirt," the "Bridge of Sighs," the "Song of the Laborer," and many other priceless gems without which English poetry would be incomplete. Without doubt this magazine would have proved a success; Browning and other great spirits were among its contributors; but Hood, brave-hearted, ever undaunted and strong in spirit, had come slowly but courageously down to that place where stands the "Arch Fear." Ever mindful that the chief end of man is cross-bearing and toiling, his last words were, "Oh, Lord, say 'Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me,'" and the man of "infinite jest" was dead.

Whatever is best in literature is the outcome of that which is noblest in life, and the quality of genius is made or marred by the quality of character. The painter whose thoughts are most with God will paint the greatest pictures, and the mu-

sician whose soul ever strives to catch the strains of the harps around the Great White Throne, will play the grandest symphony on earth. So with Hood. "I like his life better than I do his works," said Thackeray, and surely there is as much of the beautiful and of inspiration in the one as in the other.

Hood has been called the jester of his generation—alas! "the heartsick jester, who wept behind his mask." For the years have torn away the mask from the face of the man, and we know the deep, intense pathos of his life. The man's high idea of honesty, his refusal of alms, his struggles against poverty, disease and failure, his bitter, bitter disappointments coolly met with a smile, are known to us even as the beauty of his poetry. We have come to know and lament the meagre pay and incessant hackwork that chained this delicate, fanciful spirit to the sordid things of practical life and kept him from expressing the nobler experiences of his soul. One often thinks as he reads Hood, how the man's nature must have been torn with the "artist's noble discontent!" Bound to toil for daily bread and great, titantic impulses beating against his soul for expression, and yet with no time to give them forth—toiling for bread and the winged Ideal calling to him! Surely this is the tragedy of Hood's life. And yet to us who love him there comes, unbidden, a thrill of triumph in that "in the fell clutch of circumstance he did not wince or cry aloud," and that he "wore no less a loving face although so broken-hearted." And even more, in that patiently he toiled and suffered and persevered, and kept himself bright and unspotted from the world amid all the blinding mists and darkness that fell around his pathway. Perhaps there is no more beautiful story in English literature than this poet's sublime fortitude against the overwhelming odds of life and death.

There is no better index to Hood, the man, than his letters to some child friends. He writes one: "I am very thin now; you could carry me. What a nice time you must be having. If there were toys there I should ask you to bring me one, for it has been a long, long time since I have had a toy," and to another he writes that his "fairyland is bedimmed forever, and

only fiery dragons remain, which he cares many and fearful and the black cats and demons and imps and orgres who are booksellers"—only a pathetic echo, we might add, of "it gives me little joy to know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

Yet another greatness of the man was his unswerving faith in God and in the triumph of good among men. Hood lived in the great "Hamlet of Centuries," the age of doubt and unrest, when scientific investigation was probing deep into things and back of all existence and laws; when social, religious and intellectual upheavals were shaking the world. But Hood followed none of these. So deep in his purpose to uplift the fallen and comfort the sorrowing, and so full of love was he that neither the man nor the poet ever heard the "melancholy long withdrawing roar of the sea of faith," or lost sight of the shining face of truth. Even in the hour of death, in his very farewell to life his swimming senses could "smell the rose above the mould."

As a poet, Hood cannot be ranked with some of his great contemporaries. He did not have the profound intellect nor the power of imagination, but his was a singular genius, distinctly original, and after the style of no other man. He was no grand old master, but rather an humble, sympathetic brother of men whose brain was haunted through days of toil and sleepless nights by a wondrous music, and from whose heart songs gushed like tears."

Following the year 1830 marked the beginning of a new era in English poetry. The school of Wordsworth had worn itself away, and calm, English conservatism had taken its place. Shelley and Keats, with their wild revolt, had turned away from romanticism and had died young. The powerful figure of Carlyle loomed up against the reckless cynicism of Byron and weakened his influence and eclipsed his fame. It was the time of scientific and religious conflict. It was the time of restraint, of thought and realism. The art school founded upon Elizabethean models and the idyllic method of which Tennyson was the consummate master, predominated in in-

fluence. It was the period when creative art and style and form were passions. To the school of Tennyson, Hood belonged. He repudiated romanticism with merciless jests, and his earliest poems reach out for artistic effect. His after efforts show that he ever followed this ideal.

It was by his humor that Hood first knocked at the door of the heart of England, and by this was he admitted. Perhaps he is most frequently thought of today as an humorist, but a study of him will show this his weakest claim to immortality. He was a poet first and then a jester. His humor, though versatile and inimicable, was fragile and ephemeral, and time has swept nearly all of it aside. It had nothing of the broadness of wit, but was delicate and suggestive, fringed we might say, with tears. It was simply the laughter of love, and frequently that of pain. Thackeray has written much of the same sort; but Hood's was largely hackwork and is therefore self-condemned, remembered only by those who love the man.

But more important than this is another characteristic of his poetry; he has been called one of the noblest and most singularly fanciful of modern poets. He was indeed endowed with the highest quality of fanciful imagination, rhythm, expression and lyrical beauty. He startled those who knew him as the jester with marvelous feats of lyrical flights and vivid imagination and beauty of expression. It was by such as "Fair Inez," the "Deathbed" and the "Haunted House" that the beautiful and the artistic came to assert itself in his verse and to yield a refining influence over his readers. His "Bridge of Sighs" is an unsurpassed example of impassioned thought, simply expressed, and a deep insight into the human soul. His lyrics have long since been pronounced marvelous. In addition to the divine faculty of imagination, emotion and insight into the human soul, Hood has a mysticism, an artistic terror. His "Haunted House" has

"O'er all the shadow of a fear
A sense of mystery, the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the air,
The place is haunted."

In the staunch elm tree, "where others see strength and freshness," Hood stares into the face of death. In distinct originality and creative genius, "Eugene Aram" has few equals. It fascinates and impresses by sheer terror. His tribute to Ruth, standing—

> "Breast-high amid the corn,
> Clasped by the golden light of morn,"

and "praising God with sweetest looks," is second only to Keats' in delicacy of expression and lyrical beauty. When these were written, Hood was slowly coming to have that masterful technique that gains permanence.

But perhaps greater than all, in the wild extravagance of laughter and foolish words, Hood "suddenly caught a glimpse of everlasting truth" when, in behalf of England's poor, downtrodden, toiling womanhood, he sang the "Song of the Shirt." This brings our study to the noblest quality of Thomas Hood and his strongest claim on posterity—the simple pathos, the divine gift of emotion, the power to feel deeply, and to respond to this. So deeply did he feel, so tenderly, ere he wrote, that his own great sufferings were overshadowed by the sorrows of others. The dignity that he gave to this wretched, poverty-stricken, starving woman and his fierce cry—

> "Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap,"

roused all England to the condition of her unfortunates. Although he breathed the thin, cold atmosphere of "aristocratic regard for art," Hood was ever the poet of simple, wholesome sentiment. No man ever had a more beautiful pity for the tragic weakness of our humanity than Thomas Hood. And it was right that he should do so, because this poet of the heart was reared in the lap of poverty. He did not sit in the seats of the mighty, and he knew what the toilers in the slums of the world were enduring. He was one of them, and hence his power when he spoke to them.

Joy and sorrow, humor and pathos, are companions in

Hood's poetry, and are almost indistinguishable. He was the child of these two currents strongly intermingled and shading each into the other. Today he stood in the refreshing atmosphere of joy, and tomorrow in the valley of the shadow of tears. He himself says:

> "There is no music in our life
> That sounds with idiots laughter solely,
> There's not a string attuned to mirth
> But has its chord of melancholy."

So in all that he has done, in his verse and in his life, laughter and tears "lie closely mingled."

But without doubt, Hood's crowning contribution to the world is the "Bridge of Sighs." There is no sadder story than this lost child of humanity, standing in a great city full of the children of men, homeless and forsaken, "mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery swiftly to be hurled" anywhere out of a world, drear and blank. There is comfort in the intense sympathy of the poet and his fiery denunciation of sin and the sinner; but suddenly like a flash we breathe thankfulness that there is a great loving, sympathizing Saviour, who knows and forgives our weaknesses, even when it seems that there is no Christ in Christian men to succor the betrayed. That one should consecrate his life to the uplifting of others and labor to secure reforms and better advantages for the poor is great, but that he should send to all men a song of encouragement and good cheer, and shed around him a brightness and glory is greater than all.

So out of the worst of life, Thomas Hood, ever seeing the best of life, sang the sorrow that he knew and the brightness that he believed in. Out of a heart full of charity and divine pity he sent his message of love and hope to humanity toiling along the dim alleyways of the world. No matter how gloomy the day was for him, there was always a smile for his fellow-travelers. No matter how adverse were circumstances, he held firm to the true and the good. No matter how drear winter enwrapped his own soul, he sang of spring and summer and

sunshine and gladness. Men have heard the voice of this humble singer and have been made kindlier of heart, larger in sympathy, and more tender with human weakness. There is nothing more sublime to say of a man than that he lived nobly, unimbittered by sufferings and adversity, that he went down into the by-ways of mankind and carried balm to the fallen and Christ to the despairing. Thus the world hath written of Hood. He shall live in the world of art by the survival of the fittest, and in the hearts of men because they hold eternally to those spirits who have given themselves for their fellows and have tried to lift them to some far-off higher plane, and point out the resting spots in a restless life.

There is a story of a blue flower which no man has ever plucked, yet whose "fragrance fills the world." Few men ever see it, and fewer still can breathe its perfume, and yet the "nightingale is intoxicated with it when she sings and wails in the moonless night or the grey dawn." It grows in the region of the stars, and can only be seen by one whose soul is filled with lofty thoughts. He who once breathes the perfume of this flower never again sees a moment's rest. He must follow o'er the world's rocky ways, its deep ravines, and rolling seas, until it leads him beyond the sunset and the western stars. Thomas Hood saw this flower once, near where the sky falls on mist-lit hills, and his life was taken up in climbing.

J. M. ARIAIL, '05.

Robert Browning

The dawn of the nineteenth century in England witnessed a complete revolution in the field of popular interest. The attention of the public eye was drawn from the age of civil broil which had held the interest of the people for several decades and riveted upon the field of science and investigation. The nineteenth century was the age of science, the age of the search after truth for truth's sake; it was the time when a man would sacrifice life, fortune and all in one far-reaching grasp atfer the truth—and all which that truth might mean to those

who came after his name was forgotten. With this change in the center of public interest came a corresponding change in the themes of art and literature. The gods of Olympus no longer furnished the subject for poetic treatment, but the great subjects of natural science began to occupy the attention of the men of letters and furnish material for thought and research. It was no longer a time when the poet tried to fill the popular mind with the products of their own imaginations, which would cause the public to dream away their lives in building towers of imagination, but rather an age when the writer tried to clothe with poetic beauty the stern realities of life.

Out of this age came the man in whom the spirit of the century was embodied. Robert Browning caught a great vision of the qualifications which tend to move the great poet, and with an unflagging devotion to the truth of his vision he created for the generations to come a poetry which will grow in favor with the public as the ages roll on. He cared not for conventional standards. He was no master of the technique of his art. He rather sought to inspire in man a knowledge of his imperfection and the advantages to be derived from certain relations of Man to Nature and Nature to God. He was no builder of beautiful, sentimental poetic structures and forms, he cared a great deal more about what he said than how he said it. If he could but give his readers a conception of the great truths and ideas of life, which it was his duty to convey, it was of small moment to him if he omitted the connecting links and left man to draw upon his own resources for the missing links in his great chain of thought. It was the aim to stimulate the reason, hope, joys and sorrows of man rather than to gratify either. For this reason scores and hundreds of readers charge Browning with obscurity in his thoughts. It is true that to all readers there are poems from which they get very little in the way of thought, but, as has been suggested, the fault is perhaps a lack of knowledge and insight into the great fundamental ideas and conceptions of human life and natural science which saturated the mind of this master

thinker. Tennyson's verse, which is the model of perfection in poetic form, is as smooth as the flow of the brook. The brilliant, ringing lines of Robert Browning are like the dash of the mighty torrent as it speeds on its gigantic sweep to the ocean, speaking in its every dash and roar of the mighty volume of power and intellect which lie behind it to force it ever onward toward its goal. His thoughts seem to crowd themselves into form, without regard for the sense of beauty of expression which characterizes so many poets.

While Mr. Browning's style is nervous and energetic, it does not signify that he was at all superficial or careless. When he set himself to work upon a subject, like the chemist or physicist, he probed it to its innermost depths until he found and brought forth the refined gold of truth. With his keen, alert, analytical mind he worked and sought with a never-failing energy that which lay beyond the mere external appearance of things. He was the only poet who possessed a power of psychological analysis which may be classed with that of the author of "Hamlet."

But the proof of the real genius of Browning is found in the breadth of his poetic vision. No man ever drew his material from so large a field, no man ever looked at so many subjects or at the same subject from as many different points of view and stamped them so clearly with the force of his own originality as did this man. He could see beyond the shadow of the small horizon of his own island home into the vast expanse which stretched beyond. His subjects were drawn from the world and not from a country. The Orient was as rich in poetic themes to him as was the Occident. Italy, Spain, France, England and Arabia were equally blessed with the endowments of God and Nature in the eyes of this cosmopolitan critic. Not only did he view these various countries from a poetic standpoint, but he used as his subject matter no one phase of life, but he touched the three great subjects which have furnished the hope, joy and inspiration of life of mankind for a thousand years; love, art and music, in his mind,

were the elements which connected the soul of man with the spirit of the eternal God, and around these three subjects his poetry centered. He had a well defined philosophy of life and he threw his whole soul into the interpretation of man's relation to the element of true life and to the God to whom he owed his existence.

Believing that man's life on this earth was only a preparation for the life hereafter, and that however depraved a man might be, that there was still an element of good concealed somewhere in his soul, he sought to inspire in man a dissatisfaction with his present state and to set his eyes on a goal which was infinitely greater than he could ever hope to accomplish. He gives to us in Andrea del Sarto, the faultless painter, the picture of a man who is a failure on account of his perfection in the mastery of his art. Del Sarto's pictures were the incarnation of perfection in technique, but he was nevertheless a failure. He could paint pictures but not ideas. In Pictor Ignotus, the man who failed in his art, in comparison with the faultless painter, we have Browning's ideal of the true artist—the man whose life was a success because of the mere element of failure which it possessed. He looked at failure as an incentive to nobler thought and more strenuous efforts, and as that which would finally bring man to a realizatiin of his mission in life. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or else what's heaven for.' With this line constantly ringing in his mind he laid down the great principle that man, if he would be truly great and accomplish the most in life, "must go unsatisfied to God." The greatness and glory of man consists in his constant grasp after higher aspirations, hopes, joys, sorrows and fears, which are inspired in him by the mere element of imperfection,—that which separates man from beast and which creates in him the desire to reach at last the angelic state of perfection.

In order to reach this State, Mr. Browning believed that another element was necessary—that of love, the highest conception of the human mind and that which connects man with

God. In the "Statute and the Bust" and "Youth and Art" we have love pictured to us in its most sublime and ennobling form. It is the meeting and mingling of two souls and their response to each other. To the great author love was no idle passion, no subject to be trifled with. There was a supreme moment in man's life when this greatest of all elements of the human soul sought and found a heart in which it might seek repose and find a kindred sentiment which would respond to its pleadings. When this hour came, if a man would not forever wreck his own soul and that of another, he must yield to the pleadings of this divine element of man's nature and allow it play unstifled. His only fear was that a man might let this quint-essential moment go unseized and forever wreck his happiness upon the bar of a misguided judgment and desire of conforming to conventional standards. Man must love in order to live; the man who has never loved may exist, but he has never lived. Around this essential soul-element is compassed the aims, ambitions and joy of man's life, and if it crushed his life is a failure.

No man has ever had such far-reaching and sublime conceptions of the elements of human nature and of the relation of man to God. No writer has ever clung with more fidelity to real, human nature and been so optimistic. Browning drew no ideals; he could incarnate the spirit of an age in one typical character and combine in that character the strange elements of good and evil which make up the real human being, and with all the evil, he believed that man was good. "The vigor and force of the man's work are found in the essential quality of its humanity."

We must ever honor a man who, though beaten down by the iron hand of the merciless critics, labored on to give the world this new conception of life and its relations, and who broke down the barriers of conventionalism, created a style of his own and poured forth such a variety of thought and truth upon the world as it had never seen before and was not prepared to appreciate. He was the incarnation of the thought

of the age in which he lived. Greater than any sentimental love poems of other authors is his belief in love as the connecting link between God and man. Greater than any other encouragement to man is the honest belief of this great philosopher that all men are noble and good.

JAS. H. HAMEL, '05.

Conviction.

I have often heard of the uselessness if trying to evade the Divine summons to preach the gospel, an example of which we see in the Old Testament in "Jonah and the whale," but never have I had it so forcibly impressed upon me as in the story which I am about to relate.

It was told me by "Brother Owen," a "circuit rider" in Eastern Georgia. In the small town which was his best charge there was no parsonage; he resided with my father. Many years have passed since then, but I can now distinctly picture to myself this old man. He was gifted in story-telling, and would usually draw a moral at the end of each narrative. He taught me many valuable lessons, some of which I have never forgotten, for things learned in youth remain with us longest. He was the most punctual man I had ever met; when a meal was the least behind time he would pace the front piazza, watch in hand, until he was summoned to the dining room.

As I entered his study this Friday evening (there being no lessons to prepare, as Saturday was a holiday) I was greeted by the kind old man in the following manner: "Come in, my boy; I've just finished my work for Sunday; I know you want to hear a story, don't you? take that rocker over there by the window."

The one I am about to relate to you is true, one which concerns me. It is sad and heart-rending.

Joe Avery, a first cousin of mine, lived within two miles of my old home, in the northern part of this State. We were brought up together and attended the same country school. When we had completed this course, our fathers procured a

tutor and we were prepared for college. Our intentions were to become ministers of the gospel. Being the elder of the two, I felt it my duty to advise and direct Joe; in fact, he looked to me for guidance in all his undertakings. He was a devout, earnest Christan, and was respected by the faculty and students.

My college course came to an abrupt end in my sophomore year. My father had died, and as I was the only boy, the responsibility of the farm fell upon me. Joe returned and, as he told me afterwards, fell in with bad company (Oh, if I only had been there to advise him!), and gradually drifted into vice and debauchery. He graduated, but I don't think it paid, for he would have been a purer and better man had he never entered college, and furthermore, he had given up the idea of preaching. My sister married the year following my father's death, and mother decided to live with her. I joined the Conference and, thank God, am still in His service.

Joe married a Miss O'Neal, a young lady of an influential family. She was pretty and intellectual, an earnest and devout Christian. They settled upon a large farm close to his father's plantation. Joe was happy at first, but soon became indifferent and melancholy. He felt the presence of that still small voice in his heart, which would not let him rest. He had determined not to preach, and he must get rid of this annoyance. He had acquired the habit of drink in college, and it had grown on him. Now he took to the evil in a greater degree, and his poor wife was so excited the first time she saw him drunk that she became prostrated.

A daughter had been born to them. The mother thought that this beautiful babe, with its dark blue eyes and flaxen curls, would cause her husband to aspire after nobler things; but it did not. Yet he loved Evelyn (for this was her name) dearer than his own life. He idolized her, and every evening at his home-coming would rock her to sleep and watch her after he had placed her in the cradle.

The mother's health was failing, and it was caused by Joe's recklessness. She would never retire until he came in. He

was drinking heavier than usual, and stayed away until late in the night at Abe Joyner's, a moonshiner who ran a distillery three miles distant. He was surprised to learn on reaching home this evening that his wife was seriously ill. The doctor pronounced it a dangerous case of pneumonia, and expressed little hope of recovery. All the suffering he had caused her, and every sacrifice she had made for him, came trooping through his mind. It made him stand aghast and utter, "Oh, my God, it is too true! I see! I know why thou art taking her away! I am not worthy of such a wife, and I have shut my ears to—!" Overcome with grief, he sank into a chair and sobbed piteousy.

The neighbors were kind in rendering their assistance, and at the end of the second week Dr. Wilkins gave up his practice to his assistant and remained at Joe's altogether. Sunday night came, and she was still weakening. She knew her end was not far off. Calling her husband to her bedside, she begged him to give up drink and to bring up Evelyn in Christian training. She died at midnght. Joe felt that this was Divine retribution for not responding to the summons, yet he hardened hs heart and said, "I have only one object now which I cherish. My Evelyn, if you were taken life would be a blank, an endless misery."

He succeeded in getting his maiden aunt to live with him, and the domestic machinery was supervised by this good woman. Evelyn was beginning to walk, and could say a few words, and, of course, was the centre of attraction in the household. She became a part of Joe's existence, his only solace. She sat in her high chair next to him at the table, and her little bed was in juxtaposition to his. She was in his presence from the time he came home until he departed.

Years elapsed, and Joe continued drinking, trying to drown his conscience, but like the blood on Lady Macbeth's hands, it would not out. He had lost interest in his business, mortgaged his farm and home, and used the money to procure whiskey. He has since told me had it not been for Evelyn he would have committed suicide. Evelyn was now eight years

old, and was known throughout the county for her beauty. She was a blonde, a prototype of her mother. She would often walk down to the pasture gate, a quarter of a mile distant, and ride home with her father. This afternoon she had put on a new dress and fixed up her hair in a becoming manner and started out to meet him.

Joe had been to Abe Joyner's and had become intoxicated. He swapped his gentle horse for one that was misrepresented, one which would run away on the least provocation. On reaching the long, narrow bridge that spanned the creek near his plantation, his horse became frightened, and not being able to hold him in, he dashed off at a fearful rate. Evelyn was about the centre of the bridge when she perceived the runaway. (I had become so interested in this part of the story that I unconsciously dragged the rocker from the window up to the old man's desk.) She dared not jump, for the creek was full of cypress knees and she would be impaled. The only way of escape was to retrace her steps. She essayed to reach the end of the bridge, but the infuriated animal had constantly gained on her and with a strenuous leap sprung upon her and crushed her to the earth. The horse careened, threw the rider, but continued to run. This fearful tragedy sobered Joe, and rushing back to where Evelyn lay, reached her in time to hear her whisper, "Papa, meet me and mama in heaven." His frame shook with the agony of horror. He pressed her to his bosom, and clasping his right hand to his forehead, while looking into the skies, exclaimed, "My God, thy will be done—first my wife and now this pretty one. Hard is the way of the transgressor. I will defy thee no more."

"Did he preach?" I asked impetuously. "Yes," answered the old man, as he slowly wiped away the tears; but it was a fearful sacrifice he made. ERNEST C. DYE, '05.

The Turning Point in His Life.

The town clock had just announced the hour of midnight in a village of one of the Southern States on a bleak December night, and the neighboring community lay wrapped in slumber, little dreaming of the tragedy which was then being enacted in the life of one of its young members. Within the homes of the Oakfield community all was warm and comfortable, but outside the elements seemed possessed of some demoniacal spirit, so fierce was the storm which was raging. The wind was blowing in great gusts, driving the rain and sleet against the houses with a fury which seemed almost fiendish, and the howling of its blasts through the forests was not unlike the mingled roars and screams of infuriated wild animals. The sleet was covering the ground, and the rain mixing with it formed almost a solid sheet of ice on the road, makng travel exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

But the storm which was rending the elements was not more terrific than the one which was raging in the bosom if James West as he struggled along the road leading to the town of L—, which was eighteen miles distant from the place he had a short while ago called home, but which he was now leaving—could it be forever? Yes, he was forced to make the painful admission that very likely he had viewed for the last time the homestead n which he had been happy as a child, and around which still clustered memories of departed ones which were all that earth had held dear to him.

Why was James West leaving that home, and why had he chosen such a night on which to leave? He had chosen such a night as it was because his father would be less likely to detect him leaving and less able to follow him and bring him back. But to answer the first part of the question we must notice his past life up to the present time. His father had married a beautiful young woman, the favorite of the whole neighborhood, loved by all who knew her for her gentle disposition and tender, sympathetic heart. Her parents had not approved her marriage with John West because they knew that he was

accustomed to becoming intoxicated as well as being of a general reckless disposition. But his handsome person, charming manners, and even his dashing indifference, though she didn't realize it, won Jessie Mashburn's heart. Two children came to brighten their home and give joy and consolation to their mother in her lonely hours. James, the older one of the two, was a stalwart, frank-faced lad, with clear, keen gray eyes, a broad, noble forehead, and dark, wavy hair. The younger one was a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose rosy face and joyous laughter carried sunshine wherever she went, and who became the idol of her brother as she grew up. For a few years this little family lived in peace and happiness, but all the while a shadow was hovering near, and ere long it began to lengthen and fall.

John West began to drink continually, and the tender husband was quickly changed to an unfeeling, drunken wretch, who became a terror to his family. Soon the little girl sickened and died. James's grief was pitiable to see, but he still had his mother left, whom he loved most passionately, and whose sole consolation he now was. But grief at the loss of her little child, the anxiety and trouble caused by her husband's drunken debauches, and his rough treatment of her, soon began to tell on her gentle and sensitive nature, and within a year she too was dead, the physicians said from typhoid fever, but James, boy though he was, knew that it was a far more cruel disease. As he followed his mother to her resting place and reflected upon the fact that his father was responsible for her death, the iron entered his soul. Within a short while his father married another woman, who gave him no sympathy, but found fault with everything he did. James's father also soon began to be cruel to him, punishing him, it seemed, just to gratify the whims of his stepmother. As a result James soon lost his frank, gentle disposition and became gloomy and irritable, feeling that the whole world was against him. Though his great boyish heart longed for sympathy, it was denied him at home. He then began to think of the great outside world, of which he had read so much, where penniless

youths had risen to positions of respect and honor, to long to throw himself into its embrace, and find sympathy somewhere in it. He loved the home in which his mother and sister had lived with him, and was not yet ready to tear himself away from it. But with an intuitive feeling that he would soon need it, he began to hoard every bit of money which he could in any way earn, and was often beaten by his father for not accomplishing as many tasks as he wished him to.

One night after he had been severely whipped by his father he went to his room with the determinaton to seek friends, a home, and maybe a fortune, in the great West. Thus we found him on the road that stormy December night. Before leaving home he had secured a small picture of his mother and one of his sister, and now had them safe next his heart. He struggled on, reaching the town of L— about daylight. There he bought a ticket to one of the cities of the great Prairie Region, where he endeavored to secure a home and employment. But finding that he was to be treated as an inferior, given the hardest labor and none of the comforts of life, and, above all, that he received no sympathy, he decided to try elsewhere, and began a tramp over the country, always with the same result. For a while he continued his endeavor to secure honorable, remunerative employment and the sympathy for whch his heart yearned. But faiing in that, he soon became a confirmed tramp, and even worse, for he was often forced to obtain subsistence by robbery. Meanwhile he had grown hardened, and thinking that all the world hated him, began to hate humanity in general. The hand of every man seemed to be against him; and why not he against every man? For three years he wandered over the great West, growing more hardened and bitter toward humanity all the time, and becoming more accustomed t orobbery and other vice. As yet his better emotions had not been entirely destroyed. They were only smouldering; but all the forces which sere the conscience and deliver up the hearts of men into the possession of fiends of the Infernal Regions were surging in his bosom. He was hastening along the way in which necessity would cause him to

crush every human emotion and stain his hands and soul with crimes of a deeper dye. He knew that he was continually in danger of being overtaken by officers of the law and condemned as a common thief. Indeed, he had already been apprehended by one officer; but proving too much of a match for him, left him wounded and fled. He had now become desperate and determined to die rather than be taken. He moved as rapidly as he could over the country in the character of a boy who was seeking a home and employment.

One evening he stopped at a beautiful farm home in South Dakota and asked for food and lodgings for the night, telling the farmer that he wished to secure employment with him. The farmer gave him a comfortable meal; but told him that he did not need him, and that he could not keep him that night. He turned to go with bitterness in his heart and a half-uttered execration on his lip swhen he caught a view of the farmer's wife. Why did he stop and gaze at her so intently and wistfully? Why did the sight of her face excite such strange emotions in his heart? Then he understood. That face bore a wonderful resemblance to a face which was dear to his heart, and the recollection of his mother came flooding back upon him. He brushes a tear from his cheek with his rough coat sleeve and taking from next his heart the pictures which he has been wearing there so long forgetful of, he took a long, eager look at them as he trudged slowly down the road. He was lost in reverie, and was carried back to his childhood days, to live over the past again. "Oh! if these were only living now, I would not be the outcast and hardened sinner that I am. But what does it matter now what I am or what I do? Not a soul in the world cares for me." Again he found himself brushing away a tear, and startled, surprised at himself, began to chide himself for being so soft and foolish. "A soft heart would not do for one in his position."

He had now neared a bend in the road which would carry him out of sight of the house, and looking back, he saw the farmer's wife standing in the door gazing down the road. He

took another eager look at her and turned to move on, when he saw a little girl who had just come round the turn in the road approaching. She had a satchel of books suspended from her shoulder, and in one hand she carried a small dinner basket, while in the other she held a bunch of wild flowers which she had gathered on her way from school. She was singing with a clear, rich voice some words of that beautiful song, "My Mother's Bible," and James thought he had never seen a fairer vision. Her form and movements were as graceful, it seemed to him, as those of the fawn. Her face was fair, and shone with innocence and trustful simplicity whch alone belongs to childhood. Her clear blue eyes sparkled with joy and radiated the love and tenderness which animated her every word and act. Her hair fell upon her shoulders in tresses which seemed to have caught the tint in which the golden leaves of early autumn are bathed as a mellow evening sun illumintes them with a flood of golden light.

James had stopped and was gazing with hungry eyes, and although he did not understand it, his heart was beating faster. Why was he, who had long since stifled his emotions and rendered himself imperious to every tender impulse, so strangely moved upon by the sight of this child? Was it because the face of the woman at the farm house had brought back to him so vividly the memory of his mother that he thought this child so much like his own sainted sister, or was she really so much like her? He looked again at the picture of his sister, making a comparison, and for the moment forgetful of the child, was absorbed in looking at the picture. In the meantime she had approached nearer, and was looking sympathetically at the ill-clad, lonely looking youth. Suddenly both are startled by a mighty, clashing, rushing noise just around the bend, and almost before they can look in that direction a pair of great horses drawing an express wagon at such wild, terrific speed that it seems to be, not running on the ground but bounding in the air, have dashed around the curve and are now bearing down upon them like a terrible tornado. James springs out of the road, shouting to the little girl, "In heaven's name, get

out of the way!" But she utters a shriek of horror and stands frozen to the spot through sheer fright. Again James fairly shrieks to her to get out of the way, but terror has rendered her limbs motionless and her doom seems inevitable. The horses are now within a few yards of her, and turning his head with lightning-like rapidity toward the house, he sees the woman throw up her arms and fall in a swoon. His brain is in a mighty swirl. His mother's picture, then his sister's, appear almost simultaneously before his bewildered vision. A great struggle went on in his breast. Should he give his life and perhaps save that of the child? If he should give his life in attemptng to save that of the child, whether he succeeded or not, perhaps the parents would think kindly of him and gently lay him to rest. Thus he would gain in dying what his heart now longed for—sympathy. Or should he save his own life? No; it was not worth saving; and every fibre of his being longs to save the child who reminded him of the one who was once so dear to him. Yes, he must make the attempt. All these thoughts had rushed through his brain in a few seconds, and now he made a desperate dash for the child. "Great heavens! will he be too late?" the father watching from the house cries out in the agony of suspense. No! he reached her, and snatched her up, tosses her, as though she had been a doll, to a place of safety. But, O horror! he was seen to be dashed to the ground and crushed by wagon and team!

The farmer revived his fainting wife and hurries to the scene. He found his child safe, and having pressed her to his bosom, turned to her rescuer, who was lying mangled and bleeding. Upon examination, he found that he was still alive. He then procured help, and sent a runner for a physician, they tenderly placed him upon a litter and carried him to the house, where he was given every care and attention which medical skill and kind hearts could devise. When he regained consciousness, he found himself on a snowy bed with the sweet-faced woman watching over him. He was bewildered, and feebly asked what it all meant; but she stroked his forehead, bade him be quiet, and told him she would explain when he

was stronger. At last some one spoke kindly to hm and sympathzed with him!

As he grew stronger, as his memory returned, and as they explained to him all, he seemed to see life in a different light. His old bitterness and harshness toward humanity was gone, and a new, strange peace had come into his life. As the father and mother continued to be so kind to him, as the little girl came to caress and love him, and as they showed him the account of his heroic deed in great flaring headlines in the newspapers, he began to feel that he had won sympathy and appreciation, that he did have a place in the great heart of humanity, and he found a new and noble purpose for the remainder of his life. Under the skilful treatment and tender nursing which he received, he improved slowly, and finally recovered, after a long and wearisome confinement.

When he was well the farmer retained him in his home, where he soon became a skilful manager of the farm and was given a splendid salary. After a few years he was able to purchase a farm of his own, and by his industry soon became very prosperous. Because of his courage, his high ideals of life, and his noble generosity, he was held in high esteem by his fellows, and was honored by them with offices of trust and distinction. In a few years after he became established in his new home he visited his boyhood home, and found his father old, broken in health, penniless, and forsaken, and with true filial piety, forgetting all the past, carried him to his home and tried to lighten the burden of life for him. He now blesses the day on which he offered his life for another.

J. R. LILES,'06.

The Optimist.

If my soul is glad, no solitude
Can make sad, my jolly mood.

If the day is dark and the night
Seems long and drear,—'twill soon be light.

If fear controls my body's strength
I look for freedom, it comes at length.

If foes oppress and make me feel
The stinging lash—I know 'twill heal.

If all goes wrong, I hope and know
'Twill not last long, and let it go.

If critics laugh and scorn and blame,
I simply feel 'twas not for them—

But for my own joy, and then
I trust God first, later men.

M. W. BRABHAM, '05.

The Cowpens.

The casual listener, as he passes up and down among men, must often lend his ear to catch some story of the glorious bravery, the unending endurance of the valiant Jap. as he drives the huge Bear back into his den. The average student in our crowded colleges is often thrilled and moved to enthusasm as he recounts the brave, undaunted courage of the Scotts at Bannockburn, or the sweeping victory of the English at Agincourt. The very details of these battles are familiar. He must know these conflicts, yet he can have only a vague idea of their import. This is well—it needs be that these be known. But there is something more—there is a need of filling a void.

Day after day, over and over again, with unseeing eyes and hearts without gratitude, men pass and repass that monument standing to keep immortal the deeds of their forefathers—deeds incomparable in valor and fortitude. Does this granite shaft, bearing on its summit that bronze figure, and on its sides,

blazed in rock, names as, Cleveland, Pickens, Washington, Howard, Campbell, bring no emotion of pride, no feeling of honor and reverence, as you pass beneath its shadow? Go learn how your forefathers, through unparalleled heroism and devotion, presented to civilization and its future this country that here might be a home for you and for liberty.

I would not that our people knew less of the Romans, the Angles and Saxons, but that we might realize the clearer and deeper the Patriot of the colonies of the Carolinas and their sisters.

On the "Square" in Spartanburg have you seen that statute clad as in the uniform of the Revolutionary soldier? Have you read the names cut in its pedestal? and that inscription bearing testimony to—

"The glorious standard which at Eutaw shone so bright,
And as a dazzling meteor swept thro' the Cowpens deadly fight"?

Do you know the meaning of these? Then go to the Cowpens and on the hills of Thicketty mountain hear the oracle make known this history.

General Greene had recently been given the command of the Southern army. His forces were only a shadow of the magnificent army Gates had shortly before forsaken and left to ruin at Camden. To this force, however, the Partisan Leaders and their followers were ever ready to unite. In January of 1781, Greene was in camp at the Cheraws, on the Pee Dee. Cornwallis was manouvering in the vicinity of Chester. Morgan, with a force of regulars and militia, joined by Washington and his cavalry, was at Grindal's Shoals, on the Pacolet. Greene had ordered him to threaten Ninety-Six and to aid the Patriots in uniting in that section. After defeating a force of Tories in the vicinity, he returned to Grindal's Shoals, joined by Pickens and McCall with their bands of infantry and cavalry.

Fearing for Ninety-Six, which was at this time held by the British, Cornwallis ordered Tarleton to throw himself between

and drive Morgan back across the Broad, when he would attack him. This order having been partially carried out, Morgan was thrown in a very dangerous position, practically between Cornwallis and Tarleton. After receiving reenforcements from Cornwallis, Tarleton determined to either engage Morgan in battle or drive him across the Broad.

In the first manouverings Tarleton worked a strategy, deceiving Morgan as to his real intention, crossed the Pacolet and came upon him unsuspected. Thus Morgan was forced to make a retreat, moving northward toward Thicketty Mountain. When Tarleton came into Morgan's camp, finding food half-cooked and other indications of a precipitated retreat, he set out in pursuit.

Morgan had now reached the hills about Thicketty Mountain, and knowing that Tarleton was close upon him, he decided to risk a battle here and now when he still had time for preparation, rather than to risk being attacked in full retreat. He ordered a halt and, as was customary, put the question as to whether the men wished to give battle. The reply was unanimous, "Lead up to battle!"

While his men breakfasted (for it was early morning) and rested, Morgan planned his battle formation. His forces consisted of 290 regulars, from Maryland; 560 volunteers, from Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia; 125 calvarymen, from Georgia and South Carolina—a total of 975, infantry and cavalry. Before taking up the line-up of the troops, let us notice the position of the ground.

Morgan had chosen the crest of a hill, gently ascending for about 350 yards, covered with an open wood, for the battle ground. To the rear ony a few miles, the Broad, impassable at this point, cut off any hope of a retreat in case of necessity. For this position Morgan has been censured severely. He has made many excuses, going so far as to declare a lack of confidence in his men. However, the truth is plain—there was no option as to a better position, Tarleton was upon him, and a battle must be fought then and there, or else risk an even more hazardous retreat with he foe at his heels. The troops

were drawn up in three parallel lines. On the crown of the hill was the main line, composed of the regulars, with the Virginia militia, 430 strong. One hundred and fifty yards in advance was the second line, 270 militia and volunteers, each a practiced marksman, commanded by Colonel Pickens. In advance of this second line, 150 yards distance, were posted 150 picked men under Majors Cunningham and McDowell. A descent behind the first line was sufficient to cover a mounted cavalryman. Here was stationed the cavalry, under Washington and McCall, as reserves. The general orders were these: The third line was to hold their fire until the enemy had advanced within fifty yards, then fire, and if charged, to fall back upon the second line; the second line was to fire two volleys at the distance of fifty yards, forming on the letf of the regulars when forced to fall back. If necessary for the entire command to retreat they were to rally and form on the hill just to the rear. The first two lines were cautioned not to be alarmed when the line in front fell back.

Every arrangement had been completed, the men were resting in their positions, listening to the stirring harrangue from their leader. It was eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th when the enemy came up. The scene was some different from what Tarleton had expected—instead of confusion and disorder of a hurried retreat he found his foe in line calmly awaiting his attack. At a distant of four hundred yards from the third line he formed his battle order, while Morgan and his troops looked on. The enemy numbered 1000, according to Tarleton's report, but 1,150 as held by the American forces. This number included 350 cavalry. The battle opened by Tarleton ordering his cavalry to drive in the skirmishers, the third line. The cavalry charged. Cunningham and McDowell's marksmen fired several volleys and fell back to the second line. This action was sooner than Morgan intended, yet not until the British had felt the deadly aim of the American riflemen and had a foretaste of the coming reception. A general advance was now begun upon tht second line. Under cover of two field pieces, the infantry sprang forward, yelling of victory and

firing as they advanced. Pickens' men withheld their fire and remained firm. He had given the order that each man pick out and officer and make sure his aim. On came the British, but now uneasy and astonished at the firm stand of the line receiving their fire so calmly. The fifty yard limit is reached. Pickens' rifles belch forth. The command had been remembered, the "epaulette men" had been marked. Victory was here balanced in favor of the Americans. The line of this first volley was found thickly spaced with officers when the battle ha dbeen won. The enemy charged with bayonets, and the second line fell back to the place assigned on the left flank of the first line. The enemy taking this to mean a retreat, charged with renewed vigor. At this point occurred an accident which came near proving disastrous to the Americans, but which really hastened their victory. The riflemen under Pickens, in order to reach the point assigned them, were forced to retreat across the front of battle field. Here they became the center of attack by Tarleton's cavalry. Washington rushed to their aid with his cavalry, covering their rear. Tarleton then ordered an attack on the American's left flank. Washington, seeing this point must be speedily protected, ordered the militia at this point to form a line at right angles to the main llne. In order to do this with precision, the officer in command ordered about face, company left—wheeling on the left flank. Now the Continentals, seeing this movement, supposed the command had been given, as mentioned before the engagement, to retreat to the hill in the rear, faced about also and began the same movement. Howard, who commanded the first line, supposed the order must have come from Morgan, devoted his ability to preserve order, while Morgan thought the order from Howard, accepted it favorably, and used his powers to keep the men cool and the line intact. The British mistook this action; thinking this surely was next to a rout, they charged without order or command.

However, Washington, in the previous action, besides covering and protecting Pickens' retreat, had observed, from his advance position, the utter disorder of the British resulting from

the lack of officers cut out by Pickens' riflemen. As they charged on in this confusion he sent this message to Morgan, "They are coming like a mob; give them a fire and I will charge them."

The British by this time were close on the supposed retreating Americans; only thirty yards intervened between the pursued and the pursuer. But suddenly Howard turns and this command rings out, "Face about and give them one fire and the victory is ours." So close were the two lines their bayonets were entangled as the Americans poured this volley into the astonished enemy. Throwing down their arms, they surrender with but a short struggle, yielding to the mercy of their foe. The cry of "Tarleton's Quarters" was raised and resounded throughout the line. The victors felt their opportunity had come at last to avenge the murder of Buford and his men by Tarleton the year before. This incident of brutal savagery had furnished the battle cry, "Remember the Waxhaws," which had roused so many slumbering patriots to their most determined efforts. In spite of the eagerness of the men to avenge their slaughtered brothers, Howard controlled them and ordered "Quarter" to be given.

The conflict was soon ended. Tarleton tried once more to rally his cavalry, but his men were demoralized and scattered, their officers slain; besides, these men accustomed to butcher and mangle fugitives overpowered and fleeing, as at the Waxhaws, and Camden, could not face a conquering foe—this was not in their line of business. Yet worthy of honor was the action of the Royal Artillerymen. Abandoned by all ercept a handful of infantry, they bravely defended and stayed by their guns. Tarleton seeing this stand, with his officers and a few cavalrymen rallied to defend them. Here occurred the personal encounter between Washington and Tarleton. Washington ordered his cavalry to charge this group, dashing forward in the lead by several yards himself. Tarleton ordered a retreat, but seeing Washington so far in advance of his men, with three officers he wheeled and advanced to meet him. In the

contest which followed Washington's sword broke in half, and but for timely assistance he would have been slain.

The Seventy-first Regiment of the British fought with courage and valor, not surrendering until they found themselves surrounded by the foe and knew resistance was useless. Their commander, Major McAuthur, tended his sword in person to Colonel Pickens. The conflict had ended, except Washington still pursued the fleeing cavalry of the enemy.

This victory was another King's Mountain in point of completeness. Not a single corps of the enemy left the field under command except the few cavalry with Tarleton. The capture was rich, and the losses of the British great. These included 600 prisoners, 184 killed and wounded; one-tenth of the latter were officers, nearly all of whom lay at the edge of the battle ground where Pickens' men had left them; two field pieces; 800 muskets; two stands of colors; 35 baggage wagons; and 100 horses. The loss to the Americans was comparatively light, being 71 killed and wounded, including not a single officer of rank.

I would not have one overlook the part acted in this conflict by the Continental troops, but especially should the action of the Volunteers and Partisan Leaders be marked. You will see how that Pickens' riflemen stamped the course of the battle at the outset; it was Howard's command which turned the climax in favor of the Americans; Washington's foresight and the valiant support of his cavalry made possible the completeness of the victory.

Morgan himself gives the militia and volunteers special credit and honorable mention in his official report to Greene. Yet for all this, the part acted by the Partisan Leaders and their bands here, as too often before, has been disparaged in favor of the too highly praised Continental regulars who fought for salary and pecuniary recompense while the partisan bands were fighting for their homes, that their loved ones might be saved from the cruel butchery of the enemy, and in the name of honor and right, that liberty which freedom alone could give.

O. M. MITCHELL, '06.

Sonnet.—McKinley.

Oh, man of great, unselfish mind,
Whose life was as a guiding star,
Whose voice gained audience from afar,
How we do miss a life like thine;
We miss thee as our ruling power,
We miss thy noble light,
That ever stood forth for right,
And that was strong against an evil hour.
Thou McKinley didst in thy time
Live truly, nobly, and sublime.
Oh, sad the day that saw thy life
Go out 'neath the dark hand of crime!
A splendid glory rests upon thy name,
Thou who didst guide our nation safe through strife.

F. B. MORGAN, JR., '08.

Wasegosa.

It was Indian Summer. The high snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were bathed in the bright, red rays of the setting sun. The cold, dreary wastes of the summit of the highest peak, with its perpetual ice and snow, its rough boulders and dark, yawning chasms, seemed in the distance a veritable fairy land. The lower slopes of the mountain were clothed with dense forests of pine, fir, chestnut, and dogwood trees, whose bright foliage seemed all the more beautiful under the enchanting influence of the declining sun. Fresh flowers bloomed in profusion from every crack and crevice, filling the air with their sweet fragrance, while a small moutnain stream, rushing over the dark stones in its bed, and leaping down steep declevities, mingled its joyous gurglings with the happy evening songs of countless birds. And above all soared an eagle, encircling with mighty flights the summit of the peak, in disdainful oblivion of all that passed below.

Far down the mountain side could be seen the long rows of

skin-covered tapees of an Indian encampment, with the blue smoke slowly curling upward through the evening breeze. This was the camp of the great Ohama tribe of Indians, who, by their prowess, and by the help of the Great Spirit, had conquered all the neighboring tribes. Orlando, its chief, was noted for his bravery on the war path, and for his kindness and justice in his tribe. Once he was even so kind as to give his protection to a hated pale-face lady and her small child, who had been in great distress. This lady, by her gentleness and kindness, soon won the love of the whole tribe, who finally came to call her Heavenly Mother.

One youth especially, Wasegosa, the chief's young son, showed his devotion to her in many ways. He took great pleasure in carrying in his arms the little dark-haired brown-eyed Eloyse, over the rough mountains. He gathered for her the bright flowers, and made the prickly chestnut burrs to yield up their brown fruit. His highest ambition seemed to be to bring some ray of sunshine into the sad life of the Heaven Mother.

On this particular evening, they had wandered far up the mountain side, and had stopped to rest upon a narrow ledge of rock that overhung a dark chasm of a hundred feet deep. The lady was seated upon a large stone, and Wasegosa, as usual, was stretched at her feet, while the child played with the bright flowers not far away. As the lady sat there buried in deep thought, with the golden sunlight gently playing about her perfect form, and lighting up the still, sweet face and dark hair, not yet streaked with gray, truly she was a being for a savage nature to worship. The young Indian looked at her for some time in silence, then, after giving the usual Indian exclamation, he asked in broken English:

"Will Heaven Mother tell Wasegosa what she thinks about?"

The lady turned her dark eyes upon him, and with a strangely pathetic note of sadness in her voice, she pronounced the one word—"home."

"Is Heaven Mother no happy?"

"No, boy; I still remember the home far away to the rising sun," said the lady, looking wistfully over the plain below.

A look of the greatest sympathy came over the expressive savage face, and he said:

"Wasegosa strong; he guide—through dark wood—over mountains—to home 'way to rising sun."

"It cannot be; I have no friends, and the way is too long."

"Where father of pale face child?"

"It is a short story," replied the lady sadly. "We came here not many moons ago, and were living happily together, when one dark night, while baby and I were waiting for the father, suddenly he fell over the threshold with an arrow through his heart!"

The young Indian suddenly leaped to his feet, and brandishing his cruel knife over his head, hissed through tightly closed teeth, "Wasegosa revenge!"

She seemed not to hear, but continued in a low tone, "I saw that the Indians had come, and feeling that no time was to be lost, I quickly snatched baby and made my escape to your father's tribe."

Wasegosa looked at her with great, compassionate eyes as she sat there living over the terrible scenes again.

"So you see I have nothing to make me happy but the child there, and—oh! where is baby!" she said with blanched face, when she saw that it was nowhere in sight.

Wasegosa quickly bounded up the narrow ledge, and not finding the child, both rushed in the opposite direction. There they saw where the baby had crawled along the ledge, and rounded an angle of rock just in time to see it, with an innocent smile, pitch headlong over the ledge into the chasm!

The poor mother stood for a moment with clasped hands, transfixed with horror, and even the cold-blooded Indian was appalled at the sight. Then the echoes were awakened by the heart-rending cries of the distressed mother. She rushed to the brink of the chasm, and stretching forth her hands in helpless agony, she expressed all the love, anguish and despair of a

mother's heart in her cries of "Oh! rescue my baby! Save my child!"

Wasegosa stood helpless also for some time, then looking over the ledge of rock, he saw that thirty feet below was a clump of thickly woven treetops. Looking farther down the mountain side, he discovered the small child just dropping gently from one treetop to another. Without any delay, he said reassuringly in the mother's ear, "Let Heaven Mother be happy; Wasegosa bring baby," and had deftly thrown himself over the ledge into the chasm. He reached the tops of the trees in safety, and was soon making his way painfully through the thick underbrush to where he had seen the child last. With beating heart he searched in vain for some time, but at last he discovered what appeared to be a bundle of rags lying very still among the bushes. He soon had the little Eloyse in his arms, and to his great joy found that she was alive, and had not even a scratch upon her tiny face! He gave one wild, savage whoop of joy, that sent a thrill of happiness through the heart of the anxiocs mother on the heights above, and soon was at the foot of the cliff holding the child up to the delighted gaze of the Heaven Mother.

But now that the child was safe again, how should he reach the ledge? The little clump of trees that had saved its life was surrounded on three sides with deep chasms, and where he had thrown himself over the ledge there was a steep cliff rising to the height of thirty feet. But he found that on one side the declevity was sloping, so he decided to take his burden up by this narrow inclined path. Yet he knew that it was a hazardous way, because if he made one false step or lost his footing in any way, both he and his precious burden would be drawn by the attraction of the deep chasm on his right to certain destruction on the rocks below.

The mother looked on in breathless suspense while he slowly toiled up the steep and barren rock. Not a twig or root was there to hold to; not even a depression in the stone offered a foothold to his slipping feet. Yet he pushed on, carrying his burden as best he could, but as he could not stop to rest, when

he was not half way up he became aware of the fact that his strength was failing. With laboring breath and beaded brow he ever approached the Heaven Mother, who stood with outstretched hands, inspiring him to make one last effort to reach her. He summoned all his failing strength, and with admirable courage and indomitable will he made an almost superhuman effort—and the child was safe in the arms of the fond mother!

But alas! the Heaven Mother, in her eagerness to clasp her child, failed to give assistance to the struggling boy, and when she turned to thank him for his devotion she was horrified to see his dark body cutting the air in its swift descent to certain destruction on the rocks one thousand feet below. The mother closed her eyes to shut out the terrible sight, and strained the child to her heart with loving tenderness.

When she looked up again the little Aloyse was smiling innocently into her face, the flowers on the ledge were still just as beautiful, the rays of the sun still lighted up the very top of the peak, the eagle still soared above her, and the blue smoke still curled through the evening breeze over the Indian encampment. Yet the Heaven Mother knew that down in the rocks, wrapped in the darkness, silence, and stillness of death, was a heart of knightly devotion and heroic sacrifice.

W. C. CURRY, '08.

The Tracks in the Snow.

"Well, Joe, old boy, it looks like we're going to have some snow."

A large, brown shepherd dog looked up at the speaker and barked, as if to confirm the statement. The speaker was a tall, well-formed man, who looked to be about thirty years old. Upon closer observation, it might be seen that he was much younger than that. He had coal black eyes, and hair to match. There were marks of care as well as youth upon his face.

The scene was in a small hut, in the wilds of Arizona, about three o'clock in the afternoon. About a mile from the hut was the foot of a mountain, which stretched up in mighty splendor

to the sky. John Bruce, for such was the name of the speaker, lived in this little hut, which had only one room. The furniture in the room was very rude indeed. There was a bed, two stools, and a small table, all hand-made. There were two pictures on the walls, one of a sweet-faced maiden about eighteen, another of an old, gray-haired woman, appearing to be about seventy years old. On the table was an old, worn Bible, and in the corner rested a rifle. In another corner there was a fiddle.

"We haven't had any snow this winter, and it is getting about time, I think," continued the speaker, adding a large log to the already roaring fire. He then picked up the Bible and began reading.

While he is reading, let us take the chance to look somewhat into his past life. He had been living here for five years. Why he came, or where he came from, no one seemed to know. He even refused to tell his name, which has been already disclosed to the reader. The few friends he made in his seldom visits to the town of Bowie, fifty miles distant, mutually agreed that he had seen better days. But he said nothing about his past life, and would tell nothing when anyone would ask him. His friends found him to be quiet, sincere, frank, brave and honest. Also they knew that he never touched liquor. With all these good qualities, they wondered all the more why he should live this lonely, secluded life.

John's only companions were his Bible, fiddle, gun, and dog. He needed no more; he could pass the time well enough with these. His Bible was enough to give him thought. His fiddle afforded him all the pleasure he needed, while his gun and dog enabled him to supply himself with meat. He also had some otter traps in a river, at the foot of the mountain near his hut. When he went to town he exchanged the otter furs for meal and flour.

The evening passed away and nigh came on. John prepared to cook his supper. He had no stove, but he raked some coals from the fire to the hearth, and cooked some cornbread and meat. In this manner he cooked all his meals. Generally

he cooked enough in the morning to last him and his dog through the day.

After eating supper, he sat down and began to play his fiddle. Outside everything was cold and dismal; inside everything was warm, happy, and comfortable. Joe was stretched upon the hearth in front of his master, listening at the wind howl above the sound of the fiddle. Gradually the wind became calm. John went outside to see how everything looked. He found it was snowing. He went into the hut, and went to bed, leaving the dog on the hearth.

John rose early next morning and built a rousing fire, and cooked breakfast. He found that the snow was about a foot deep, but that it had stopped snowing.

"Let's take a look at the traps, Joe," he said, when they had finished breakfast. The dog barked joyously at this. So John put on his snow-shoes, slung his rifle over his shoulders, and started for the river.

Outside the hut, John breathed the crisp December air deep into his ungs. A feeling of exultation came over him. "Away, boy!" he shouted to his dog; "I'll beat you to the river." John could travel much better than the dog, because he wore snow-shoes. About half-way between the hut and the river, John was surprised to find some prints in the snow.

"They must have been made lately," he said, "or else they would be covered up by the snow." Then he took a closer look at the tracks.

"Will wonders ever cease?" he exclaimed in surprise. "These are human tracks!"

Then he began to follow the tracks, which grew fresher as he went. In an hour he came upon a human form, which appeared to be almost frozen. John surmised that the man had been there about three hours. He took a closer look at the man, and found him to be unconscious. He had black hair, and a fair complexion. He appeared to be about twenty-one years old.

John hastily picked the man up and started for the hut. As soon as they reached the hut, John renewed the fire, which had

nearly quit burning. Then he placed the man before the fire, and gave him a thorough rubbing. Soon the man's blood began to circulate, and he showed signs of life.

"Not as near gone as I thought he was," said John, still continuing to rub the man.

As for Joe, he would bark frantically for awhile, and then look on in amazement. It was a strange and first experience of this kind to him, and he knew not what to make of it.

Presently the man began to moan feebly. Then John put him in the bed and kept him wrapped with warm quits for an hour or two. Then the man, who was still unconscious, seemed to go to sleep. This gave John time to think how came the man out in the snow. He could think of no plausible theory, so he gave up the question, thinking he would soon learn from the man himself.

Dinner time came and still the man slept on. John thought it best to let him sleep. About four o'clock in the afternoon he man awoke. He stared around in amazement.

"Where—where am I?" he asked.

"With a friend," replied John. "Do not fear."

John soon told the man why he came to be in the hut.

"Now, tell me how you came to be out in the snow, where I found you," said John.

"Well," said the man, "my story is not very long. I, with three companions, left New York about two weeks ago for a hunting trip in the West. On account of an accident to one of my friends we were delayed four days at the village of Dorchester, Pa." The man failed to note the startled look that passed over John's countenance at the mention of this name. "In three days my companion was well, and we resumed our journey, and arrived at Bowie three days ago. Yesterday morning we left Bowie for a hunt. Late in the afternoon, I became separated from my companions and the guide. We were to camp out that night. I don't know what became of my companions. After dark it began to snow. I would not lie down, for fear of freezing, as I had no cover. I wandered

around aimlessly till about five o'clock this morning, when I dropped from sheer exhaustion. You know the rest."

"What is your name?" asked John.

"Robt. Mayfield," replied the man. "And to whom am I indebted for this great kindness?"

"For reasons known only to myself I can give you no name except just plain John."

"How can I ever repay you for this kindness?" asked Mayfield.

"I want no pay for saving a human life," said John, honestly.

Just before night a shot was heard.

"That's some of my companions!" exclaimed Mayfield joyously. He went to the door and saw his three companions a few hundred yards away. They saw him, and began running to the hut. He told them he was all right, and introduced them to John. It was agreed that they should spend the night with John. After supper John played his fiddle for the men. They noted a sad, far-away look in John's eyes when he played "Home Sweet Home." After a while they retired, John and Mayfield sleeping on the floor, and the other two using the bed.

John had a very strange and to him a prophetic dream that night. He was out among the mountains, alone. A violent thunderstorm came up, and the day became black as night, being illuminated only by the vivid flashes of lightning. Gradually the storm began to abate, and it grew lighter. Suddenly the glorious, bright sun shone through the broken clouds. Then he awoke suddenly and found it was time to get up.

After eating breakfast, the men decided to go hunting, and asked John to go with them. To this he consented. After hunting several hours, and finding no game, the men decided to try their marksmanship at a spot. One of the men pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, tore off a piece, and gave it to John, to put on a tree. John glanced down at the paper and uttered an exclamation of surprise. He read the scrap of paper, and a look of supreme joy came over his face.

"Thank God!" he muttered fervently.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the men. He merely handed them the piece of paper and told them to read it. It was the piece of a paper one of the men had purchased at Dorchester. This is what they read:

INNOCENT AT LAST.

JOHN BRUCE, FOR FIVE YEARS THOUGHT GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF THOMAS JOHNSON, WAS CLEARED LAST NIGHT WHEN BEN TATE CONFESSED TO THE KILLING, WITH HIS DYING BREATH.

Then John told them the story of his life. "My name is John Bruce. I lived in the village of Dorchester until five years ago. I was in love with Lucile Johnson, sister of the deceased. It was generally known that he objected to my going with Lucile. Ben Tate also loved the girl, Lucile. Her brother was murdered one night. Evidence led to the fact that I was the murderer. Lucile induced me to flee for my life. She said that she loved me, and would never marry Ben Tate. She said my innocence would be proved some day. As you see, that day came not long ago."

After finishing his story, he added: "Probably I would never have known that my innocence was proved if I had not been kind to Mr. Mayfield. Deeds of kindness are always doubly repaid."

* * * * * * * * *

There is but little more to be said. There is no happier home now in Dorchester than that of John and Lucile. He still has his shepherd dog, who is very faithful to him. Before long John intends to carry his wife to visit his hut in Arizona.

M. C. FOSTER, '07.

A Russian Hero.

One of the Russian leaders in the Russo-Japanese war that deserves a word of praise from American people is Capt. Joachim Jasper. Joachim Jasper was born in Charleston, November the 11th, 1880. His parents died when he was eight years old, and he was left a penniless orphan. Having neither friends nor resources on which to rely, he sought employment with the *News and Courier,* and was accepted on trial. He worked so faithfully and energetically that he soon become one of the most trusted boys in the office. He remained two years with the *News and Courier* when a new position opened to him.

In 1890 Peter Sertins, an old Russian sailor, had his ship, the "Karkof," anchored in the bay. He was looking for a boy to go with him to sea. He asked Joachim to go with him, and the boy took him at this word. For five years Joachim enjoyed the wild and reckless life of a sailor, and gathered many valuable lessons from his voyages. While they were in port at Calcutta, Peter Sertins died from an attack of malaria fever. Sertins had no children, and had become greatly attached to Joachim. He therefore left his estate to the boy. Joachim Jasper had become acquainted with Russian customs and now decided to enter the military school at St. Petersburg. At school he won distinction on history, geography, and mathematics. He delighted especially in the biographies of the great cavalry leaders. Marshall Murat and Gen. Nathan B. Forrest were his favorites. This was due to the fact that they were the most dashing, romantic and successful cavalry officers in history.

In 1900 Jasper left school an under-graduate to become a lieutenant in the war against China for the "Open Door." He had very little opportunity to distinguish himself there, but was complimented for always being at his post. This war was speedily brought to a finish, as China was unable to cope with the inter-national forces arrayed against her.

In the treaty of peace Russia agreed to remove her troops

from Manchuria. After the Chino-Japanese war, Russia, France, and Germany forced Japan to restore to China all Manchurian lands. Russia then leased that territory from China for a period of eighty years. Japan and Russia had become rivals, and when Russia moved her forces from Manchuria Japanese guerillas tore up the Port Arthur railroad. Russia immediately established military posts along the road to protect her property and growing commerce. Capt. Joachim Jasper was stationed thirty-five miles north of Port Arthur with his company. Fights between the contending parties were almost constant. Jasper was wounded in one of the conflicts, and was sent to Liao Yong for treatment. While there he fell in love with Miss Jasquita Rewsky, the daughtter of a wealthy merchant of that city. But the young lady's father was bitterly opposed to Jasper and asked him to discontinue his visits. He also told him he intended his daughter to marry a nobleman.

Jasper left Liao Yung to visit St. Petersburg. He had been there only a short while before the war began. He was sent with a company of Cossack cavalry to the banks of the Yalu river. In the first battle he showed great ability in maintaining order among his soldiers. A few months later, disguised as a Japanese bandit, he went to Port Arthur to investigate the Japanese position and to learn of the condition of the Russian army in that city. He was halted by the pickets on his way, but gave the pass-word and went on. After spending nearly four weeks reviewing the armies and gathering information, he returned to General Kuropatkin's headquarters with a diagram of the situation. "Port Arthur," he said, "is lost. It is only a question of time when it will be in the hands of the enemy."

The Japanese armies were victorious on several signal fields. The Russian Asiatic squadron had been destroyed, Nogi battered on Port, Kuropatkin was pressed hard in the interior, and Kuroki and Oyama sought to annihilate his army before the end of the season.

At Liao Yang the Russians collected their forces and for several days the most sanguinary battles ever fought by terrestial armies "raged with unwantoned fury," and undaunted

valor, till Liao Yang became the center of one vast scene of destruction.

On the seventh day of the battle the Japanese fought with renewed energy and pressed the Russians back along the lines. Before night the Mikado's men were in full possession of the city, and the Russians in hasty retreat towards Mukden. In this retreat Captain Jasper by his vigilance and aptness prevented the destruction of the left wing of the Russian army. By his engineering it was enabled to reach Mukden in safety.

One of the Captain's most adventurous exploits occurred the night after the army left Liao Yang. News reached Jasper that the Japanese were massacreing the Russian population of the city. Captain Jasper chose ten desperate Cossacks and set out to slip through the Nippon lines, go to the Rewsky Mansion and save, if possible, his beloved Jasquita. This daring little band reached the place just in time to save the family from destruction. The Japanese were already in the house when Jasper arrived. As he rushed in he saw a soldier with his sword drawn on Jasquita. Quick as a flash he drew his revolver and fired. The Jap. fell with a bullet in his brain. Some more Japanese rushed in, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. But Jasper's men were fine shots, and every time their pistols rang as many men were killed. The whole squad of Japs. were killed or wounded, and the excitement in the city was so great that this terrific little fight did not attract the attention of other Japanese soldiers. With Jasquita and her father, Jasper's wounded but victorious little band set out to fight their way back to the Russian army. They were hailed by he guards on the outskirts of the city. But the only answer they gave was the crack of their pistols. They reached the camp safely.

The next week after the army reached Mukden, Capt. Joachim Jasper and the beautiful Jasquita Rewsky were united.

Jasquita's father said: "I wished my daughter for a nobleman's wife, and thtre is none who is nobler or manlier than he."

C. D. McNEELY, '08.

His Father's Sermon.

In the quiet town of Fordham lived the Reverend Dwight Holman. For nearly thirty years he had been the faithful and beloved pastor of a devoted people. During this time, in this field the work of his life had been done; down through these years he had come, cheering the weak, lifting the fallen, inspiring the heavy-hearted, and comforting those who mourned. His head had grown quite white with going from house to house, and his shoulders were quite bent with toil. He was always ready to follow the call of duty whether it was to the room where death was or to the wedding of the young, always spending his heart in sadness or in joy. Some few remembered the vigorous protests made when as a comparatively young man he had come to them as their pastor, but that died in shame and was now long passed. To many he had become a sky-pilot, and the years had so interwoven their human lives that all had come to love and venerate their aged pastor. And, with the years, his heart had grown so full of love for all men, and sympathy, that a strange softness lighted his kindly face, and they who loved him were wont to imagine the divine halo encircling his long white hair. Nor, indeed, was his ability as a preacher to be questioned. From the great burden of men that he bore, came an intense earnestness, and from his intense personality came a strong attractiveness. He was an unusually clear thinker, and easily the master of his language. But after all, those who knew him say, love, old, strong, immortal love was most assertive in his teachings and in his life. Love for humanity, toiling, sorrowing, sinful; love for all beauty and holiness, all loveliness; love tinged with pathos that sin should have caused men to suffer, and to lose sight of the Christ vision! It was this above all things that drew the erring, weak, and outcast to him—sometimes through the night-time—and made his appeals almost irresistible. In this way Pastor Holman was a great power in his community, and meant much in the life of his people. Yet this time-scarred old

Christ-knight, whose heart was as great as a star, bore in the secret room of his soul a great sorrow, an infinite yearning, a hungering of spirit, of which the world knew nothing!

* * * * * * * * *

In the closing hours of the first week in December, Dr. Frank Holman sat at his desk in the office of the Philadelphia Review. Five years since, a young man, fresh from the university, he had leaped into prominence by a critical review of current wrters, and very soon afterwards had stalked to the leading place on the staff of this influential literary organ. He had established himself in the public mind as a brilliant and thoroughly competent critic. Young authors trembled when it was known that his eye had fallen upon their efforts, and the established and most able scholars in America recognized his appreciation or dissecting of their works. His pen was facile, clear, and bitter as he chose. He was frequently called upon to defend himself, and friends and enemies alike knew that he spoke as an authority. There was but one unsafe feature in his work, but one defect in his otherwise well balanced, artistic taste—his rather reckless handling of religious treatise. With books of theology he was often fierce and uncharitable; towards many religious writers he was cynical and unsparing. This side of his nature had cropped out, one might say, once in a bitter controversy, and he had since defended it, and it had grown with agitation.

In college, Holman had stood well. He was an indifferent student, an endless reader, and an all-round good fellow with his companions. Here, indeed, it was that Renan, Hume, Voltaire, and Ingersoll had crept into his reading. He was moral, and in fact called himself an unprofessed Christian, but he was considered erratic and unique in his religious views. In strange contrast with this almost bitter view of his nature was an impassioned respect for sentiments sacred, and above all was his love and respect for his father. "If I am ever a professed Christian," he used to say to his friends, "it will be because I am my father's son, and I want just what I've seen in

his life, with its power and its reward." But he had come away from college and entered upon life with its disturbing turmoils and bitter disappointments. Gradually as he came to know it more its mingled pathos and sadness played strange havoc with the olden faith of his childhood. He had passed through the valley of vague unrest and infinite yearning, and into the shadow where stood Matthew Arnold—his friend and master. He had kept his life unimbittered, but he had drifted.

Today, as worn and tired, he signed his last manuscript, and closed his desk, the spirit of the season took possession of him, the old eagerness for home came upon him, the old childhood love for holiday rose strong in his heart. He locked his office and went through the crowded streets to his home, with the calling of the Southland in his ears, and the ring of bells across the snow, and the old scenes, the old home, the old forms, rising up, smiling in his face. Three weeks later he was in his father's home at Fordham.

* * * * * * * * *

It had been a glorious Christmas. One of those indescribably happy family reunions that make men love their lives and all the world. The care-worn man of letters had never known a gladder yuletide. He had meant more to that old father and mother than ever before, and they had meant more to him. Only one shadow was over it all—that of near separation.

It was the son's last Sabbath at home, and he was to hear his father preach. He had felt all along that his visit would not be a success unless he saw his father in the old place. Promptly, at the appointed hour, the three—two bowed and aged, one splendid and stately—entered the church and sat in the same familiar pew. As he sat down, Frank Holman looked over the splendid gathering with pride; a feeling of old-time satisfaction passed over him that his father still held his congregation against younger men. The simple, informal preliminaries were soon ended, and the minister arose to take his text. Holman thrilled as the deep voice of his father fell upon the assembled worshippers: "And Thou, Solomon, my son, know

thou the God of thy fathers, and serve Him with a perfect heart" was what he read. Slowly the old minister developed his train of thought: the man who had risen from shepherd to king, who had suffered and sinned, and conquered, who had stood on the walls of his Great City and waited for a wandering son and known the despair of loss, lay dying. Gone was the kingliness of the man, forgotten the courtiers around, forgotten the kingdom, indeed, and only this to his successor, "Oh, Solomon, my son, my son, know experiemntally, the God of thy fathers." A hundred conflicting emotions moved in the heart of Frank Holman. He alone, of all the great crowd of souls, knew the intense meaning of that hour. It was *his* hour! It was to him that this appeal was made, and back of it all was a father's boundless love. It was no longer a dying king charging his princely son, but his aged father appealing to his son, to *him,* Frank Holman, distinguished critic and man of letters, and standing by that father was his great passionate love for him, years of sacrifice and all of the best dreams of his soul calling to him! He pressed his mother's hand and whispered, "Oh, mother, isn't it great to be here!" Then the last prayer was said, and the congregation filed slowly outward and went silently to its home.

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Three months later, Frank Holman sat in his old place. His literary powers had continued to expand, and slowly the Reviews had climbed to a high place among periodicals of its kind. Holman was becoming famous, and young manhood's ambitions were nearing realization. The father and mother at home were in receipt frequently of handsome checks, and the weekly letter established in college came with systematic regularity. And yet these three months had witnessed many struggles for this man. From across the hills, from the far-away South, a gentle, a pleading voice ever called to him, "Oh, my son, hast thou this knowledge?" He had faced it like a man. He had struggled bravely and groped long and patiently to find the divine Hand, but he had failed. He had called out

in the night, but he had not heard this great Voice; he had fought, but the victory was unwon. Readers noticed that the Reviews had grown kindlier and more tolerant, and that the bitter, scoffing pen was turned less frequently upon religious subjects or Christianity and its conflicts with darkness. But Frank Holman knew that in his heart there was chaos and that in his soul there was discord.

He had been ill two weeks when a telegram from his mother announced his father's sudden illness. "Come quickly," the telegram had urged. It was five days before he was able to start. Each day's telegram had announced his father weaker. Weak and worn, Holman could scarcely realize that his father was dying. He had never thought of life without him, and all his soul cried out for help and that his father might be spared. Two days later, as he drove up the old way, he knew that the worst had happened and that all was over. Alighting and feebly mounting the steps, he fell fainting into his mother's arms.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten days after this, he was able to walk, with the aid of a cane, across the way to where they had laid him. Is was a glorious afternoon. To the broken-spirited man it seemed that the world had just been created or was trembling on the verge of quiet, brilliant dissolution. All nature seemed softened with sympathy for the suffering man as he stood above the strong soul whose life had been so much to him. He drew near the grave which all denominations and classes had covered with flowers. As he stood there, a thousand memories came over him, of sacrifice, of loving deeds, of sympathy, of love, of help; of all the years of childhood, youth, and manhood, and the father's love that had brightened all! Just beyond him stood the church that had no pastor, the flock without a shepherd—and then, as a flash, it all came to him suddenly, that day and that sermon! Falling to his knees, he cried aloud, "Oh, father, it was to me that you appealed, and I came not in life, but through your death I came. Oh God, though tossed with conflict and doubt,

give me that knowledge wherewith I may know the God of my father and serve him with an upright heart, and let me know Thee and feel Thy hand as did my father." And from across the hill a burst of the dying sun's rays lit up the church windows and fell in splendor and richness upon him who vowed in the presence of the dead. And the father's sermon had won!

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

The Cost of War.

It seems almost certain on account of the severe reverses of Russia in the financial centers as well as on the battle field, that she will meet with humiliating defeat. The war up to the present time has cost the government something over $400,000,000, and will doubtless burden the Czar with a much larger load of indebtedness before terms of peace are arranged.

These enormous losses of money and lack of victory on the battlefield has caused the borrowing power of the Czar to become more limited. His supporters grow suspicious and refuse to lend as freely as formerly. This is a serious situation for Russia, and she must either begin to drive the Japs. from the field or be forced to an unconditional surrender.

Departments Limited.

Owing to the large number of essays and stories entered in the medal contests the literary department is extraordinarily large this issue. This fact will explain the limited space occupied by other departments of THE JOURNAL.

✤

Reduce the Acreage.

The movement on the part of Southern cotton growers to reduce the cotton acreage generally seems to us to be the only practical way of securing an advance in the price of that staple. If the effort should prove a success, and the cotton crop be reduced to a minimum, there is no doubt but that it will mean increased profits to the producer. So long as the market is overstocked the farmer must take what the manufacturer is willing to pay. But if the manufacturer is short of the raw material the producer can certainly demand an increased price.

We hope to see the crop much smaller this year on account of this movement, and we believe that the masses of the people will be in much better condition financially.

✤

Wofford College Lyceum.

The last lecture in the lyceum course for this season was delivered by Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle on the night of March 30. The subject was astronomy, and it is needless to say that it was inspiring. Dr. Carlisle is well informed on the subject of the heavenly bodes, and with the aid of the pictures of the planets, constellations, etc., he succeeded in giving his audience a better knowledge of the magnificence and splendor of the starry skies. After giving some figures illustrating the vast distances between the planets, their relative positions and of the movements of these bodies he drew a lesson from his subject which any man may do well to consider: when we behold the vast and magnificent universe above, how can we help but ask how infinitely great must be the Creator who made it all.

All regret that the course is over. We have derived from it much of pleasure and profit. The student body and all members of the Lyceum are under obligations to Professor Gamewell for his untiring efforts in securing for them the very best talent.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

It is with real pleasure that we read *The Southern Collegian.* All the departments are readable, and almost all the contributions are worthy. The editorials are expressions of real opinions on material subjects. The criticisms are, for the most part, to the point, but the worn expression "one of our best exchanges" is made to serve too often for a criticism. The contributions show a vast deal if interest in the magazine. We find as an article a criticism on criticism. It points out the real value of criticism, what should be its purpose and how this purpose should be sought; not with the feeling that it is a privilege to criticise, but a duty to help would-be writers. Therefore, it is necessary for a critic to have ability, and not merely tact to say sharp things. "It Just Happened" is a well-told little story, but built on a weak plot. An article on war explains how inequality of nations is the necessary cause of war, and how this inequality is ineradicable. Therefore, the condtion to be hoped for is not universal peace, but, by increased civilization and decreased inequalty, a minimum of war. "The Rivals" is an exciting little love affair, but with nothing very especially literary about it. "His Revenge" is a representation of the faithfulness of true love; although wronged, it will prove itself to be the real love in the end. "What is Crime?" is a discussion of the relation of society to the criminal. It points out the extreme difficulty of the problem, but shows that crime is not entirely the fault of the individual criminal. "A Freshman's Letter to His Girl" is a somewhat exaggerated representation of first impressions of college. The author's style and manner of treatment make it interesting throughout. "At Sunrise" has one redeeming quality in that it represents the utter listlessness of the Indian.

The treatment is awkward. The plot is inconsistent. The hero, like too many heroes in college stories, is an extremist. He is the best, kindest, most generous, and most popular soldier in his company. But alas! the good man is courtmartialed to be shot. Why use the best man for such a place? Why not courtmartial a man capable of being courtmartialed? "Taming Cupid" is the best story in the magazine, and the magazine may be ranked high among its contemporaries. This is not only an ingenious plot, but it is worked out with real literary touch and taste. An account of an alumni banquet in New Orleans is a valuable article in that it speaks materially for Washington and Lee University. *The Southern Collegian* presents an excellent collections of poems. "The God of Love" is a splendid poetical conception of love, not in any *puppyish* sense, but in its reaiity. "Vesper Song" is, of course, supposed to be valuable only as a song, but even the song element is weak. "When Mother's There" is a poetic appreciation of home and mother expressed with good metre and rhythm. "The Monk of Ghanistan" is a clear representation of the monk as only a rueful man. "Self or Soul" is a philosophical poem showing the inseparableness of the physical and the psychical.

The departments of the *Davidson College Magazine* are well attended, especially the editorial and exchange departments. The editorials are timely suggestions on affairs concerning college life and student work. The editor sanely avoids those petty discussions, so commonly given space in college journals, of events that would be of interest to a weekly newspaper. The criticisms are good so far as they go, but are too general to be of best benefit to the magazines criticised. "Re-establishment of the Old Plantation" is a sound, practical suggestion to American youth. It points out the grand opportunities for farming, advance in country life and attractions. A plan is offered for systematic cultivation of land, with sure success on account of the new exhausted resources for widening. "A Roundabout Affair" is truly *a roundabout affair.* It

it a good plot of ins and outs, but too extravagant to even seem natural. The hypotheses are too assuming. "The Comedy of Errors" is a successful use of dramatic situations. It is extremely light, but in the end a least amusing. "The Value of a Kick" is not, as one might suspect, a story. But it is an enumeration of instances showing the fact that the kick, in that it is a revolt against severity or extravagance, is the initial step toward happy accomplishment. "The Gentle Art of Reading" is not a plea for reading, but a plea for that which is much nobler and higher, a proper appreciation of what is read. The dramatic method is used with success. A slight affectatoin of style is obvious, but may be overcome by practice in such writing. The writer has a knowledge of the real and conception of the proper attitude of a reader toward his reading. "The Aztec and Incan Civilizations" is a splendid article on the life and customs of these early peoples. It shows study of these civilizations, and ability to express clearly this knowledge. By comparison the points in common and the points of difference of these civilizations are shown, and also their relation to modern civilization. We have given us the life of a truly great man—Hon. Augustus Leazar, great in his sincerity and humble devotion to duty in life. It is not merely the narration of this life, but explains its effect on humanity and benefit to his fellow men, and further, the value of such a life to humanity at all times. *The Davidson Magazine* suffers a sad discrepancy in the matter of poetry, there being only two attempts in the March number. Of these the "Song of the Dancers" has a light, *dancing* jingle, that is scarcely sufficient to give it a place among literary songs. "Tranquility" is a true poetic conception of that blessed occasional calmness which makes life worth living.

The *University of North Carolina Magazine* for March we think an unusually good issue. There are not very many contributions, but in each there are signs of work. We notice with pleasure that the articles are not scrappy. This seems to us one of the main evils to be guarded against by many maga-

zines of today. A short essay generally shows a limited amount of knowledge. In this number we find not so many of a class, but there are essays, stories, and poems, making it well balanced. The only objection we find is that it contains an article from a professor's pen. Of course, something now and then from a professor adds much to a college organ. But this is not our conception of the purpose of a journal. We believe that its sole and only pnrpose is to give the college man a chance to publish his thoughts, and to encourage him in putting what he thinks in form worthy of being printed. "The Third of November" is a good story. It is somewhat of a departure in matter handled. The writer of "Henrick Ibsen" deserves much credit. It shows work and study. The writer knows his subject well, and tells what he knows in a clear and convicing way. "The Open Book" is also a story of some merit, being above the average. On the whole, the standard of the work set by this magazine is considerably higher than the average exchange that comes to our table. And in many respects it will pay many of our contemporaries to get a few points from it.

CLIPPINGS.

His Devilship, Satan, while thinking profound
And carefully viewing his kingdom around,
Concluded 'twere needful, to perfect his plan,
To employ a new agent in torturing man.

"Ah, well," said old Brimstone, "I've nothing to do,
I'll make a new devil—a stunning one, too—
And when it is finished, I'll wager my tail
In 'playing the devil' 'twill always prevail.

"I'll make it so cunning, so winning in grace,
I'll always be able, spite reason or place,
To use it in making of stronger new tools,
And making of weaker ones sillier fools."

The Devil was pleased with his creature in fine,
And hastily made it with clever design,
And viewing it, grinned, and is laughing till yet
To see his creature—a perfect *coquette.*

—*Ex.*

MIND AND MATTER.

MIND.

Last night I kissed her picture;
To me it then was real,
A sweet angelic creature
In my arms I seemed to feel.

MATTER.

Tonight on each fair feature
A kiss I thought to place.
But every bloomin' hand made feature
Seemed to come off on my face.

—*Ex.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

Alexander Coke Smith was born in Sumter county, September 16, 1849. Graduated from this college 1872; took A. M. '74, and D. D. degree from Erskine College '87. In '72 he entered South Carolina Conference; was made presiding elder '83. He held the chair of mental and moral philosophy in this college from '86-'90; then he was elected as professor of practical theology in Vanderbilt University, which position he held till '02. He then resigned and entered the ministry again. Was a delegate to Ecumenical Conference, Washington, '91, and read essay on Christian co-operation. Was appointed as a delegate to Ecumenical Conference, to meet in London, '01. Was elected bishop, General Conference, Dallas, Texas, May 1902.

Jno. B. Cleveland born in this city, November 9, 1848. Graduated '69. Was admitted to the Bar and practiced law for ten years, his partner being Major D. R. Duncan. He gave up law in '80 and entered the manufacturing and banking business. Mr. Cleveland has always been a patron of education. Last year he donated to his alma mater a magnificent science hall, which will not only be a lasting monument to him but a blessing to future generations.

Samuel Dibble, born Charleston, S. C., Sept. 16, 1837. After completing the course in the High School of Charleston, 1853, he entered the Sophomore class of Charleston College and finished the Junior class. In '55 he entered this college and graduated in '56. He is the oldest alumnus of this college. He later received the degree of LL. D. here. He taught school in Orangeburg District and in Wofford Preparatory Department, and studied law at the same time. Admitted to Bar in '60. He rendered valuable service to his country duirng the war, and was promoted to rank of first lieutenant.

In '77 was elected to the State Legislature. Was a trustee of South Carolina College. In '80 was elected delegate to National Democratic Convention, Cincinnati, O., and was elected a presidential elector. Served as congressman from this State from '81-'91, and then declined further election.

Herman Baer was born in Alsace, Germany, January 29, 1830. Here he learned both the French and German languages. He came to this country in 1847. He worked as printer on the Southern Christian Advocate, at Charleston, when it was edited by Dr. Wm. M. Wightman. Later on he graduated from this college in '58. Was a tutor in Wade Hampton's family. Also taught one year in preparatory department of this college. He graduated in medicine in '61, and served in the Confederate army in Virginia as surgeon, and since '66 he was engaged in the wholesale drug business in Charleston, where he made a fortune. Was a trustee, steward and Sunday school teacher in Trinity Church, Charleston, S. C., until his death. Was a member of General Conference at Atlanta in '78. He gave several hundred valuable volumes to Wofford Library, some of which are Harper's, from the first number, Atlantic, Eclectic, Scribner's and Century. He also gave liberally to the college in a financial way. He died at his home in Charleston, 1901.

Whitefoord Smith was born in Charleston, November 7, 1812. Graduated from South Carolina College. He was long connected with the educational interests of the Methodist Church. As a minister he was known as the "Golden-Mouthed," for his oratory was unique, his voice clear and sweet. First professor of English literature in Wofford College 1855-9. First president of Columbia Female College '59-'60. Professor in Wofford College '61-'93.. He gave many valuable volumes to Wofford, viz.: Quarterly Review, Blackwood's Magazine, Annual Register, Jewish Exposition and Jewish Intelligence, Edinburgh Review, etc. He died in this city April 27, 1893. His only surviving daughter, Miss Julia V. Smith, gave to this college last year a life-like portrait of her father.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

The Lyceum.

The past month has been unusually full of attractions. On March 10th Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, delivered his great lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." The lecture was delivered in the First Baptist Church, and there were about 1,075 persons present. The lecturer needs no other comment than that he held the undivided attention of this large audience for full two hours.

Through the aid of the Lyceum The Everyman Company was brought here March 16th. The stage in the college auditorium was enlarged to suit the scenic equipment of the company. This old English morality play was not only intertaining but very instructive. In addition to the great moral which it taught, it possessed much value from a literary and historical standpoint.

The last attraction of the season was a lecture on Astronomy by our Dr. Carlisle. The first part of th electure was accompanied by very interesting illustrations. Then the Doctor, in his characteristic way, spoke of the great lessons which the heavenly bodies teach us. Immediately after the lecture a reception was given in the Cleveland Science Hall.

The lyceum course this term has been exceedingly good. This is due in large measure to the untiring efforts of Prof. J. A. Gamewell, the president.

* * *

Athletics.

Coach Brown has taken advantage of the past few weeks of good weather for training the ball team. It is now in very good shape. The team is composed of the following men: Cather, Taylor; pitchers, DuRant and Sapp; first base, Isom; second base, McCulliugh; short stop, Martin; third base,

Cantey; left field, Brabham; center field, Richardson; right field, Leonard, Reynolds or Atkins.

All the classes have organized teams, and there will be games played between them at different times.

The following are the officers of the class teams:

Senior.—Manager, C. P. Wofford; captain, W. L. Glaze, Jr.

Junior.—Manager, Roy Webster; captain, Usher.

Sophomore.—Manager, R. Willis; captain, S. L. Prince.

Freshman.—Manager, Jennings; captain, Hamer.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the college has organized an athletic department.

Mr. T. H. Robertson was elected manager, Mr. W. L. Glaze, Jr., captain, and Mr. J. C. Anderson, treasurer of the ball team.

A good deal of interest is being manifested in this department of the association work. Every day quite a number come out to practice. While they are called the "awkward squad," I believe there will be a good team selected from the number.

On Friday afternoon, March 31st, a game was played on the college grounds between the city Y. M. C. A. team and the college team. The game was quite interesting, and resulted in defeat for the Y. M. C. A. team. The score was: Wofford 3, Y. M. C. A. 1.

Wofford played her first regular game of the season with Newberry College, Monday, April 3d. The score—Newberry 4, Wofford 0.

* * *

CAMPUS NOTES.

On Tuesday morning, March 28th, Dr .W. D. McClintock, dean of the college department and professor of English in Chicago University, delivered an address on "The Educational and Moral Value of Play." This address was very instructive as well as entertaining. I think Dr. McClintock caused us all to see more in play than we had before.

Not only the College and Fitting School students, but many of the city graded school scholars, and several friends of the college, had the pleasure of hearing this excellent address.

Prof. Jas. H. Rayhill is now conducting a class in elocution here. Prof. Rayhill understands his work thoroughly, and those who are taking the course are being greatly benefited.

During the past month President Snyder has delivered lectures at Dillon, Sumter, and Charleston.

Prof. Clinkscales lectured at Cross Hill ,Mountville, Greenville, and Wallace Lodge School.

On Wednesday, April 5, Prof. Clinkscales delivered an excellent address before the students of Spartanburg Business College.

Dr. Cooke addressed the congregation of Bethel Methodist Church, Spartanburg, Sunday evening, March 26th. He also lectured on the "Tempest" before the Ladies' Library Association of this city, March 30th.

Prof. Rembert addressed the Young Men's Christain Associaton March 26th on the subject of the Relation of the Y. M. C. A. to Athletics.

Mr. J. C. Harmon, of the Preston Society, resigned his position as speaker on the Furman debate. Mr. J. R. Lyles was eected in his stead.

A number of the students are attending the series of services now being held in all the churches of the city.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

The older men of the college remember that last year an appeal was made to us to support a scholarship for the education of a young Brazilian preacher in Granbery College, Brazil. The cost of this scholarship is one hundred dollars. We pledged ourselves to raise this amount each year. Only about one-fourth of this amount has been collected to date. There are about sixty dollars yet to be subscribed, and about seventy-five to be collected. This money must be collected, and will be collected, but there must be energetic work on the part of those with whom this collection is entrusted, as well as an open-hearted liberality so characteristic of the highest type of gentlemen. At this time, when the athletic association, and baseball games, and refreshing pleasures draw upon our funds so heavily, it willbe hard to do our duty in regard to this great cause. But every man in college will do as much as he should do, if he will only think what this really means. We who are so greatly blessed, in having our college course given us, can we not look beyond ourselves, and see a poor young man in a heathen land striving to educate himself, not that he may succeed in life himself, but that he may be able to carry the unsearchable riches of His grace to his poor, lost countrymen? Every man knows that it is his duty, whether a member of the Y. M. C. A. or not, to help this unfortunate but deserving man —and for a Wofford man to know his duty is for him to do it.

When you are called upon to do your part, think honestly about it, and there will be no need of urging.

On Sunday, March 26, Prof. A. G. Rembert spoke to the Young Men's Christian Association, in its hall, on the subject, "The Relation of Athletics to the Morality of the College." At first this subject seemed paradoxical to us. We were tempted

to ask ourselves the question, can athletics have any other than an evil and demoralizing effect upon college life? But as he spoke to us things based upon real facts, we at once saw that the subject of athletics is one of the greatest problems, as well as one of the greatest departments of the college, and that it bears a very vital relation to the Christian element. He showed to us how inter-collegiate baseball can be a curse to a college, and defeat the very purpose for which it was instituted,—and on the other hand, how that it can be made a means to bring about a much-coveted end—the inciting of a strong and true college spirit, as well as the bringing together in brotherly union the different student bodies of the States.

The men of the Y. M. C. A. came to realize their relation to the outdoor life of the college—how that it is a department of the student life which can be uplifted and influenced by the participation of Christians. More forcibly than ever before have the Christian men of the college been impressed with the fact that it is their duty to wield their influence and lend their aid to this department of work.

Another very striking train of thought which was set in motion by Prof. Rembert's talk is that every man of athletic ability is in a way personally responsible for the stand which the college takes in athletics, and the man who can contribute great things to make up the college's success, and refuses to do so for selfish reasons, is guilty of the sin of omission. Men who formerly held themselves aloof from this department of college life, and who utterly refused to become interested in athletics, have radically changed their ideas and attitudes and are now striving to live up to the fact that every "all-around" college man participates either mentally or physically, or both, in every phase of college life.

Much hoped for, is the time when every man shall come to realize the true relation of athletics to the life of students, and to society in general. There is no doubt that baseball, above all other forms of play, has been greatly perverted. It is associated with all forms of corrupt modern "sport"—but every broad-minded man realizes that the game itself is faultless.

If men could realize that anything in life can be wrongly used, and that the only proper way to judge a social institution is by the *kind* of men who operate it, and the motives which actuate them, less biased criticism, and more free thought would exist.

When it was heard that Prof. Rembert would address the men on this subject, the idea of forming an athletic department of the Y. M. C. A. was at once conceived, and a movement started. This movement is as significant and paradoxical as the address which gave it birth, but we feel quite sure that it marks the beginning of an epoch which means a closer unity between the Christian men of the college and athletics. A baseball team is being organized, and a series of games with other teams will be arranged.

The Inter-State Y. M. C. A. Convention met at Asheville, N. C., March 11-14. A goodly number of delegates were sent from Wofford and Spartanburg, including the college delegation, had about thirty-five representatives. Many noted speakers and workers were present to make the convention one of especial interest and benefit. The mere fact of visiting the "Land o' the Skies" was exceedingly inviting; and to be brought together under such circumstances, in such a place, was something to be remembered by every attendant. Besides the rich feast of grand scenery and mental food, the soul was fed with the eternal bread of life.

Different departments of Y. M. C. A. work were discussed by men eminent in each department. The fact that the Young Men's Christian Association is finding its way into all phases of life is one which means much to the cause of righteousness in the work. It is reaching men whom the Church does not reach, such as railroad men, soldiers, and in some instances mill men. Thus, instead of being a drawback to the work of the Church, it is a fruitful supplement, which unites all denominations in a common work with a very great end in view.

From the report of the Inter-State Executive Committee,

it is evident that the work has made rapid strides of advancemen in every phase. We men who attended have come back with a renewed determination to be more zealous in furthering the work of this great organization, which quietly contributes so much to the spiritual welfare of the State, and whose greatness we have recently come to realize more forcibly than ever before. But what is the good of all this vast machinery of the Y. M. C. A., or of any religious organization, without the power of God to overrule all? There is tendency nowadays, of men, to create too much by their own hands. Man can do great things—he can construct mighty buildings, he can form great institutions for mental blessings, he can devise enormous and intricate systems of machinery to accumulate wealth, —but when a revival of the spiritual life is desired, and the turning of men to Christ longed for, all human agencies and beautiful methods fail, unless the great dynamic power of God operates. The amount of success in Christian work is in direct proportion to the spirituality of the leaders, not to their executive or inventive ability. This spirtuality can be attained only by thorough consecration. The men who are so greatly endowed with the spirit of God are those men who are ready to obey his command, at any time, and to any extent. So let us strive to apply the ideas and knowledge acquired at this convention to our own work, and be more diligent in every department; but above all, let us consecrate ourselves anew, for this is the only key to success in religious work.

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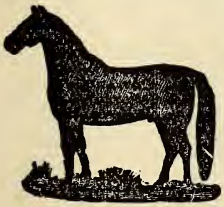

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Wofford College Journal

Volume XVI

Number Eight

May-June, 1905

PUBLISHED BY

The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies

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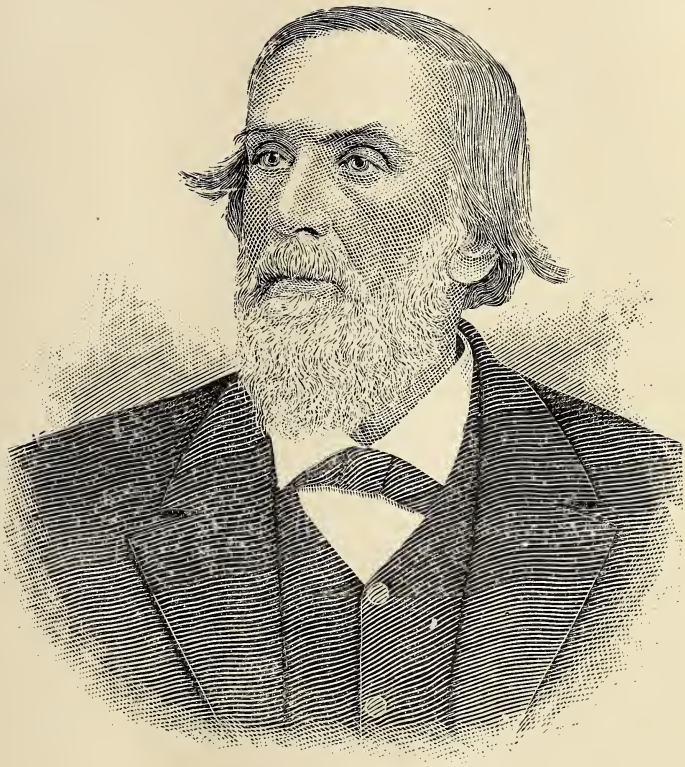


Jas. H. Carlisle, LL. D.,
President Emeritus of Wofford College.

The H. I. F. Society.

For a long time the present Senior Class has debated the question of founding in college an honorary society whose sole aim should be the furthering of the high intellectual standard of the college and be an incentive to under classmen who should desire to some day become members of this society. Out of this desire of the Seniors, and with the cooperation of the faculty, the H. I. F. Society was organized. The name chosen is the motto of the college—Honoribus Intaminatis Fulget. The chief requisite of admitttance is scholarship. The record of each applicant for admission is passed upon by the Faculty and he is declared eligible or otherwise. No man who hasn't received so many first grades during his Sophomore and Junior years is eligible, medal winners being excepted.

The officers are: President, M. A. Connolly, scholarship and honors combined; Vice-President, J. G. Stabler, scholarship and honors combined; Secretary, J. M. Ariail, medals, scholarship, and honors; Treasurer, J. G. Stabler. The other members are: C. P. Wofford, medal and honors combined; J. C. Anderson, scholarship; J. R. Liles, W. D. Roberts, scholarship; J. H. Hamel, medals, scholarship, and honors. It is the earnest wish of the originators of this society that the younger class men may familiarize themselves with the constitution and regulations of this society and work up to them, thereby lifting their own standard of scholarship and that of the college, thereby making it a factor for good in college life and enlarging its influence. May H. I. F. become the Phi Beta Kappa of Wofford College.

J. M. Ariail,
Secreatry.

W. D. Roberts
J. R. Liles

J. C. Anderson
J. M. Ariail

C. P. Wofford
M. A. Connolly

J. H. Hamel
J. G. Stabler

OFFICERS OF THE H. I. F. SOCIETY

Members of the Class of 1905

M. K. MEADORS.

Entered 1900. First Censor; Second Censor, Critic of Preston Literary Society; member of K. S. Frat.

ALBERT DEEMS BETTS.

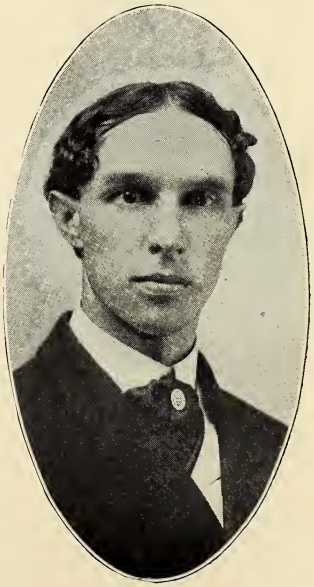
Entered in 1901. First Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President and President of the Preston Literary Society; Monthly Orator, Presiding Officer of the Junior Debate in 1904; Treasurer and President of the Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to three Y. M. C. A. Conventions and to the Southern Student Conference in 1903; contributed four articles to the College Journal

G. J. PATTERSON.

Entered 1901. Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; attended University of Virginia 1903-04; member of K. A. Frat.

J. B. CANTEY.

Entered 1901. Right field Varsity Ball Team 1901-2; third base ball team 1904-5; Non-Frat.



R. C. OLIVER.

Entered 1901. Critic Calhoun Society; Anniversarian 1904-05; member of Gymnasium Team 1901-02, 1902-03, 1903-04, 1904-05; captain of team 1904-05; member K. S. Frat.

M. A. CONNOLLY.

Entered 1901. Soph. Marshal; Treasurer 1903-04; First Critic 1904-05, President 1904-05 Calhoun Literary Society; Assistant Business Manager 1903-04, Business Manager 1904-05 Wofford Journal; Business Manager of Annual 1903-04; Treasurer 1903-04, President 1904-05 of Glee Club; Manager of Class Football Team 1902-03; Class Prophet; President H. I. F.; Non-Frat.

C. P. WOFFORD.

Entered 1901. Critic, Censor and President of Calhoun Society; Junior Debater 1903-04; Speaker on Oratorical Contest 1904-05; won Marion Dargan story medal 1902-03; Captain of Tennis Club 1904-05; Manager of Football Team 1903-04, 1904-05; K. A. Frat.; member H. I. F.

E. F. BRIGHAM.
Entered 1903. Second Critic Calhoun Literary Society.

H. C. ROBERTSON.
Entered 1901.

C. C. ROBBINS.
Entered 1901. Non-Frat. Assistant in Chemistry Department.

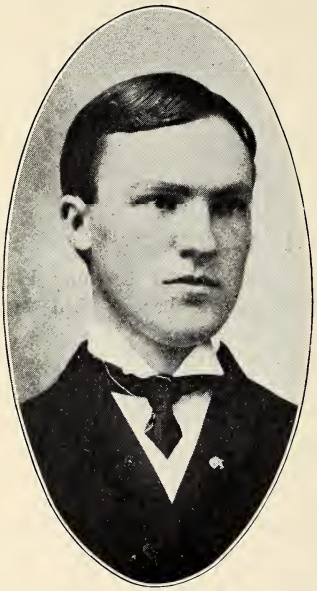
H. M. ROBBINS.
Entered 1901. Non-Frat.

L. P. WALKER.

Entered 1901. Critic Calhoun Literary Society; member of Chi Phi Frat.

W. H. SMITH.

Entered 1901. Non-Frat.



J. A. ROLAND.

Entered 1901. First Critic and Vice-President of Preston Literary Society; contributed two articles to Wofford Journal; member K. S. Frat.

W. B. CARNES.

Entered 1899. Taught two years; joined the Class of '05 in September, 1903; Second Censor, Monthly Orator, First Censor, Critic, President Preston Literary Society. Non-Frat.

M. W. BRABHAM.

Entered 1901. Secretary and Treasurer of Class 1902-3, 1903-4, 1904-5; left field baseball team 1902-3, 1903-4, 1904-5; member S. A. E. Frat.; contributor to Wofford College Journal; Chief Marshal College 1903-4; Marshal Soph. Exhibition.

JAMES P. KILGO.

Entered 1901. Freshman Marshal Preston Literary Society; speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; Monthly Orator Preston Literary Society; Speaker on Oratorical Contest, '05; Chi Psi Frat.

W. D. ROBERTS.

Entered 1902. Speaker on Soph. Exhibition; Class Historian 1905; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, Treasurer, First Censor, Vice-President, Junior Debator of Preston Literary Society; Vice-President State inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association; Secretary of Y. M. C. A. 1903-4; Vice-President 1904-5; Delegate to Asheville Conference 1903; Assistant Literary Editor Journal 1903-4; Local Editor 1904-5; Associate Literary Editor of College Annual 1904; member H. I. F. Society; Non-Frat.

J. W. BOYD.

Entered 1902. Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Vice-President Class 1903-4; Secretary and Critic Preston Literary Society; Assistant Manager Ball Team 1904-5; Exchange Editor Wofford Journal; member P. K. A. Frat.

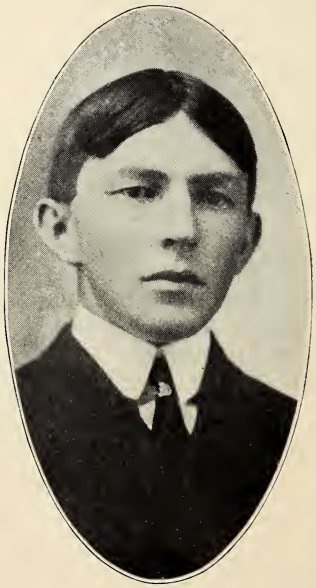
W. L. GLAZE, JR.
Entered 1901. Non-Frat.

E. C. DYE.

Entered 1902. Sophomore Marshal, Junior Marshal Calhoun Literary Society; Recording Secretary, First Critic, Vice-President Calhoun Society; Alumni Editor Wofford Journal; Non-Frat.

J. W. McCULLOUGH, JR.

Entered 1901. Critic and Censor Calhoun Literary Society; member of Varsity Baseball Team 1903-4 and 1904-5; member K. S. Frat.

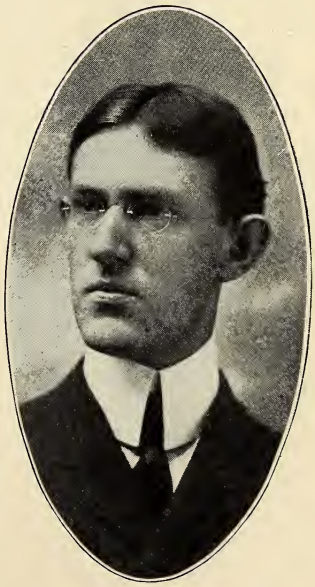


F. P. TATUM.

Entered 1900. Remained from College after Soph. year; re-entered with Junior Class of 1904; member S. A. E. Frat.

L. A. MANNING, JR.

Entered 1902. Censor and Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Non-Frat.



L. A. DUNCAN.

Entered 1901. Censor, Critic, Treasurer, Vice-President Preston Literary Society.

JAMES MILTON ARIAIL.

Entered 1901. Secretary Wofford H. I. F. honorary society; Literary Editor Wofford College Journal; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Third Critic and President Calhoun Literary Society; Junior Class Poet; Vice-President and Poet, Senior Class; Secretary College Glee Club; winner of poem medal 1903-04-05; Calhoun Society essay medal, 1904; Wofford Journal essay medal, 1905; Wofford Journal story medal, 1905; contributed twenty-eight articles to Wofford Journal; Kappa Sigma Frat.

J. P. STOCKMAN.

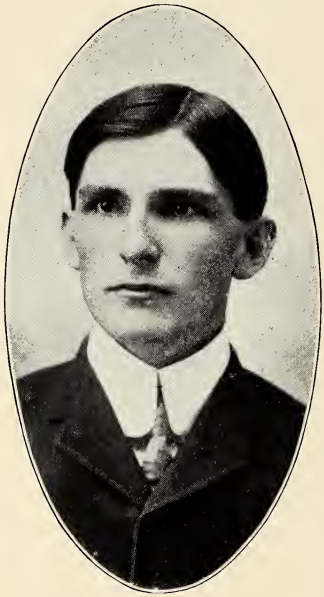
Entered 1901. Contributed four articles to Wofford Journal; First Critic, Vice-President, Second Critic, Treasurer and Second Critic Preston Literary Society; Non-Frat.

D. C. ANDERSON.

Entered 1901. President Sophomore Class; Critic Calhoun Literary Society; member of Chi Phi Frat.

V. V. CLEVELAND.

Entered 1901. Censor Calhoun Society; member of Chi Phi Frat.



J. H. HAMEL.

Entered 1901; Vice-President of Class 1902-3; President 1903-4; Speaker on Soph. Exhibition, Sophomore Marshal, Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Censor and President of Preston Literary Society; Junior Marshal, Junior Debater 1903-4; Captain Junior Football Team; Manager of Baseball Team; Class Orator Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration; won Preston Essay Medal 1904; Speaker on Oratorical Contest 1903-4 and 1904-5; Editor-in-Chief Wofford College Journal; member H. I. F.; Non-Frat.

J. G. STABLER.

Entered 1902. Monly Orator, Recording Secretary, Junior Debator, President of Calhoun Literary Society; President Class 1903-4 and Class 1904-5; member of H. I. F. Society; represented Wofford in Inter-Collegiate Debate between Wofford College and Furman University at Greenville, May 19, 1905; Non-Frat.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

J. M. ARIAIL, EDITOR.

History of the Class of 1905.

INTRODUCTION.

The college days of the class of '05 are numbered, and we come now to review briefly its four years on Wofford's campus. Its course has been a checkered one. Joys and sorrows, victories and defeats have all played a part in its course. We can record the outward doings of the class, but its real history will ever remain unknown, except as it shall be revealed by the lives of the individual members. We are told that the faculty have a book in which the record of each man has been kept. But that itself is a meager record. The greatest facts in connection with this cass are unnoted by the faculty, nor are they written upon the pages of any book.

Four years—intense years! crowded with great opportunities and rare privileges. No other four will mean so much in the lives of the members of the class. The rifle barrel forms but a short part of the range of the bullet, yet it determines what direction the bullet shall take. So these four years, though they may form only a small part of the course of life, go very largely towards determining its direction.

Ours is Wofford's fifty-first class. We open up the second half-century of her history. We hope that the standard we have raised is a worthy one and high enough. But what has been done is done, and we will proceed to note briefly the doings of the class.

I.

'Twas the 28th of Setpember, 1901. The sun shone dimly through the autumn leaves and all was quiet around the old college on the hill, when suddenly the silence was broken by the clear sound of the old college bell—announcing the open-

ing of the forty-seventh sesssion. Then it was that sixty-seven Freshmen, of all shapes and sizes, with a wondering and inquiring look, walked slowly up the long stone steps, gazing with reverence at the vine-covered walls and massive columns. The impression which the old building, in all her majesty and stateliness, made upon us that morning we will never quite forget. Then we entered the chapel for the first time and got a view of those personages who, during these four years, have given us so much trouble.

On the night following the Young Men's Christian Association gave a reception to the *new* men (for such they called us—instead of Freshmen). We listened to words of welcome from those who represented the upper classes and the different organizations on the campus—even the Mess Hall. All the speakers said they were glad to see us, and that they were willing to do all they could for us. Doubtless all were sincere in what they said except the Sophomores. Their conduct towards us afterwards showed plainly that of all things distasteful to a Sophomore a Freshman is the most intolerable. For several weeks this aggregation of *over wise* fellows would gather about the class-room doors and with loud voices remind us of the fact that we were "Fresh." This conduct on the part of the Sophomores was most natural. For he who thinks he knows much when he knows but little has very little respect or sympathy for the unlearned. On the other hand, the Seniors were very kind towards us. For he who knows most sympathizes most with him that knoweth not.

In a few days after the opening this band of Freshmen met to elect class officers. After several motions and many nominations, H. Dial was elected president; Hamel, vice-president, and Brabham, secretary.

The year passed off pleasantly, with the exception of a little trouble which some of us had about examination periods.

II.

We returned in the fall of 1902 with our number somewhat decreased. During vacation death took away one of our members—J. A. Cannon Many failed to return, but a number

joined us, so we stood fifty-four strong. Those who entered at the beginning of the second year were: Tom McL. Breeden, E. C. Dye, C. J. Gayle, B. T. Groom, J. I. Koon, Tom McLaurin, W. A. McMillan, S. J. Nicholls, W. D. Roberts, E. A. Rogers, J. G. Stabler, and C. H. Truesdale.

We were now no longer Freshmen, but *wise* Sophomores. Our heads (not brains) had grown much larger, and had we have been half as important as we felt ourselves to be all the other classes would have raised their hats as they passed us on the streets. It seemed to us that the college could not do business without us.

The officers for the Sophomore year were: President, Hamel; Vice-President, Glaze; Secretary, Brabham.

On the evening of March 27, 1903, we, as a class, made our first appearance before the public. Our Sophomore Exhibition many said—and we believed—was the best that had been for years. We thought this was the most important occasion at the college during the whole year. However, I am not sure that anyone else looked at it in the same light. Those who represented the class on this occasion were:

W. L. Glaze, Presiding Officer.

SPEAKERS.

J. H. Hamel—"The Principles of Our Fathers," by Edward Everett.

C. P. Wofford—"A Monument to Lee," by A. K. McLure.

J. P. Kilgo—"A Plea for the Southern University," by Benj. Hill.

G. J. Patterson—"The True Grandeur of Nations," by Chas. Sumner.

W. D. Roberts—"The North and South," by Robert Fellows.

At commencement the names of a large number of our class appeared on the list of distinctions. Wofford won the Marion Dargan medal and Arial won the five-dollar prize offered by THE JOURNAL staff for best poem. And now half of our course was finished.

III.

Most of the class returned to pursue the course, and the following were added to the roll: E. F. Brigham, W B. Carnes, W. B. Lancaster, M. K. Meadors, and F. P. Tatum. So that in our Junior year we numbered thirty-seven. The officers elected to serve the class this session were: President, J. G. Stabler; Vice-President, J. W. Boyd; Secretary, M. W. Brabham; Historian, W. D. Roberts.

The affairs of the class moved along smoothly until March examinations, when Herford's "Age of Wordsworth" demanded our close study and most careful attention, even through the still hours of the night. We are told that Pickett, the most studious cottage on the campus, kept her lights burning throughout the entire night before the examination.

At commencement the Juniors played an important part. As presidents of the two societies, Stabler and Roberts presided over the literary exercises. Betts presided at the debate. The debaters from the Calhoun Society were Stabler and Wofford; from the Preston Society, Hamel and Roberts.

Hamel won the Preston essay medal and Arial won both the Calhoun essay medal and THE JOURNAL poem medal.

IV.

When we came back to begin the last year of our course we were six less in number, W. C. Cleveland, Epting, Felder, Lancaster, C. S. Manning, and Taylor having failed to return. We were very fortunate in not losing others. Felder severed his connection with us and took unto himself a wife. Betts fell under the magic spell of a Southern Belle and come very near deserting us for her; while "Buck Swamp" Smith made a narrow escape from going on the stage. However, we are thirty-one, second to the largest class that has ever graduated from this institution.

The officers elected to pilot the class during this last year of its voyage were: President, J. G. Stabler. Vice-President, J. M. Ariail; Secretary, M. W. Brabham; Historian, W. D. Roberts; Prophet, M. A. Connolly; Poet, J. M. Ariail. While the following were elected, in the order named, presidents of

the two literary societies: Stabler, Ariail, Connolly and Wofford, for the Calhoun; Roberts, Betts, Hamel and Carnes for the Preston.

In athletics our class took a prominent stand. We furnished five of the best players on the college baseball team—Brabham, Cantey, Cleveland, W. C., Glaze, and McCullough. Glaze was also the champion tennis payer of his day.

We were fortunate in having the beautiful and well-equipped Cleveland Science Hall opened to us in our Senior year. In another respect we were very fortunate or unfortunate—which? Unlike the other classes of recent years, we did not have any of those creatures known as "co-eds."

And now we have finished this short sketch of the class of 1905. But how imperfect the record! I could wish that the pleasure might be mine to write the history of this thirty and one—

"When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's *fought* and won."

For then, if we may judge from the promise given in college, many good deeds and noble accomplishments will be credited to the men of this class.

But we cannot tarry longer. Dear old Wofford, we bid thee a long farewell! Thou hath been our friend and benefactor; we shall ever remain thy debtors. And now as we take leave of thy familiar walls a deep and fixed purpose reigns in our hearts, as sons of thine, to guard with jealous care thy fair name. If it shall not be ours to add glory to thy already illustrious history, God grant that we may not bring shame and disgrace upon thy honored name. We will ever cherish the memory of thee, Wofford, and in old age, when our eyes shall be turned to review the past, whatever laurels we may have won in the battle of life we will lay gladly and reverently at thy feet. W. D. Roberts.

Note.—The average age of the class is 21 years 5 months; the average weight is 146 4-5 pounds; and the average heighth is 5 feet 9 inches.

A Social Menace.

ANNIVERSARY ORATION FROM CALHOUN SOCIETY.

Every age has its own problems to meet and solve. These problems, when evil, tend to check prosperity and disorganize society, and if allowed to go unrestrained, will eventually corrupt all social relations, introducing ruin and anarchy. The moral status of society is the real worth or power of a nation, and anything that tends to lower or debase it is to be deplored, for it slowly but surely destroys civilization and sinks that nation nearer to the level of the barbarous savage.

The vital problem which this age has to meet is that of lawlessness. This term includes not only the numerous crimes that are becoming so alarmingly frequent, the shocking details of which fill our daily papers, but also those of a subtler nature that are by far more difficult to reach. The agitation aroused on the subject is not confined to one section, but pervades all parts of the country, which is evidenced by the many appeals that are being made urging a more stringent enforcement of the law. The strongest minds are engaged on this subject, seeking to find some solution of the problem. The many suggestions that are offered seem to be within the three departments—legislation, education, and home influence.

Let us first consider the question as it pertains to our own State. In a recent publication by one who has made a study of this subject, and who has corresponded extensively with the prominent men of the State, to ascertain their views as to the extent of this evil, the causes that led to it, and remedies to be applied, we find some valuable information. All unanimously concurred in the belief that lawlessness is on the increase, and is rapidly assuming such gigantic proportions as to create alarm.

In 1881 there were 1,236 homicides in these United States, which contained a population of 51,000,000, and the number of murders and homicides for each million of people was therefore 24.7. In 1903 the number of murders and homicides was 8,976, and the number for each million of people was 112.

Perhaps these figures speak with greater eloquence when attention is called to the fact that the number of homicides in the United States during the three years of the Boer war was one-third larger than the total loss from all causes of the British army in South Africa. Attention is also called to the fact that London, with an area of 688 square miles and a population of 6,500,000, had only 24 murders last year.

The causes that led to this state of affairs are variously outlined as follows: "The low value put on human life due to the War Between the States, the individualistic character of our people, race prejudice, and the degrading results of the reconstruction period in South Carolina, the inefficiency of the courts, and the lack of proper training and education of the youth of our land." No doubt all these causes combined to bring about the present disastrous political issues with which we have to deal.

But let us consider these suggestions separately; and first of all the one which to my mind assumes the largest proportion in affecting this vital problem, namely: the degrading results of the Reconstruction Period in South Carolina. The horrors of that period have rarely if ever had a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations. No people ever had to submit to such humiliation as when a horde of ruthless soldiery, who were in fact nothing but a lawless mob, though clothed in the garb of the United States army, and backed by the power of the Federal government, was turned loose on a helpless subjugated people, to wreak such vengeance as their fiendish minds coud invent. There we find the seeds of the bitterness which has since developed into this deplorable state of semi-anarchy with its outrages, followed by lynch law. As Judge Woods has said, "From 1867 and 1878 the majority of the American people, through the legislative and executive departments of the Federal government, waged a war on the peace and good order and political honesty of the people of the South, both white and black, which in violence, folly and persistence has not been equalled in the last two centuries of the world's history. They required the part of its population

with intelligence, valor, ancestral and patriotic pride, with traditions of freedom and authority, owners of the soil, to submit absolutely to the rule of a race without knowledge or training, under the direction of aliens. They expected this race, just out of barbarism into slavery, and out of slavery into freedom, to establish a government over their masters, and in an instant to attain to the dignity of character, self-restraint and wisdom necessary for the conduct of free government—capabilities never attained by any race without more than a thousand years of struggle."

It is not our purpose in this brief survey of the events of the past to stir any feelings of animosity toward those whom we consider the originators of these evils; but the time has come when some action must be taken, and it behooves us by a retrospective glance to ascertain the cause of the present state of lawlessness, for this is the first step toward remedying the evil. The question of race prejudice has perhaps been given undue prominence in the issue with which we have to deal. We know that the negro problem is serious and requires wise legislation; but the real solution of this vital matter rests upon the white man, and the white man alone. This can only be done by the united efforts of Northern and Southern patriots, who, rising above sectional prejudices and party animosities, will cooperate to use such measures as will bring about the desired result. This problem of negro supremacy would soon be satisfactorily solved if left to the Southern people alone; because by long association they understand the negro character; and it is a mistake to suppose that the friendly relation that formerly existed between them is entirely obliterated.

Let Northern interference be withdrawn and the staus of the negro established on a fair political basis, and the South would be ready not only to accord him justice but to protect him in his rights, and by education fit him to fill such stations as he is capable. The South can *never* be coerced into accepting negro equality: the menace of this fearful evil is the chasm that divides them; but aside from this there is no hostility towards him. There is still a feeling of grateful remembrance

of their faithfulness during the trying period of the war, when every white man able to bear arms was in service in the army, and the slaves were left to guard the helpless women and children. Well and faithfully did they discharge their trust—all honor to them for it. The tie that united the master and the servant was very close, and in many cases a true affection existed, and even yet, when in distress or need, he recognizes in his former owners the same spirit of genuine benevolence, in contrast to the veneered professions of friendship and equality of the Northerner. That the Northern people are awakening to the fact that there must be united efforts to meet the present crisis is shown by this statement of an eminent statesman: "There are everywhere evidences that the negro problem is creeping Northward, not slowly, and that as the proportion of colored population increases the Northern States will be compelled to meet exactly the questions with which the South is now struggling—disfranchisement of the negro, lynching, and "social equality" in all its various forms. And the Northerner, with little understanding of the negro character, is not likely to be as patient as the Southerner has been."

Then, too, there is another element that seems to have been unduly exaggerated in effecting this social disruption: the inefficiency of the courts. The tardy administration of justice is invariably given as the excuse for riots and lynching, but, although there are doubtless many needed reforms which our wise legislators are endeavoring to bring about, we should look deeper for the real cause; these outbreaks are merely the outward sign of a festering evil, and it is only by probing to the core of the matter that we can effect a cure.

The safety of any nation rests upon a proper respect for the law, and as the courts are the means by which the law is administered, it is the duty of all good citizens by their influence to uphold its authority and dignity, and sustain our leaders in their efforts to control the masses by legislation. Obedience to the law is the very foundation of all true government, and any violation of it tends to weaken its stability. And it is even

better to submit to some supposed wrongs than to attempt to wrest the scepter of justice from its constituted authorities. The law is the bulwark erected for the security of the people, and upon which depends the future perpetuity and prosperity of our nation. How like madness then, with their own hands, to destroy this safeguard! To destroy it is to break down the barriers that will flood the land with a fearful torrent of anarchy and crime. It is only by holding fast to this idea of the sacredness of the law that we will be able to rise above prejudice and passion, and from this height we can more intelligently understand the best course to be pursued to harmonize the now conflicting views of individualistic rights as opposed to the slower processes of the courts. According to an old comparison, "Crime is an impetuous torrent which ought to be enclosed between the dikes of punishment, lest civilized society should be submerged. But a better plan is to strengthen the banks near the source of the stream; so in order to defend ourselves against crime, it is best to avail ourselvs of social substitutes which are far more efficacious than whole arsenals of repressive measures."

As a further remedy to be applied for these evils, we would emphasize the power of education upon the masses. This is a slow but very sure process, for as light surely drives darkness from the material world, so will the sunlight of knowledge dissipate the darkness of ignorance. That "Knowledge is power" is a trite saying, but it contains a world of meaning. The rapidly increasing population of the country makes this necessity more imperative, for what can we expect of a people who are not only unable to frame just laws, but are even incapable of interpreting those which have been made for their best interest? Hence when education has been placed within their reach, it has been found necessary to establish compulsory measures. These and like means should be enforced to the extent of our power. This contest for intelligent superiority over ignorance and vice should rouse the energies not only of the educators of the land but also all who have at heart the welfare of their country.

No one can fully estimate the power of environment in determining character; and this leads us to consider the third department that is to be used as a controlling force in solving this social problem. For after all that can be done by legislation and education, we must look to home influence as a greater power still: the power behind the throne. The home has been said to be the pulse of the nation, for as the pulse gives the index to the heart throbs which mean the life of the body, so the home indicates the current of life in a nation; and as it may require drastic measures to bring the quick fluctuating pulse of a patient back to its normal condition, so the strongest means should be adopted to allay the feverish excitement that is the predominating element in this social disruption, and is more to be dreaded than pestilence or war: for by its mad rush for wealth and power, it is adding its catalogue of murders and suicides to an already disordered society.

It is in the family circle that the first principles of honor and obedience are taught, and children trained in a Christian home, by a father's and a mother's precepts and examples, pass out clothed as in an armor, to meet the vicissitudes of life. The quiet family circle is the surest aid to right living; many a man finds there the inspiration that is not lost even amid the din and conflict of business or political strife, and enables him to face duty bravely. Hence the danger of greatest magnitude which now threatens us is the menace of the home. The loosening of family ties shows a deterioration in the social system, for the love of home, next to that of heaven, has the most refining and purifying influence, and runs like a thread of gold through the dark web of life. We should then be on our guard against any innovation from the old established home customs.

That the tendency is in this direction, and that the crisis is imminent, is evidenced by an article recently published in a leading periodical, bearing the significant title: "The Passing of the Home in the Great American Cities." The apartment hotel, the author affirms, only carries out in arrogant and

opulent fulfillment the tendencies already at work when the cities began to force the homes together, and crush them to a lean and breathless strip. This tendency is from a self-centered family life, mainly content with its own members, to a family that finds its interests and pleasures in the great outside world. These gilded palaces meet all the wants and luxurious tastes of the adults; but the position of the children is the most prominent evil, as there is no provision made for them. The sreets may be cleaner, quieter, or noisier, according to the wealth of the region, and the children more or less numerous, but rich or poor, they have only the street: the houses are not built for them.

These words sound an alarm which should rouse the most indifferent, for what hope is there for a generation where the children are practically homeless; while the mother, relieved by expert professionals from all her former cares, is free to indulge in the dissipations of society?

Social processes do not stop, much less go back, for any protests. They cannot be arrested or reversed, but may be steered We can study them, learn their lines of direction, and take advantage of them to our great gain.

Fortunately, this wave of so-called civilization has not as yet brought about disastrous results in the South. And because of this adherence to the primitive home life, as opposed to the artificial life of society, we have been spoken of in terms implying weakness; yet we accept them as the highest encomium that could be bestowed upon us, for what higher praise could we ask in this materialistic age than to be the repository of high aspirations, yes, even dreams and visions, that may never be realized, for

"There shall never be one lost good;
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist:
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard."

The South, it is true, has passed through a terrible ordeal. But adversity is not always an unmitigated evil; out of this refining furnace is emerging a people made stronger and

purer by their struggles with poverty and humiliation. There are many who, rising above their sordid surroundings, are inspired by higher ideals, and losing sight of self-interest, with a purpose firm and true press toward the goal of the ambition, which represents all that was noble in the chivalry of old:—a defense for the weak, aid for the helpless, and a strong arm of justice for all. They

"Give a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

These are the patriots who are to lead their people out of the bondage of blind prejudice and party strife, into the fair domain of peace and prosperity. They have faith to believe that our country will rise to higher heights, and achieve greater victories than it has ever done in the past, and be indeed "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

But to reach this exalted station will require a united effort to beat back the invidious evils that threaten us now. We must present an unbroken front to the foes that assail us: foes no less dangerous or real because they do not assume a tangible form.

We are told the destiny of the country rests upon the rising generation. Young men, we who will soon be called upon to face these issues, and upon whom the welfare of our country depends, must be prepared to meet this responsibility with courage tempered by wisdom. To achieve the power to rule the masses, or still the tumult of a riotous mob, we must be able to curb our own passions, and by self-restraint show ourselves superior to them in strength of endurance, and calmness under trying ordeals. The batttle is upon us; let us take this admonition from Holy Writ: "Quit ye like men; be strong;" and with this watchword let us unfalteringly march to victory, a victory that will lead to the establishment of a government founded upon truth and justice.

"Land that we love, Thou future of the world!
Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed!
Oh, never be thy shining image hurled

From its high place in the adoring breast
Of him who worships thee with jealous love!
Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove,
All white, and to the eternal dawn inclined.
Thou art not for thyself, but for mankind,
And to despair of thee were to despair
Of man, of man's high destiny, of God!"

ROBT. C. OLIVER.

Ave Atque Vale.

CLASS POEM.

A sailor stood upon the world's far rim,
  And strained his eyes across the moving sea.
Truth touched his soul and softly said to him,
  "Go seek and find new lands; I follow thee."

Then, in the unfoldings of the Eternal's plan,
  Columbus rose and swept the sounding sea,
Outsailed the boundaries of finite man,
  And slipped across into infinity.

Beyond the dune, beyond the glaring rocks,
  Past sullen waves and drifting wrecks windblown,
Unto that awful place where compass mocks
  With changing face, this admiral sailed on.

Silent, the wanderer with his gleaming eyes,
  Looked steady on the solemn, sombre sea;
One luminous star hung ever in the skies,
  Truth's message through the moonless night's uncertainty.

Alone he stood and heard night's heart throb slow.
  His pilot spake, "Great captain, hope is gone,
Shall we sail home?" The captain touched his brow
  And said, "We follow yonder star; sail on."

And in the stillness of October's dawn,
  Just when the maddened pilot swore to sail no more,
Where hung the star a wondrous planet shone,
  The captain cried, "Thank God, I see the shore."

* * * * * * * *

Comrades, today we stand upon youth's rim,
  And strain our eyes far up the paths of life,
To where the surging, countless figures dim,
  Toiling these ways, are grappling with earth's strife.
The word's loud call is ringing in our ears,
  And we must answer, God hath made it so,

Whatever hopes we have or shrinking fears,
  We cannot disobey, we can but go.

Time waiteth not, but ever rolls its tide,
  O'er the weak current of the human will,
When weary we would pause or turn aside,
  Eternal changes sweep us onward still:
And yet 'tis well to pause one moment here,
  On this high tableland we strove to gain,
And slowly break the links of old things dear,
  And slowly drink the cup of parting's pain.

Sadly we wander through familiar halls,
  Longing to speak the struggling words unsaid,
Placing each comrade with its scenes and walls,
  Striving to laugh away the tears unshed.
Together we for four full years have trod
  One path, and bear the self-same scars,
We walk no more together until God
  Bids us to walk the gleaming streets of stars.

Our Alma Mater sends us to the world,
  In answer to its call for men, its need,
She sends us forth with banners all unfurled,
  Her seal upon us, bidding us God-speed!
"Go forth, my sons; ye are a part of me,
  I am the mother of thy intellectual birth,
I gave you all I had,—I claim of thee
  To keep unspotted this, in all the earth."

And here we answer on this parting day,
  "Oh, Alma Mater, with our love full grown,
Wherever we may walk life's dim-lit way,
  Thy glory and thine honor shal be known.
We love thy classic halls, thy stately face,
  Oh, seat of learning known throughout the land,
Forever in our hearts thou shalt have place,
  Dear as our souls thine ancient honor stand.

Teachers, farewell; deep in our hearts for you
  Shall be a great white place forever bright.
With thoughts of you shall shine the good and true
  Of all that makes life great, and keeps us white.
No matter where the world may sweep us down,
  What stormy billows toss us to and fro,
Our college and our teachers we surround
  With softest halo of our souls' bright glow.

And comrades, far out in the world's dark place,
  Countless the hearts that throb in misery,
Poor storm-tossed sufferers of our human race,
  Calling, come help us, dying piteously!
Then go ye forth to suffer, do not mind
  The piercing thorns that sting upon thy brow,
The Christ hast felt them, and ye too shall find
  That he remembers him who feels them now.

Toil not and suffer simply for thine own,
  Nor for the beeding heart of thy dear friend,
But every spot that comes a human groan
  From sea to sea unto the great word's end,
Pile high your love and sufferings o'er earth's clod,
  Until you hear the music of the skies,
Until you step from sorrow's heights to God
  And lose your earthly form in sacrifice

Let not the world pass with its struggling throng
  Of sad and weary men—help all who come
O'er hill and fen to climb with song,
  Until all reach a crag-bound home.
Sharp winds may sweep about thy frame,
  Thorns pierce 'till blood shall start,
But always steadfast like a blazing flame,
  Thy White Ideal shall light and warm thy heart.

Comrdaes, farewell, we know not whither leads our light.
  Oh, may it guide us to the far-off perfect dawn,
Far from the jagged edge of depthless night
  Into the presence of the great white throne!

Say to our weary souls, sail on and on,
  Until we pass the sunset's golden bars,
Until our souls, all little thoughts clean gone,
  Reach out beyond the garden of the stars.

JAS. MILTON ARIAIL, '05.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JAS. H. HAMEL, EDITOR

Vale.

Once again old Father Time in his ever onward march to the great eternity has passed another milestone in the life of Wofford College, and after this issue a new staff assumes control of THE JOURNAL.

It is with some feeling of regret that we take up our pen to write the farewell of the present management. Our duties have been pleasant and profitable to a great extent, and we hope of some real benefit to the student body. Of course, we have made mistakes and received a just share of criticism for them, but our mistakes, whatever they may have been, were always of the head, and not of the heart, for our constant aim was to give to the students a magazine which woud be a credit to the institution whose life and work it represented. We will

not attempt to say to what extent we succeeded in our undertaking, but rather leave each man to judge for himself. If we have caused a single man to feel a greater interest in his work, to think a noble and inspiring thought, to feel a greater interest in old Wofford, or to gain a conceptoin of the great task which lies before him, we will not feel that our work has been a failure. We would rather be able to say for THE JOURNAL that it had been an inspiration to some man than to place before him the most scholarly production of some college man which he would read and admire but never get any real help from In this respect we hope that our labors have not been in vain.

We wish to express to those of the students who have given us the benefit of their best talent, helpful suggestions and encouragement, our sincerest appreciation. For whatever success THE JOURNAL has accomplished has been largely due to them, and without their help THE JOURNAL could not have been other than a complete failure. We thank you heartily and express the hope that you, as students, next year will give a hearty support to THE JOURNAL and a word of encouragement to its managers.

To the new staff we extend our best wishes for a successful year's work. They are each and every one thoroughly competent to render good services in their respective departments, and we predict for them a most successful career in the work which the societies have imposed upon them. Not only have the societies placed upon you a duty to perform, but they have expressed a confidence in you which we do not believe you will ever betray. We believe, on the other hand, that you will show yourselves to be men who are worthy of the honors and confidence which a set of educated young men were willing to give to you as their representatives.

We now lay aside the quill and bid farewell to THE JOURNAL and the historic old institution. With a feeling of sorrow mingled with joy we see others take our places—sorrow because THE JOURNAL has been a part of our life, and we have learned to look upon its work as a most pleasant duty; joy be-

cause we hope that it may pass into worthier hands and be a greater success than ever before.

The Class of '05.

Tomorrow the class of 1905 will sever its connection with Wofford College as students and the members will go out into the world to try their fortunes in the various fields of ac-

We are sorry to break the ties which have so closely bound us together through four long years of pleasant and profitable association. As we pass out from the historic old college there passes through us a feeling of regret and sorrow, for the years spent here have been years of pleasure, joy, and happiness. While we have done a great amount of hard work and met with many trials and difficulties, and have longed for the day to come when we would step out into the great arena of life, now that the day has come we almost wish that we had a longer time to stay. But this cannot be. We must go. We must touch life from a new side and see what the great world holds in store for us.

As we take leave of each other, possibly for the last time, it is our sincere wish that we may enter life with all small prejudice laid aside and the petty troubles which have to some extent been a barrier between us forgotten. The race of life is too long and strenuous for us to burden ourselves with mean, insignificant prejudices which will narrow our vision and dwarf our souls.

Doubtless there has been to some extent a lack of appreciation on the part of some for what the faculty have done for us. Maybe we have treasured up some supposed wrong which they have done us and long for revenge. Men! lay that aside. For the meanest, narrowest, most contemptible human being on the face of the earth is the man who shows hatred and ingratitude toward a man who has tried conscientiousy to do him good. The faculty of Wofford have had only one purpose in view, and that was to make a man out of *you,* and we believe that the men of 1905 will readily understand this and

will not fail to show their appreciation for the intreest which these men have taken in them.

We wish every man a most successful career. We hope tivity.

that each and every member of our class will be an honor to the college, and when a crisis comes in his life, that he will meet it like a *man.* How can a man who has been for four years under the influence of such high-toned Christian gentlemen as Wofford's faculty is composed of do otherwise? Can you sit for four years under the sound of the voice of him whose life is as spotless as that of mortal man can possibly be, him whose every thought is for the uplift of mankind, and whose every word should be an inspiration to a man to move him toward a higher and nobler life and go out of the college, whose every tradition is linked with his name, without a determination to do your best in life. Men of Wofford College, the influence of Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle upon your life should make a noble man of you, and if it does not there is nothing in you. Four years of contact with this great and noble Christian gentleman will be worth more to you than the wealth of a Rockefeller or the fame of a Napoleon.

We are Wofford's fifty-first class; we have seen the institution improve its equipment during our course here; we have come to realize that the interest of the faculty was centered in the student-body, and we should and will go out into the world resolved that if we cannot add to the already enviable reputation of the institution we will not cast a blemish upon its fair name.

To the faculty we will feel that whatever of success we may accomplish in future life will in a great degree be due to their untiring efforts in our behalf. To them we owe more gratitude than words will ever be able to express, and we hope that some day they may be able to look upon the class with some degree of pride for having trained them, and that they may be able to record many of the members of '05 among those who have reflected credit and honor upon the name of the college.

The Negro Problem. This is a question from which we have always stood back in awe Many have been they who have tried in vain to solve it, and have realized later that a superficial knowledge of the situation was not sufficient Many from the South have come forward with some scheme, based upon the practical experience and association with the negro for many decades, only to see their scheme fail to meet the situation. Northerners, who know nothing of the negro, and many of whom, doubtless, never saw half a dozen, have tried in vain to solve the problem for their Southern brethren We are not going to offer any solution to this great problem, for it would be worse than folly for us to attempt such. Only one thing are we sure about, and that is, for nearly a hundred years he has been the hardest problem we have ever faced as a nation. The negro has no race pride; he has never built a civilization. We also know that he is among us today and to a great extent retarding the development of the white man's civilization. Upon him have been spent the best years of the lives of many of our greatest statesmen. Upon the question of the relation of the two races the nation quarreled for a decade, and failing to settle the matter by argument, they resorted to arms and for four long years brother was pitted against brother in one of the bloodiest strugges of modern history. The question was not settled by the war. The negro is still among us. The hatred and prejudice excited by the war should have been dead long before now. It is dying to some extent, but so long as prejudiced authors write novels depicting the most heart-rending scenes of the period of reconstruction in which the negro was the chief character will it ever die? No! We have no doubt but what every instance related in these novels are true, but they are the exceptions. When we read them we forget this, and unless we are careful, when we finish such a book we are narrow and prejudiced. Our authors should rise above this, and instead of trying to keep alive the old hatred of the races, use every effort to forever blot it out If every copy of Harriett Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Dixon's

"Clansman" and other books of this type were placed in a pile and fired it would harm no one, but would be an everlasting blessing to the country.

If we would quit for a time, at least, discussing the question, and quit reading the highly-colored novel and reviving old prejudice, and encourage the literary and industrial education of the negro, we would have the question at least partially solved. If the North would leave the question alone entirely, or take a part of the population off our hands and practice a little, instead of theorizing so much, it would be better for all parties concerned. We hope the day will come when the two sections will join hands in one great effort to kill the negro question—which for so many years has divided the nation, by trying to make a social being out of the black man.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

J. W. BOYD, EDITOR.

For us to criticise the magazine editors and contributors at this time would be useless, because the ones criticised would doubtless never see the criticism, and those that should see it are bidding farewell to their magazine. So being unable to do any good as a critic, we might give to the inexperienced the benefit of our year's toil. It certainly is an awkward position to try to flash, on the spur of the moment, into a grand and magnificent magazine editor. One cannot be more unfortunate in assignment than to be assigned to the exchange department—that is so far as the hands of outside critics are concerned. Every college student wants to see what any other college's magazine has to say about his own magazine.

The object of the exchange department is to bring about a uniformity and make a standard of college journalism. The exchange editor who studies his magazine most, and has the clearest conception of their value, is the one who is the most effectual in his work. An editor must make his criticism in a pleasing style or he will fail to gain acceptance for his ideas. But if he writes the truth, and shows it to be the truth, and not written for the sake of criticism, he thereby gains a hearty support and his criticism is maintained by his contemporaries. The first thing for a new exchange editor to learn and to put into the practice is that what he has to say about any other magazine or article is strictly correct, and he must have absolute certainty about it. When this certainty is established, a support is established and a confidence in whatever he may write afterwards. The three things that I would beg new editors to do are to study the field, be positive and certain in all remarks, and avoid severity.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

W. D. ROBERTS, EDITOR.

Saturday evening, April 29th, the two literary societies held the last election of this collegiate year. The officers will serve for one month in the next session. The elections resulted as follows:

Calhoun—President, M. B. Pierce; Vice-President, G. D. Garlington; Recording Secretary, R. E. Holroyd; First Critic, Frank Moore; Second Critic, Jas. Guess; First Censor, Paul Bown; Second Censor, J. M. Latimer; Corresponding Secretary, Robt. McKewn.

Preston.—President, J. C. Harmon; Vice-President, O. M. Mitchell; Recording Secretary, Tom Dukes; First Critic, Courtnay Anderson; Second Critic, Tom Robertson; First Censor, Roy Webster; Second Censor, J. A. Willis; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. Carroll; Treasurer, D. E. Turbeville.

The oratorical contestants for next year are:

Calhoun.—M. B. Pierce, M. T. Wharton, and J. I. Wilson.

Preston.—J. C. Harmon, J. C. Guilds, and Roy Webster.

The societies have decided to have the anniversary on Mr. Wofford's birthday, October 19th. Mr. G. G. Garlington, of the Calhoun Society, and Mr. J. R. Lyles, of the Preston, will be the speakers on that occasion next session.

THE JOURNAL will be in the hands of the following students for the coming year:

Editor-in-Chief, M. T. Wharton (Calhoun).
Business Manager, J. R. Lyles (Preston).
Literary Editor, Courtnay Anderson (Preston).
Alumni Editor, J. C. Guilds (Preston).
Local Editor, G. D. Garlington (Calhoun).
Exchange Editor, J. R. Atkins (Calhoun).
Assistant Business Manager, J. I. Wilson (Calhoun).
Assistant Literary Editor, R. N. Spigner (Preston).
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Moore.

Mr. M. B. Pierce, our representative in the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Greenwood, April 28th, did not win, but he caused a good deal of uncertainty on the part of the one who did win until the judges announced their decision. The effort of Mr. Pierce reflected credit upon himself and our college.

On the evening of May 19th a debate between Furman and Wofford was held in Greenville. The query discussed was, "Resolved, That the period has now arrived when the best interest of South Carolina would be served by the organization of our cotton mill operatives into trade unions." Our representatives, Messrs. J. G. Stabler and J. R. Lyles, argued in a very creditable manner the affirmative. They lost, but in such a defeat there is no disgrace, for in the fight they covered themselves with honor.

The Sophomores, after much delay, gave their exhibition Monday evening, May 22d. In their first appearance before the public they did well. R. N. Spigner presided, and the following were the orators of the occasion: C. L. McFadden, H. L. Powell, Sam Prince, Ralph Willis, and J. I. Wilson.

GAMES FOR 1905.

Wofford 0, Newberry 4—at Newberry.
Wofford 5, Newberry 5—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 1, Trinity 0—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 1, Trinity 4—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 0, Furman 1—at Greenville.
Wofford 3, Mercer 5—at Macon.
Wofford 7, Mercer 1—at Macon.
Wofford 3, University of Georgia 4—at Gainesville.
Wofford 1, University of Georgia 7—at Gainesville.
Wofford 2, Furman 2—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 4, Clemson 10—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 5, University of Tennessee 0—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 6, University of Tennessee 1—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 19, Citadel 0—at Spartanburg.
Wofford 3, Clemson 3—at Anderson.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

ERNEST C. DYE, EDITOR.

"Whenever a man has once done a deed, it stands fixed for ever and for ever.'—Beecher.

William Anson Rogers was born in Bishopville, S, C., 29th September, 1849. After finishing the common schools, he was sent to Washington College in 1867 (now Washington and Lee University). Here he sat at the feet of that great and beloved Southern chieftain Robt. E. Lee, whose teachings in this instance fell upon good soil and have bourn much fruit. Mr. Rogers entered Wofford in 1868, being highly recommended by General Lee. Here he made an enviable record for himself, graduating in 1872. He then joined the South Carolina Conference. His first charge was at Anderson, S. C. Since then he has filled the most important appointments in the State, viz., St. Paul's, at Orangeburg; Buncombe Street, Greenville; Central, Spartanburg; Trinity, Charleston. He has always been a staunch friend and patron of Wofford. Was elected trustee in '86. Was agent for Southern Christian Advocate for three years. Was elected assistant editor of the Advocate this year. Resigned the financial agency of Wofford last year. He married Miss Annie Anderson, of Alabama.

Jas. Whitefield Kilgo was born in Newberry, S. C., August 19th, 1859. He entered Wofford in '77, and graduated four years later. He accepted the position of instructor at Anson Institute, Wadesboro, N. C. Here he did efficient work for six years. He then decided to preach and was given a license by the Wadesboro Quarterly Conference. He soon resigned his position as instructor, and was transferred to the South Caroilna Conefrence, beginning with the Chesterfield Circuit. He has risen steadily, by earnest work, and as a devoted pastor, until he has filled the most repsonsible stations in the Conference. Walterboro Station, '91-'92; Beaufort, '93-'95; Buncombe Street, '96; Trinity, '97-1900. At the Chester Conference of 1900 he was appointed presiding elder of the Sumter District, and then at the Newberry Conference, 1903, was made presiding elder of the Spartanburg District, of which he still has charge. Was Conference secretary of education for

seven years. Was treasurer of South Carolina Conference Twentieth Century Fund. He has the best interest of Wofford at heart. Married Miss Elizabeth Coppedge, of Wadesboro, N. C., in '83.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. COURTENAY ANDERSON, EDITOR.

Once again, tireless, fleeting, yet silent time has brought us to the end of another session. Oftimes we fain would bid time halt, and permit us to pursue past opportunity; but nay; he who would successfully travel with fastly moving time must conform to its positive rules. He must be up and doing, with heart, ear, and eye open to receive whatever of benefit this infinite, eternal time offers in passing. Had we known at the beginning of the session what we know at its end, how much more satisfactory our lives would have been to ourselves, how much greater a blessing we could have been to our fellow man, and how much more favor we could now have with our great, eternal Father. But it is fortunate that we can realize our past mistakes and profit thereby. The mysteries of life's workings are wonderful, yet always for the best. Our associations have been very pleasant. The year has marked the mental and moral elevation of the majority of the men; but some who started the year pure, noble men, have permittted the end to find them degraded and unworthy to meet the parents to whom they are so soon to go.

But if the year has made us love immortal men, let us make the approaching vacation the time for the recovery of our real selves, so that the next session may make full amends for the mistakes of this.

But on the other hand, if we have received anything of intellectual or spiritual good, may we not make these three months of relaxation from toil, also a rest from manly, moral endeavor; but let us tone up our characters in spite of increasing temptations, so that the beginning of the next session may find us more able to maintain our moral and religious standing.

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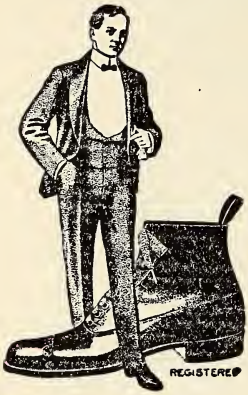

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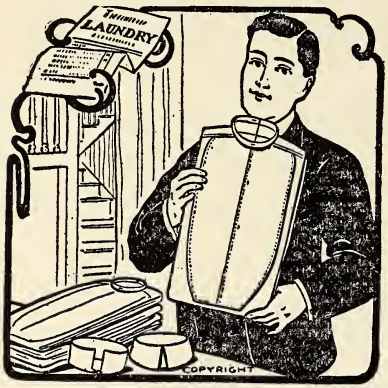

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